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THE NEW YORKER

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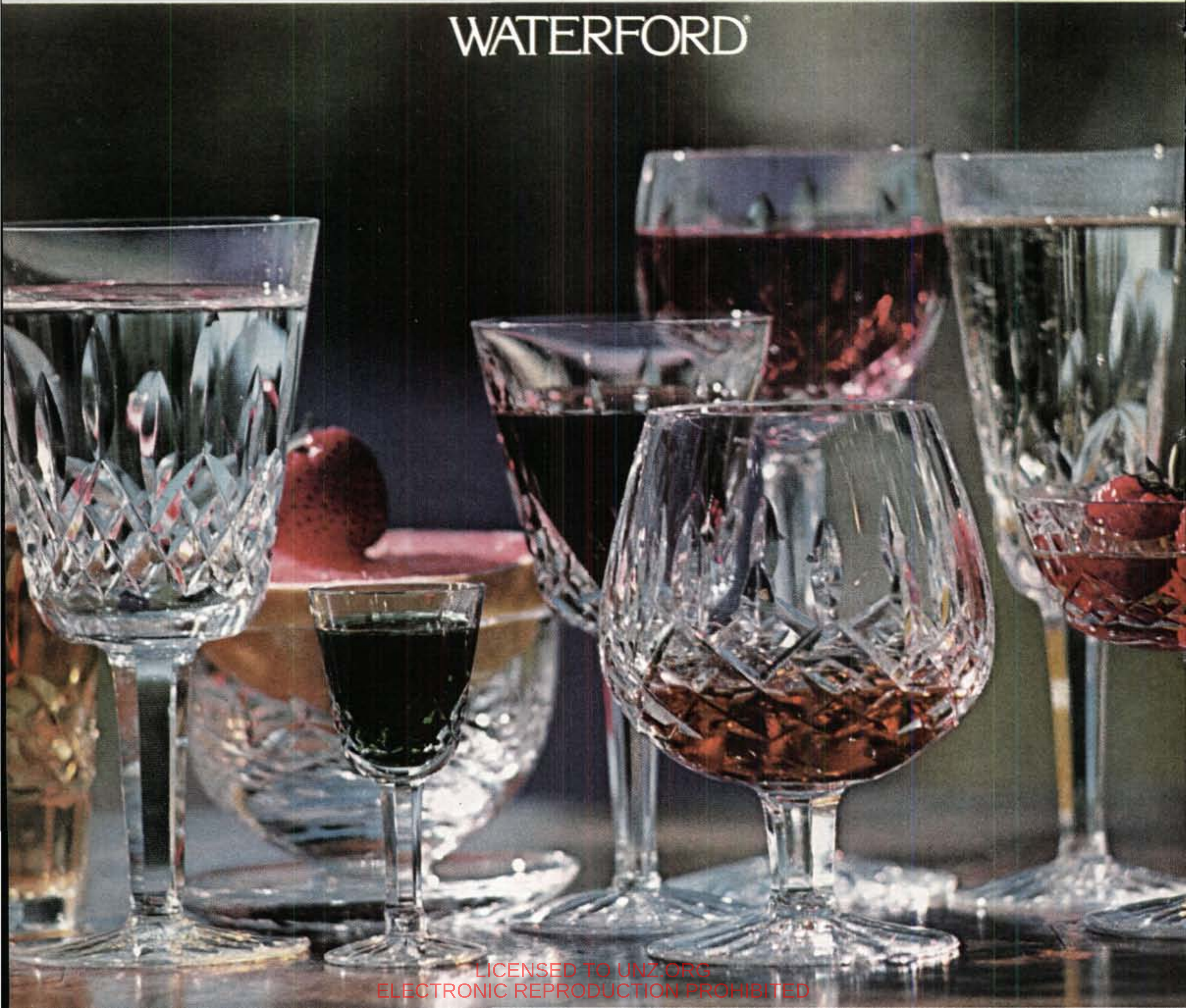

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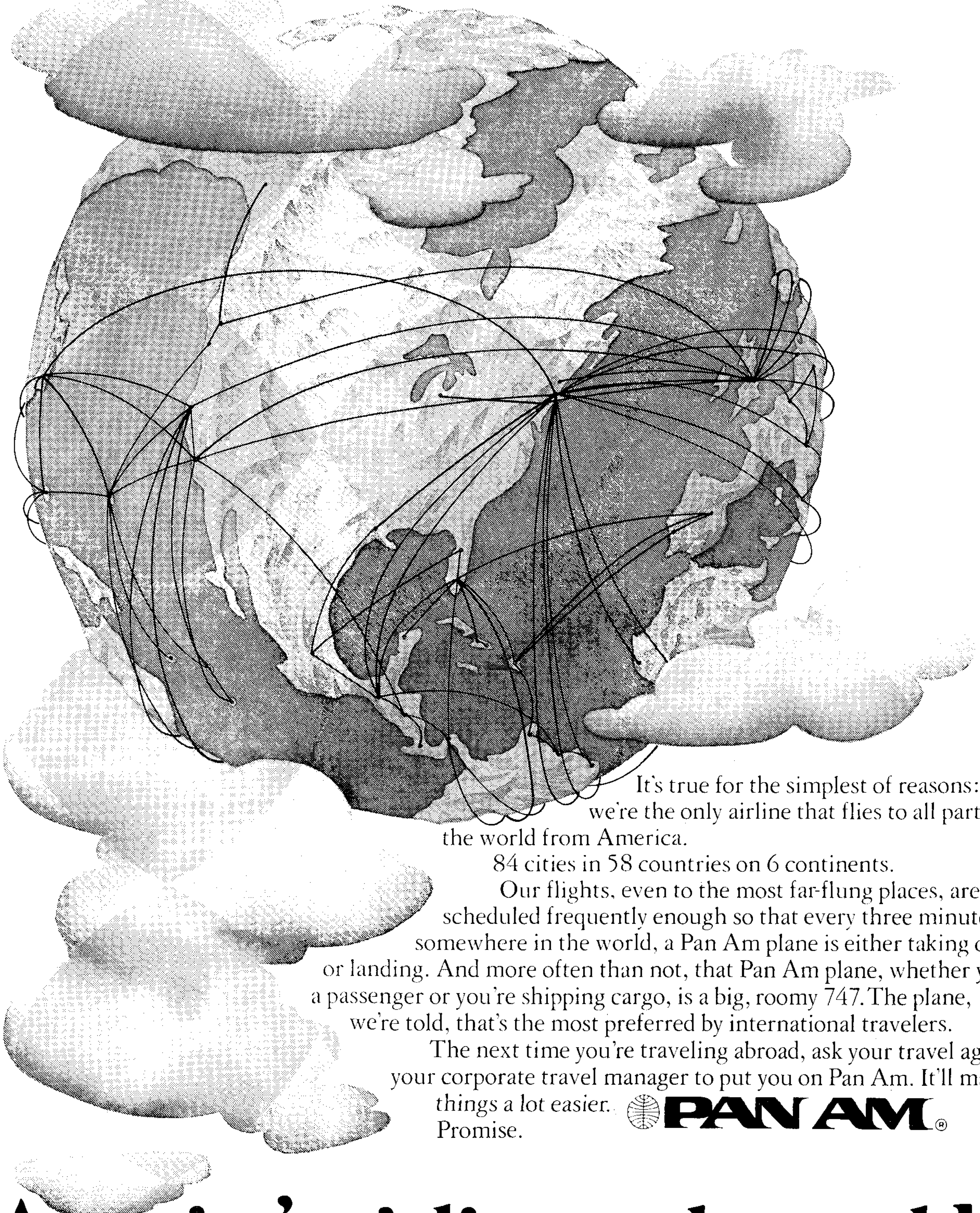

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/77) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 9.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bleacher Bums—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well: Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Catsplay—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. (4/24/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing and this musical ought to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are the tuneful songs, the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words, and the presence of the gifted Don Scardino in the singer's company. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every

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DRAWINGS: *David Pascal, William Hamilton, Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Mischa Richter, George Price, Edward Frascino, Jack Ziegler, William Steig, Arnie Levin, Stan Hunt, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Saxon, Joseph Farris, James Mulligan, Eldon Dedini, Jeff Kaufman, Robert Weber, Henry Martin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LIV, No. 21, July 10, 1978. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1978 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conceivable kind of scene. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man-Wo-Man—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 16. Free.)

Mary Rose—J. M. Barrie's ghost play is a foolish relic, but it is a relic that is still in working order, as is demonstrated by this Off Off Broadway troupe. The acting as a whole is satisfactory; that of Julia MacKenzie in the leading role of a young wife who disappears on an island in Scotland and then returns to haunt the family; of Kate Wilkinson as her mother; and of Thomas MacGreevy as her grown son is better than satisfactory. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-7930. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Once in a Lifetime—In 1930, Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman hammered together a comedy about Hollywood and its idiocies; after almost fifty years, the awkwardness of the hammering shows, but a company headed by George S. Irving and John Lithgow and directed by Tom Moore bring the play creditably to life. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Twentieth Century—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Piano Bar—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Thursday, July 6, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **THE VENTRILOQUIST'S WIFE:** Thursdays at 8 and Fridays at 8 and 10. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Show-Off—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, July 16.)

Timbuktu!—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Tribute—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,560 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Dick Boccelli as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE GIN GAME:** Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, July 9, at 7:30.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Starting Friday, July 7, Charles Kimbrough will replace Mr. Markham. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays, except July 5, at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

National Theatre of Japan—A company of twenty in a single performance of Noh Theatre, the classic Japanese dance-drama. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, July 5, at 8.)

DANCE

Performing Arts Company of the People's Republic of China—A ten-day engagement (two programs) by this company of dancers, singers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time. Program I (including an excerpt from the ballet "Red Detachment of Women"): Wednesday, July 5, at 7:30; Saturday, July 8, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 11-12, at 8; and Saturday, July 15, at 2. . . ¶ Program II (including an excerpt from the ballet "The White-Haired Girl"): Thursday and Friday, July 6-7, at 8; Saturday, July 8, at 2; and Thursday through Saturday, July 13-15, at 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

Berlin Opera Ballet—With Valery and Galina

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Panov, in a two-week engagement—Thursday, July 6, at 7; Sunday, July 9, at 3 and 8; and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 11-12, at 8: "Cinderella."... ¶ Friday, July 7, at 7; Saturday, July 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July *16*, *at* 2: "*Giselle*."... ¶ *Thursday, July* 13, at 7:30; Friday, July 14, at 8; Saturday, July 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 16, at 8: "The Rite of Spring," "Adagio Hammerklavier," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Bolero." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An ongoing festival of contemporary and out-there jazz. Pianist **burton greene** leads a quartet through Saturday, July 8; on Tuesday, July 11, trumpeter **ahmed abdullah**, who has worked with Sun Ra and Sam Rivers, will arrive with his fine, moving sextet. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Tony Azito, a singer in a lanky dancer's body, is a modern-day vaudevillian. His wild, magical, choreographed gestures, his between-song patter, his voice—which is in Jolson's range (although it sometimes sounds like Johnny Mathis)—and his precise, affectedly British articulation stem straight from the music hall. He is here through Saturday, July 8, singing standards and originals and songs by Kurt Weill and Harry Nilsson. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Pianist **nina sheldon** heads up a quartet that features flutist **jeremy steig** through Saturday, July 8; Wednesday through Saturday, July 12-15, bassist **lisle atkinson** will arrive with his quartet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The Little River band, an Aussie rock group, performs on Wednesday, July 5; on Thursday, July 6, pop-guitar kings **les paul** and **chet atkins** will be present; Friday and Saturday, July 7-8, have been reserved for Chicago bluesman **son seals** and his band, and for Delta-blues singer and guitarist **john hammond**, who re-creates the mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period; on Sunday, July 9, guitarist Lee Ritenour and his band will perform opposite violinist Scarlet Rivera and her band; on Monday and Tuesday, July 10-11, **john prine**, a widely respected folkie, will drop by; on Wednesday and Thursday, July 12-13, autoharp specialist Bryan Bowers will trade sets with singer and songwriter Laura Nyro; and on Friday and Saturday, July 14-15, singer Helen Schneider will appear opposite the improvisational-comedy duo of Monteith and Rand. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is in the hands of pianist **tom garvin** and bassist **george mraz** through Saturday, July 8, and beginning Sunday, July 9, pianist **bob dorough** and bassist **bill takas** will take over. *From ten most nights*, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

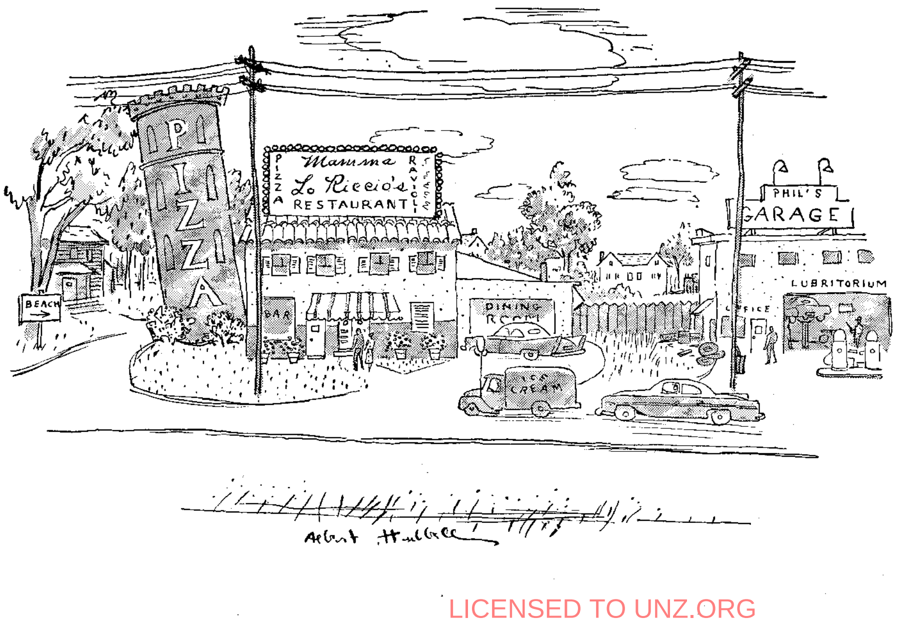
Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Named for a very strong Brazilian alcohol distilled from sugar cane, this second-floor room is decorated with potted palms, mirrored walls, and light-gray couches, and lets one easily imagine oneself in a Rio night club. The Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—adds to the authenticity. Live music begins at eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**bobby short** pays tribute to the pre-Bee Gees era of popular songs with a little help from bassist **beverly peer** and drummer **gene gammage** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ellis larkins** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

Cassidy's, 303 E. 53rd St., near Second Ave. (755-8050)—A popular, good-natured place that attracts businessmen and sports people and non-businessmen and sedentary people. Pianist **nina sheldon** will perform with a bassist Tuesday through Friday, July 11-14, from nine to one. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**joe turner**, who is in his early seventies, plays solo stride piano weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. On Sundays, from eight to one, **rose murphy** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**scott hamilton**, a tenor saxophonist in his twenties who plays in a swing-era style, works with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalists Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban get together weeknights at nine-thirty. On Sundays, from eight-thirty, tenor saxophonist **scott hamilton** leads a quintet. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, **al haig**, **morris edwards**, and **al gafa** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **hod o'brien** usually holds down the fort with **joe puma** on guitar, **frank luther** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**al cohn**, a mainstream tenor saxophonist, is heading up a quartet here through Saturday, July 8. On Monday, July 10, trombonist **bob brookmeyer** will come in with a quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at *nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and* Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**roy eldridge**, the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

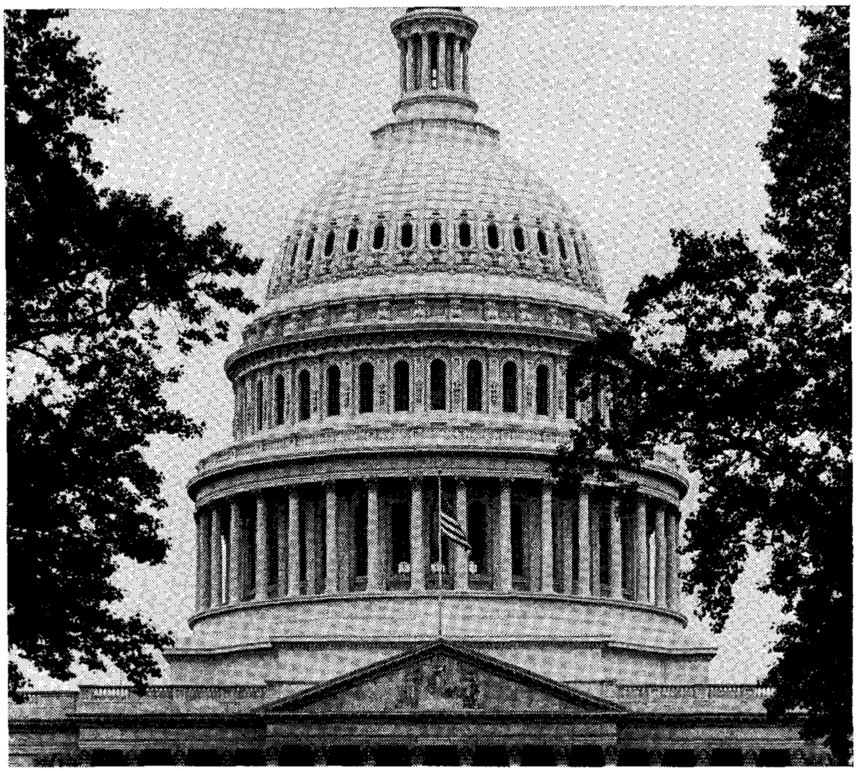
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and often (but not always) good, solid country and rock music. The Flying Burrito Brothers play country-rock through Thursday, July 6; on Monday, July 10, Roomful of Blues, a blues-saturated septet—it learned its set list from records by Muddy Waters, Louis Jordan, Big Joe Turner, Professor Longhair, and Ray Charles—will alternate with television star ("Saturday Night Live") **john belushi**, who looks wonderful singing blues numbers in a black sharkskin suit and a beat-up fedora from the fifties; and on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 11-12, Catskill folkie Eric Andersen will be on hand. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**ronny whyte**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and a capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **ron markowitz** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, a radio DJ, a writer, a baseball fan, and the son of composer Arthur Schwartz, sings Schwartz tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of

THE ADVANTAGES OF LOCATING YOUR COMPANY AMIDST THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF POWER AND INFLUENCE IN THE WORLD.



Not only is Washington, D.C. the capital of America, it's also fast becoming the capital of business in America.

This is where they make the rules of the game that businessmen have to play by.

This is where the factory is that makes the red tape.

Yet, this is also where the greatest opportunity exists for business today. Simply because there are enormous benefits to having the federal government for a neighbor.

Notice we said neighbor. Because when you look at Washington, the view is better from Fairfax County, Virginia.

Fairfax County is 410 square miles located just thirty minutes from Capitol Hill. It offers all the advantages of proximity to Washington combined with a comfortable suburban environment. And importantly, Fairfax County offers a lifestyle that's more than tolerable; it's desirable.

The ideal choice for a Washington location is not Washington. It's Fairfax County, Virginia.

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The study thoroughly examined locational possibilities all over America and concluded, "Fairfax County may well be the optimum location selection for the headquarters function of a national association or the regional office of a major corporation."

The fact is that over 1200 major corporations, associations and businesses have already located here.

Companies like Mobil Oil, TRW, Honeywell and Computer Sciences Corporation are typical examples.

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This may just be the best place in America for business to work.

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Please send me complete information on all the advantages of a Fairfax County, Virginia location for my company.

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Inquire in confidence to: Mr. David Edwards, Executive Director, Fairfax County Economic Development Authority
8330 Old Courthouse Road, Suite 800, Tysons Corner
Vienna, Virginia 22180 Phone (703) 790-0600 G-1

This may be the best place in America for business to work.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

smoke, rhythm-and-blues, and jazz on hanging plants. Flutist **YUSEF LATEEF**, who has lately taken up playing rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk styles in addition to mainstream jazz, and who has also recently taken up singing, will lead his quartet through Saturday, July 8. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Thursday through Saturday, July 13-15, the Poussette-Dart Band, a rock outfit from Boston, will be on hand. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey organization perform the honors Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**HELEN FORREST** sings some of the songs she made famous as a big-band star in the forties, through Saturday, July 8; on Tuesday, July 11, another famous vocalist, **ANITA O'DAY**, will come in. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—Even before **BOBBY COLE** begins his set—when he's just doodling or playing a scale—one knows immediately that he is a pianist with a subtle, confident touch. His hoarse, raspy vocals, which don't punch and attack the way Bobby Short's do but, instead, ride the rhythm, draw on what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he throws in a tune by the Rolling Stones or Elton John. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist Mike Nock's quintet occupies the bandstand through Saturday, July 8; on Sunday and Monday, July 9-10, percussionist Zahir Batin will lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, July 11, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will bring in a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A smudgy glass door and an unlit entranceway lead one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's sort of a public audition. Music every night but Sunday, provided mostly by rock bands on the way up. Showtimes are usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**OTIS RUSH** and his Chicago-blues band perform through Sunday, July 9, from ten-thirty. The house regulars remain Bob January, who guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to ten-thirty, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**, who perform on Tuesdays from nine to midnight. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—The veteran bebopper and searing tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** leads a quartet through Sunday, July 9; on Tuesday, July 11, **SONNY FORTUNE**, a hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes one grateful for long, extended solos, will bring in a quintet. On Monday nights, **THAD JONES** and **MEL LEWIS** continue their big-band tradition, which goes back even further than Monday-night baseball. Music from ten.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans provide the swing music through Friday, July 14; on Saturday and Sunday, July 15-16, pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and their quartet will be here. Live music every night but Monday, July 10, when jazz films will be shown. Music from nine. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals, painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). **JILL MC MANUS**, a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, finishes up on Sunday, July 9; on Tuesday, July 11, **HAROLD DANKO**, another fine young pianist, will take charge. Music from nine to one. Dining. Closed Mondays.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Studio Rivbea Early Summer Concerts Series—New music and new jazz in a ground-floor loft. Friday, July 7: Ricky Ford Trio and Jack Wolrath Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8: Chico Freeman Ensemble. (Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. 777-8656. Performances at 9 and 11.)

Redd Foxx and **Jean Carn**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, July 13, at 8.

Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers and **Derringer**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, July 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Lee Adler—Recent oils and graphics, all of them abstractions that look like designs for heavy-duty machinery. Through July 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Martin Canin—Shaped canvases, most of them elongated horizontally and divided into large areas of striking colors, and simple abstractions in oil or crayon on paper. Through July 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Louis I. Kahn (1901-74)—This architect made his first sketches of architectural monuments by copying out of his schoolbooks, and some of these early efforts, together with later sketches in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, pencil, which were made during his travels in Europe and Egypt (the latest is dated 1959), are included here. Through Aug. 12. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

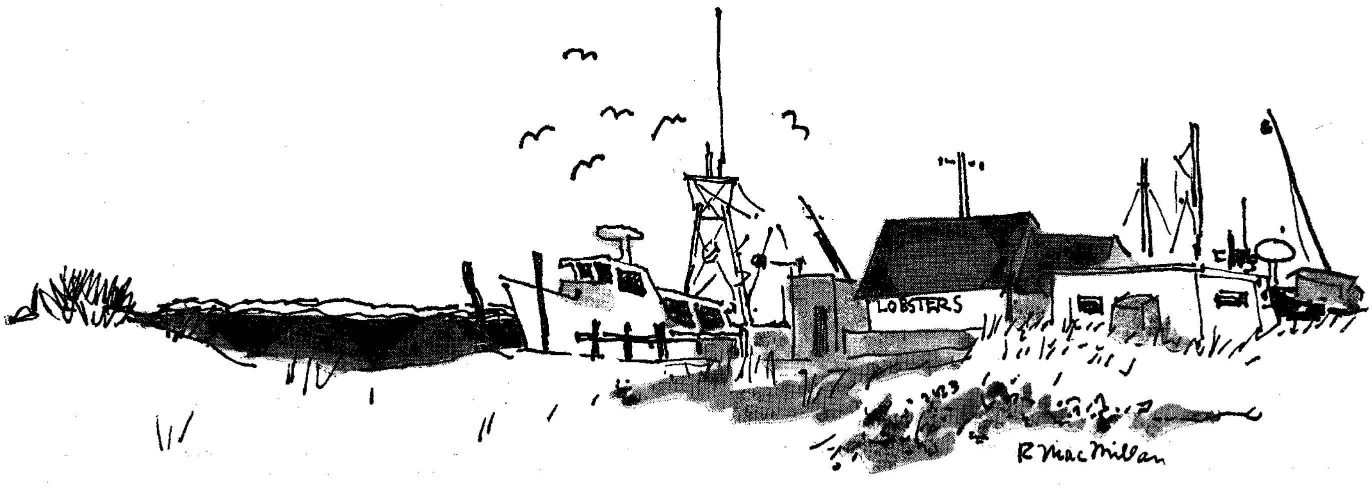
Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Tania Schreiber—Compositions made up of huge triangles of primary colors. Through Saturday, July 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Pierre Soulages—Small, dark, and heavily varnished abstract paintings by the French Expressionist. Through Friday, July 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Mexican Art—A two-gallery exhibit of works, covering twelve millennia, on loan from the Mexican National Museums. At the **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St., pre-Columbian and colonial objects, among them breastplates, pottery, jewelry, paintings, and, at the entrance, an Olmec stone head nearly six feet tall. (Through July 22. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St., paintings by three important twentieth-century artists: Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. (Through July 23. Daily, 10 to 5:30.) A single admission (two dollars) covers both shows.

Variations on Latin Themes in New York—A widely diversified exhibit of works by Latins now resident here, ranging from total abstractions to purest realism. Among the artists are Luis Frangella and Liliana Porter, from Argentina; Ana Mendieta and Juan Gonzalez, from Cuba; and Edgar Franceschi, from Puerto Rico. Through July 28. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave.,



at 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.)

New Work / New York—A group show of local artists who haven't been seen much—Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, and Jeff Way. Through Saturday, July 8. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Edward Youkilis, who paints geometric abstractions in muted colors, and Clifford Ross, who laces paint heavily with gel and builds up choppy waves of impasto, are two of the five painters in this show. Through July 21. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: An exhibition of works by seventeen painters pointing up individuality in monochromatic painting. Through Saturday, July 8. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A first-rate show, impeccably hung, of gallery regulars, plus a few pieces of lagniappe, including an offbeat portrait by the late Richard Lindner of a man with a large red mustache, and a seventeenth-century Peruvian mask that looks quite modern. Through Friday, July 14. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Stephen Mueller, Ann Purcell, Kikuo Saito, and Edward Youkilis. Through Thursday, July 13. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: The summer show here includes a rich-looking screen of rusty iron pipes (a hundred and fifty of them in a fixture eighteen feet long and nine feet tall) by Tom Clancy, and a hexagonal steel rod precisely twelve feet long, which is Charles Perini's means of demonstrating (along with diagrammatic drawings) how far the earth spins at the gallery site in the course of .0104 seconds. Through July 28. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-life paintings by fourteen artists. Nancy Hagin, John Moore, Lucy Sallick. Through July 28. . . . **FREIDUS**, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Five sculptures created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of new talent includes large abstract compositions by Ray Lewis; interiors by Dan Wittels; and scenes of frozen Alaskan wilderness by Loren Adkins, who lives sixty miles outside Juneau. Through Saturday, July 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Drawings by seven contemporary French artists, among them Bernard Moninot, who is represented by detailed pen-and-ink drawings of imaginary darkroom equipment, and Wolfgang Gafgen, who specializes in pencil depictions of frazzled ropes. Through Wednesday, July 12. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: The summer show here includes a huge paper bag, nearly six feet tall, by Alex Hay; a painting of the knot in an enormous red tie by Domenico Gnoli; and a small, boxed construction showing the side of a house resting on a shelf of granite by Bruce Monteith. Through Friday, July 14. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, July 14. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Noticeable among the works at the summer invitational show (eight artists; through July 14) are a domed structure, fourteen and a half feet in diameter and eight feet tall, made of raw tree branches tied together with wire, by Harriet Feigenbaum; a chandelier-like sculpture dripping with small whorls and squiggles and doodads of plastic, wood, foil, and the like, strung on wire, by Mattie Berhang; and an environment by Kit Schwartz in which are posted the responses of a hundred or so art-world people to the poser "Describe yourself as a person." (Andy Warhol: "Silly.") (Open noon to 5 Wednesday through Friday, July 5-7, and Tuesday through Friday, July 11-14.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Frank Duveneck, John Storrs, Gertrude Fiske, and others. Through July 21. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through July 21. (Open Saturdays.). . . **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: In a show called "The Reality of Art," the visitor follows a strange progression from Bruce Robbins' seesaws and silvery ladders, past one of Richard Tuttle's wall dividers, to an eight-foot drawing by Christo of a section of his running fence. Eight artists are represented, and the works all seem related. Through July 20. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.). . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.

Alfresco Sculpture—CHAIM GROSS: Bronzes. . . . **LILA KATZEN**: Metal pieces in a variety of sizes. (Both at Fordham University's Lincoln Center Campus.). . . **NED SMYTH**: Multi-part concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.). . . **ARTHUR WEYHE**: A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.). . . **GEORGE SUGARMAN**: "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—A group of photographs centered on the rise of European militarism in the thirties. Portraits of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini are included. Through July 21. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Fredrich Cantor—Bizarre tableaux that usually include a single figure harshly illuminated by strobe lighting or electronic flash. Through Saturday, July 8. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Jerry Dantzic—Color prints of mesas, buttes, and bridges, in a show at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Doisneau / George Krause—A group of photographs of twentieth-century artists (Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Aug. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Jackson (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Works by Lisette Model, Jack Manning, W. Eugene Smith, and sixty or so other members of the Photo League. . . . ¶ A show of Pierre Boogaerts' conceptual color photographs. Both shows through Sunday, July 9. . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**: Nearly two hundred prints made by contemporaries of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him—Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, de Meyer. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Fifty photographers' views of city games (stickball, Johnny-on-the-pony, skateboarding, and so on). Through Sept. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4; Sundays, 10 to 1.). . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: The third annual "Rated X" show. Through July 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition devoted to the male nude has as its earliest example a photograph (of a sculpture) made in 1857 by Robert MacPherson, and as its most recent example sunbathers on a beach in Acapulco

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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by Louis Falco. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: New York night life during the first half of this century, depicted in photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive. Through July 21. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through Sunday, July 9.... ¶ "Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1.... ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon": an outline of Napoleon's influence on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Two hundred prints from the Alfred Stieglitz Collection. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri, whose collages are often composed of damaged linen, wood, metal, plastic, and other materials. Through Aug. 27.... ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages and other works. Through Sunday, July 9.... ¶ An H. C. Westermann retrospective of his sculptures, drawings, and paintings. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteen-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Charles Weed, John Thomson, Donald Mennie among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It includes examples for ecclesiastical, household, and personal use. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.... ¶ Music in the garden: On Sunday, July 9, at 3, Jane Adler, mime, and Andrew Bolotowsky, flute.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of Japanese genre folding screens on loan from the Suntory Museum of Art. Panoramic views of public festivities cover many of the screens. Through Sunday, July 9. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (*paintings, manuscripts, album* leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900.... ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through July 29.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

MUSIC

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 6, at 8:30: Judith Blegen, soprano; Martin Katz, piano; and Raymond Gniewek, violin.... ¶ Friday, July 7, at 7: Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Yehudi Wyner and Gilbert Kalish, piano; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and Jules Eskin, cello, in an all-Schubert program.... ¶ Friday, July 7, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Miss Blegen; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Mozart program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mark Zeltser, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, July 11, at 7: Phoebe Snow and Gato Barbieri.... ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Carlos Bonell, guitar.... ¶ Friday, July 14, at 7: The Messrs. Silverstein and Eskin; Emanuel Borok and Max Hobart, violin; and Burton Fine, viola, in an all-Schubert program.... ¶ Friday, July 14, at 9: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Boston Symphony in a Vivaldi-Schubert program and acting as soloist, with Mr. Silverstein.... ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting an all-Schumann program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Neville Marriner conducting an all-Mozart program, with Miss de Larrocha. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

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CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 5:30: Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Carlos Bonell, guitar.... ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 5:30: Arthur Weisberg conducting the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, with Barbara Martin, soprano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 20. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the New York City Ballet of a three-week season that ends Saturday, July 22—Wednesday evening, July 5, and Thursday matinée, July 6: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 6: "Ballo della Regina," "Four Temperaments," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Friday evening, July 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Four Temperaments," and "Vienna Waltzes."... [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Barry Manilow on Sunday evening, July 9.] ... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 11: "Bournonville Divertissements" and "Vienna Waltzes." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 12: "Ivesiana" (with "Calcium Light Night"), "Afternoon of a Faun," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Thursday matinée, July 13: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 13: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "In G Major," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday evening, July 14 (a benefit performance): "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 15: "Swan Lake" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 15: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Ivesiana" (with "Calcium Light Night"), and "An Evening's Waltzes." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 8: The Berkshire Ballet presenting "Coppélia," with Kelvin Coe and Durine Alinova.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 11-15: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Thursday and Friday, July 6-7, at 8:05; Saturday, July 8, at about 4 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Johnny Vander Meer, Jim Bunning, Virgil Trucks, and other double no-hit pitchers against Stan Musial, Eddie Matthews, Bobby Thompson, Al Rosen, and other power hitters); and Sunday, July 9, at 2:05.... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 13, at 2, and Friday, July 14, at 8.... ¶ Kansas City, Saturday, July 15, at 8.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Wednesday, July 5, and Tuesday, July 11, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 8; the Astoria, Sunday, July 9; the Juvenile, Wednesday, July 12; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays—except July 5—through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 8, and the Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

Soccer—Cosmos vs. New England. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 12, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—W.C.T. Invitational at Forest Hills. (West Side Tennis Club. Round-robin play Monday, July 10, at 7:30, and Tuesday through Friday, July 11-14, at 1 and 7:30; semifinals Saturday, July 15, at 1 and 7:30; and finals Sunday, July 16, at 1. For information about tickets, call 478-2045.) . . . ¶ World Team Tennis: Apples vs. Phoenix. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, July 11, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, July 8. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Daily at 1:30; through Friday, July 7. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, July 10, through Wednesday, Aug. 23. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 15.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,** with Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsay, and Pamela Reed. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 6.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of five productions. Thursday, July 6, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 11): "La Traviata," with Norma French, soprano; Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 18): "Tosca," with Helena Yurkevicz-Scuderi, soprano; Giovanni Consiglio, tenor; and Frank Guarrera, baritone.

Wollman Rink—Opening performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival, running through Saturday, Sept. 2. Wednesday, July 5, at 7: Frankie Valli. . . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 6:30: Al DiMeola. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 6:30: Robert Klein and Dion. . . . ¶ Monday, July 10, at 6:30: Kenny Loggins and Kate Taylor. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12, at 6:30: Atlanta Rhythm Section and Aztec Two Step. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 14-15, at 6:30: Dave Mason and Pablo Cruise. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Irving Berlin's **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Walking Tour—On Saturday, July 15, Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of Central Park. Meets at the Arsenal, Fifth Avenue and 64th Street, at 10:45; rain date, July 22. For information, call UN 1-9696.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rose bushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

On cultivating the vineyard for better wines.

Cultivating—which is simply the turning or loosening of the soil by mechanical means in order to control weeds and aerate the soil—might seem to some to be the most prosaic of all vineyard operations.

Yet, the truth is, we find its contribution to the production of fine wines far more complex than one might expect.

Weeds, to be sure, are undesirable. They compete with our vines for nourishment and moisture in the soil.

But that is only one reason we take great care to manage an efficient and extensive cultivation program.

Frost Protection

Our experience shows that a moist, clean vineyard—one without weeds—also offers our vines measurable protection against morning frost during March, April, and early May.

Normally, during the day, the soil is warmed by the sun's rays. Then in the early hours before the following dawn, the heat that has been absorbed by the soil is released in the form of radiation, thus warming the vines above.

However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly.

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees, and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, above the soil and beneath its surface.

In our vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal because we prefer not to use herbicides when we can avoid them.

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps.

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching.

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control a weed called puncture vines, we used weevils.

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that we grow.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance our fertilization programs.

Fertilizers—except for nitrogen and boron—tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines, and stronger vines make better grapes.

Our Purpose

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation—as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture—that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 11: "Coming Home" and "Klute."
From July 12: "The Turning Point" and "3 Women."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 11: "Coming Home."
From July 12: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 11: "Julia."
From July 12: "The Man Who Loved Women."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jaws 2."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Damien: Omen II."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Servant and Mistress."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Inspector."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The End."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Different Story."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Cheap Detective."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through July 6: "House Calls."
From July 7: "The Mouse and His Child."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bonjour Amour."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Convoy."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 9: "A Woman at Her Window."
From July 10: "Replay."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 11: "Thank God It's Friday."
From July 12: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"House Calls."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Cat from Outer Space."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Grease."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Damien: Omen II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Convoy."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Pretty Baby."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
"The Grateful Dead."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Convoy."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker."
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "The Fugitive Kind." From July 9: "A Place in the Sun" and "The Wild One."
Theatre 3: "The First Time."
Theatre 4: "High Anxiety."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 6: "The Goodbye Girl."
From July 7: "The Mouse and His Child."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Matilda."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Pretty Baby."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 11: "Coming Home."
From July 12: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Cheap Detective."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 8: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
From July 9: "Viva Italia!"

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 6: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" and "Stroszek."
From July 7: "Faces of Love."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"House Calls" and "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: "Convoy."
Theatre 3: Through July 6: "The End." From July 7: "The Mouse and His Child."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Pretty Baby."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"Coming Home" and "Jabberwocky."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 5: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "General della Rovere" (1959), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Vittorio De Sica.
July 6: "Horsefeathers" (1932), directed by Norman McLeod, with the Marx Brothers and Thelma Todd; and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Mae West and Cary Grant.
July 7-8: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.
July 9-10: "The Music Lovers" (†) and "Lisztomania." (†)
July 11: "Clouds at Sunset" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda; and "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
July 12: "The Clockmaker" (1976), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort; and "Rouge et Noir" (1954), in French, directed by Claude Autant-Lara, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi.
July 13: "La Marseillaise" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; and "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1977), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, and Jean Rochefort.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 5: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks; and "Sinbad the Sailor" (1947), directed by Richard Wallace, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, and Anthony Quinn.
July 6: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), directed by Barbet Schroeder, a documentary film; and "Maîtresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
July 7: "To Be or Not to Be" (†) and "Once Upon a Honeymoon." (†)
July 8: "Fellini Satyricon" (†) and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum." (†)
July 9: "Alicia" (†) and "Giselle." (†)
July 10: "The Seventh Seal" (†) and "Day of Wrath." (†)
July 11: "Andrei Roubler" (1969) and "My Name Is Ivan" (1963), both films in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky.
July 12: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (†) and "You Only Live Once." (†)
July 13: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Maria of the Ant Village" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Heinosuke Gosho.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 6: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "Candy" (1968), directed by Christian Marquand, with Ewa Aulin, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, and James Coburn.
July 7-8: "Renaldo & Clara." (†)
July 9-10: "Billy Jack" (†) and "The Trial of Billy Jack." (†)
July 11: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "Sweet Charity." (†)
July 12-13: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†) and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 8: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne.
July 9-11: "Broadway Melody of 1938" (†); and "Dangerous When Wet" (1953), directed by Charles Walters, with Esther Williams, Fernando Lamas, Jack Carson, and Charlotte Greenwood.
From July 12: "Romeo and Juliet" (†) and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through July 6: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper, George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, and Douglass Dumbrille; and "Here Comes the Groom" (1951), directed by Frank Capra, with Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, and Franchot Tone.
July 7-8: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "What's New Pussycat?" (1965), directed by Clive Donner, with Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Romy Schneider, Paula Prentiss, and Capucine.
July 9-10: "The Man Who Loved Women" (†) and "Stolen Kisses." (†)
July 11: "Breathless" (†); and "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina.
July 12-13: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"

(†); and "A Hole in the Head" (1959), directed by Frank Capra, with Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, and Eleanor Parker.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 5: "Captains Courageous" (1937), directed by Victor Fleming, with Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, Melvyn Douglas, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Treasure Island" (1934), directed by Victor Fleming, with Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore, and Lewis Stone.

July 6: "Cobra Woman" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu; and "Sudan" (1945), directed by John Rawlins, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Turhan Bey, and Andy Devine.

July 7: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself.

July 8-9: "Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Warner Oland, Mary Brian, Thomas Beck, and Keye Luke; and "Murder Over New York" (1940), directed by Harry Lachman, one of the Charlie Chan series, with Sidney Toler as Chan, and Marjorie Weaver, Robert Lowery, and Ricardo Cortez.

July 10: "Born to Dance" (†) and "Rosalie." (†)

July 11: "The Divorcée" (†) and "Strange Interlude." (†)

July 12: "The Gang's All Here" (†) and "Weekend in Havana." (†)

July 13: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (†); and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Seventeen programs in a series of films directed by Henry King: July 6 at 2:30: "Over the Hill" (1931), with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood. . . . July 6 at 6: "Hell Harbor" (1930), with Lupe Velez, Jean Hersholt, and Gibson Gowland. . . . July 6 at 8:30: "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (1926), a silent film, with Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, and Charles Lane. . . . July 7 at 2:30: "White Sister" (1923), a silent film, with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman. . . . July 8 at noon: "Stanley and Livingston" (1939), with Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene, Walter Brennan, and Charles Coburn. . . . July 8 at 2:30: "Merely Mary Ann" (1931), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . July 8 at 5: "Lightnin'" (1930), with Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, and Joel McCrea. . . . July 9 at noon: "Stanley and Livingston.". . . July 9 at 2:30: "Hell Harbor.". . . July 10 at noon: "Devil's Bait" (1917), a silent film, with Ruth Roland, William Conklin, and King himself. . . . July 10 at 2:30: "Marie Galante" (1934), with Spencer Tracy, Ketti Gallian, and Helen Morgan. . . . July 10 at 6: "Stella Dallas" (1925), a silent film, with Ronald Colman, Belle Bennett, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . July 11 at noon: "Devil's Bait.". . . July 11 at 6: "Over the Hill.". . . July 13 at 2:30: "Ramona" (1936), with Loretta Young, Don Ameche, and Jane Darwell. . . . July 13 at 6: "Marie Galante.". . . July 13 at 8:30: "I Loved You Wednesday" (1933), with Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi. . . . ¶ Other, non-King, films scheduled during this period are: July 7 at 6: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Anthony Franciosa, and Walter Matthau. . . . July 9 at 5: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Zachary Scott, Betty Field, and Beulah Bondi. . . . July 11 at 2:30: "Hoodoo Ann" (1916), a silent film, directed by Lloyd Ingraham, with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski. Showings Thursdays at 6:30 and 8:35; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 6:30 and 8:35.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Cinema Studio; through July 6.)

Alicia—In this Cuban-made documentary, homage to Alicia Alonso gets lost in a jumble of excitable graphics, cheering audiences, and clips from dances filmed, for the most part, during the declining phase of her career. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street (1934)—The war-horse of the stage-matinée trade tells the story of how the invalid Elizabeth Barrett escaped from her domineering father by miraculously getting up and eloping with the dashing Robert Browning. In this overproduced, unleavened version from M-G-M, Norma Shearer is the tremulous, bedridden poet, and Fredric March comes to the rescue. The glowering Poppa is Charles Laughton. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Ian Wolfe, and Leo G. Carroll. Irving Thalberg produced, with his favorite dull company man, Sidney Franklin, directing. From the Rudolph Besier play (which Katharine Cornell made famous). (Regency; starting July 12.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, primitive, mixed-up movie, made by the director, Tom Laughlin, and his co-writer, co-producer wife, Delores Taylor. (The screen credits are pseudonyms.) They also star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "Freedom School." Its racially mixed students are being persecuted by the vicious bigots of the neighboring town. In plot and structure, the picture is a crude, shapeless mess, but the Freedom School teachers (comedians from The Committee) and some loose, good-humored children (actually Herbert Kohn's students from The Other Ways school) give it a disarming, hip innocence. This may be the first movie in which a rape victim talks about what happened to her in terms of a specific feminine anger at her violation: Delores Taylor speaks haltingly in a singsong monotone, as if she were working it out, and by normal dramatic standards the scene is a drag. Yet it stays with one. There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special fairy-tale appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. Billy Jack, who wears his cowboy hat flat across his forehead, appeared for the first time in the Laughlins' first picture, the motorcycle-gang film "Born Losers" (1967), and then, after "Billy Jack," in the grandiose sequel, "The Trial of Billy Jack" (1974), which had none of the charm of this film. (Cinema Village; July 9-10.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most shadowy and atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Thalia; July 12-13.)

Bonjour Amour—With Pascal Meynier and Guilhaine Dubos, directed by Roger Andrieux. In French. (Cinema II.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of thirties movies, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. Her movements had about the same relationship to dancing as José Iturbi's piano races in the movies had to music, and people who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were her greatest fans. In this M-G-M musical, she falls for a sailor, and in the finale she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." By the time she finishes, you're overpowered and feel you should cheer. Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around. Also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and Reginald Gardiner. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for ninety thousand dollars) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he transformed it by poeticizing it and making it so modern (via fast jump cutting) and French that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. Here, he eliminates unnecessary, mechanical transitions and brings together disharmonious elements—irony and slapstick and defeat. The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly, yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way. They are terribly *attractive*. The well-known director Jean-Pierre Melville appears as a celebrity being interviewed; Daniel Boulanger appears as the police inspector. Jean-Louis Richard and Philippe de Broca turn up, and there are also guest appearances by Godard, as an informer, by Truffaut (who supplied the news item on which Godard based the script), and by Chabrol (who lent his name as supervising producer). In French. (Thalia; July 11.)

Broadway Melody of 1938 (1937)—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor, who had appeared in "Broadway Melody of 1936," here appear with Judy Garland (in bobby socks, singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable") and with Buddy Ebsen, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The script is something dim about backstage troubles before the opening of a giant musical. The score, once again, is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown (but not as good), and directed, once again, by Roy Del Ruth for M-G-M. (Regency; July 9-11.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (5/22/78) (Cinema I.)

The Cat from Outer Space—From the Disney studios, with Ken Berry, Sandy Duncan, Harry Morgan, Roddy McDowall, and Mc-

Lean Stevenson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (U. A. East.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a cheap imitation of Humphrey Bogart—cheap because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but it is going to be popular, because its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Olympia. . . . ¶ Art, St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through July 11.)

Convoy—With Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Columbia II, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) Jack Arnold directed; with Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, Whit Bissell, and Ricou Browning as the monster. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13.)

Damien: Omen II—The followup to "The Omen," with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. Diabolism sells now, no doubt of it, but with films like this, one wonders why. (6/19/78) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son. When she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies, and at the funeral her mother-in-law denounces her as a witch. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be. As she is trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, one's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic fears of the "witch" and her accusers. With Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier as Marthe, the old woman who is arrested and burned at the stake in the great early sequences. The musical arrangements of the "Dies Irae" (which gives the film its title) and the other fateful hymns are by Poul Schierbeck. Not shown outside Denmark until after the war; opened in this country in 1948. In Danish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

A Different Story—With Perry King and Meg Foster, directed by Paul Aaron. (Baronet.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a comic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an off-hand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Cinema Village; July 12-13.)

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The Divorcée (1930)—Norma Shearer and the double standard. Her husband (Chester Morris) is unfaithful, but she isn't allowed to be; they split. This being intended as a sizzling, daring movie, she turns to Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel before reconciling (on New Year's Eve, of course) with her ex-husband. Shearer's specialty was sexy suffering in satin gowns by Adrian; here, she always seems to want to abandon herself to naughtiness, but one damned thing after another stops her. With Florence Eldridge. Robert Z. Leonard directed, from an adaptation of Ursula Parrott's novel "Ex-Wife." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris; through July 8.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 6.)

Faces of Love—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Delphine Seyrig, and Lea Massari; directed by Michel Soutter. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting July 7.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master-entertainer's feeling for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. His pagans are freaks, and he uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. We seem to be at a stoned circus, where the performers go on and on whether we care or not, and, for a work that is visual if it is anything, the film leaves disappointingly few visual impressions. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many stories and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

The First Time—Claude Berri has made a lovable—perhaps too lovable, but very plain and clear-eyed—film about first sexual encounters. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

The Fugitive Kind (1960)—Written by Tennessee Williams, directed by Sidney Lumet. See the film, although the combination of talents accentuates the florid in both men and suppresses poetry. Marlon Brando is a nomadic guitar player, Anna Magnani is the starved wife of a cross invalid in a spiteful Southern community. (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern rush pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus. The style of the director, Richard Lester, is at war with the material; he appears to think it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of great clowns singing a duet, so he distracts us with his short-term camera magic—all fits and starts. He trashes the performers, even old Buster Keaton. There's still some of the show left (for example, a satirical song by Leon Greene), but for an audience that loves musicals the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which, as a piece of staging, passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Edward Everett Horton. Leo Robin and Harry Warren supplied the songs, except that polka, which is David Raksin's. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

Giselle (1964)—Except to her fans, Alicia Alonso's Giselle isn't greatly distinguished—just remarkably enduring. It has survived on two of the strongest legs and feet the old classic can ever have seen. In this black-and-white film of her production for the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, Alonso's Albrecht is Azari Plisetsky, Maya Plisetskaya's brother, and Hilarion is Fernando Alonso, Alicia's husband. Myrtha is Mirta Plá. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Guild; through July 6.)

The Grateful Dead (1977)—A filmed concert. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The grease is the Elvis Presley sort of hair grease, the society is proudly sexist and ritualistic, the film's commercial calculation is obviously shrewd. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

Heaven Can Wait—A remake of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, James Mason, and Charles Grodin. Directed by Beatty and Buck Henry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs:

all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 59th St. East; through July 6.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. (5/9/77) (Olympia.)

Jaws 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (Murray Hill, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Gramercy; through July 11.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Art; through July 11.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys' Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Lisztomania (1975)—In a couple of sequences, it erupts successfully with a wholehearted, controlled comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 9-10.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Thalia; July 9-10. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting July 12.)

Matilda—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall.)

The Mouse and His Child—An animated feature, with the voices of Peter Ustinov, Cloris Leachman, Sally Kellerman, Andy Devine, and others. Directed by Fred Wolf and Charles Swenson. (59th St. East, Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 7.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 9-10.)

Once Upon a Honeymoon (1942)—Embarrassing anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, set in Europe, that attempts to show the public the evils of Nazism while sugarcoating the message. Ginger Rogers is an American burlesque queen married to an Austrian baron (Walter Slezak) who is a Nazi agent. Cary Grant is the American radio correspondent who shows her the miseries that her husband and his friends are causing. With Albert Dekker, Albert Basserman, and Hans Conried. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

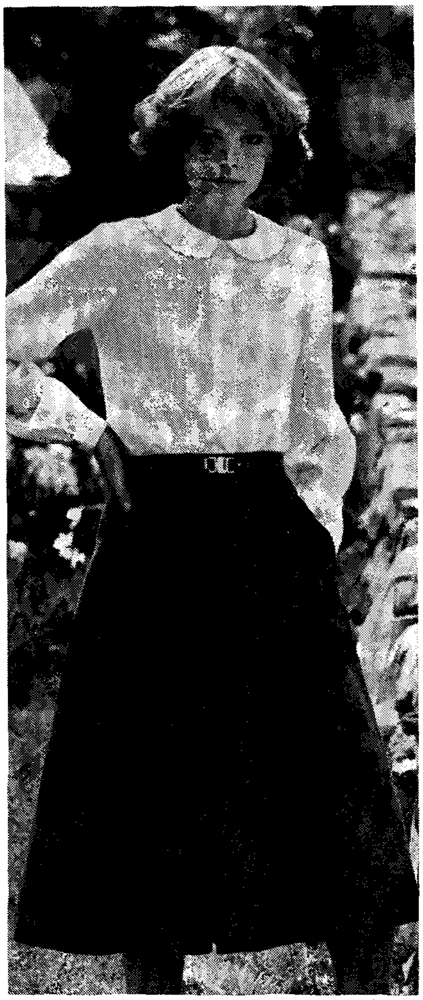
A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," adapted by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the effect is to turn a basically simple story into something portentous, pre-interpreted, and "deep." The film is very famous, though. Shelley Winters plays the girl Clift jilts (a role more memorably played by Sylvia Sidney in von Sternberg's thirties version). With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. (Quad Cinema; starting July 9.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Renaldo & Clara—Bob Dylan made this three-hour-and-fifty-two-minute film, which was mostly shot during a Bicentennial (1975-76) tour. (The show was called the "Rolling Thunder Revue.") The performance footage is handsomely photographed, but it doesn't build up the excitement that one can sometimes feel at a performance film, because the movie keeps cutting away from the stage to cinéma-vérité fantasies of Dylan's life, which occupy more than two-thirds of the running time. Dylan has given himself more tight closeups than any actor can have had in the whole history of movies. (2/13/78) (Cinema Village; July 7-8.)

Replay—With Marie-José Nat and Victor Lanoux, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting July 10.)

Romeo and Juliet (1936)—Expensively devo-



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tional, in the literal-minded and heavily overproduced Irving Thalberg manner, but the readings are often clear and sensible, and there is an audacious, controversial, florid performance by John Barrymore as Mercutio. Leslie Howard is an anemic, overage Romeo, while Norma Shearer, never much of an actress, makes a valiant effort at Juliet but never rises above conventional adequacy. With Basil Rathbone (Tybalt), Edna May Oliver (the nurse), C. Aubrey Smith (Capulet), Ralph Forbes (Paris), Violet Kemble-Cooper (Lady Capulet), Reginald Denny (Benvolio), Katherine De Mille (Rosaline). George Cukor directed. Totally made in a studio Italy, it remains a chief example of the pasteboard M-G-M style in full decadence. (Regency; starting July 12.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over but the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10.)

Servant and Mistress—An élitist role reversal between a master (Victor Lanoux) who comes home to collect his supposed inheritance and the family maid (Andréa Ferréol) who has moved in to commandeer the money and behaves like a very Gallic Lady Bracknell. Everything is conducted here with talk that gives an implacable weight to trivia. Bruno Gantillon made the film without humor or humanity, and with a good deal of solemnity. In French. (6/19/78) (Eastside Cinema.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Thalia; July 9-10.)

Strange Interlude (1932)—Whoever decided to revive this one forgot a sound bit of advice: let sleeping dogs lie. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable star in this version of the Eugene O'Neill play, directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—As Blanche DuBois, Vivien Leigh looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. Shakespeare must have had a woman like her in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—an infantile brute. The sets look stagy, and the arrangement of actors is frequently too transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film, and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? The director, Elia Kazan, places his skills at Tennessee Williams' service—he doesn't muck up the play. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. It took a while for this movie to reach its audience. (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (7/25/77) (Cinema Studio; through July 6.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, softhearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, may have been too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. It's a disaster, but zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway. (Cinema Village; July 11.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (72nd Street East; through July 11.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 12-13.)

3 Women (1977)—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Art; starting July 12.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers jowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. Edwin Justice Mayer wrote the script, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Art; starting July 12.)

The Trial of Billy Jack (1974)—A maudlin sequel to the 1971 "Billy Jack" which for two hours and fifty minutes expands on the most melodramatic elements of the earlier film. This big Pentecostal tub-thumping show, a manifestation of the square, simplistic, reactionary left, brings together the worst of mass culture and the worst of the counterculture. (Cinema Village; July 9-10.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

Viva Italia!—With Vittorio Gassman, Ornella Muti, Alberto Sordi, and Ugo Tognazzi; directed by Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Paris; starting July 9.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mark Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Quad Cinema; starting July 9.)

A Woman at Her Window—A French picture set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. (6/12/78) (68th St. Playhouse; through July 9.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie-and-Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

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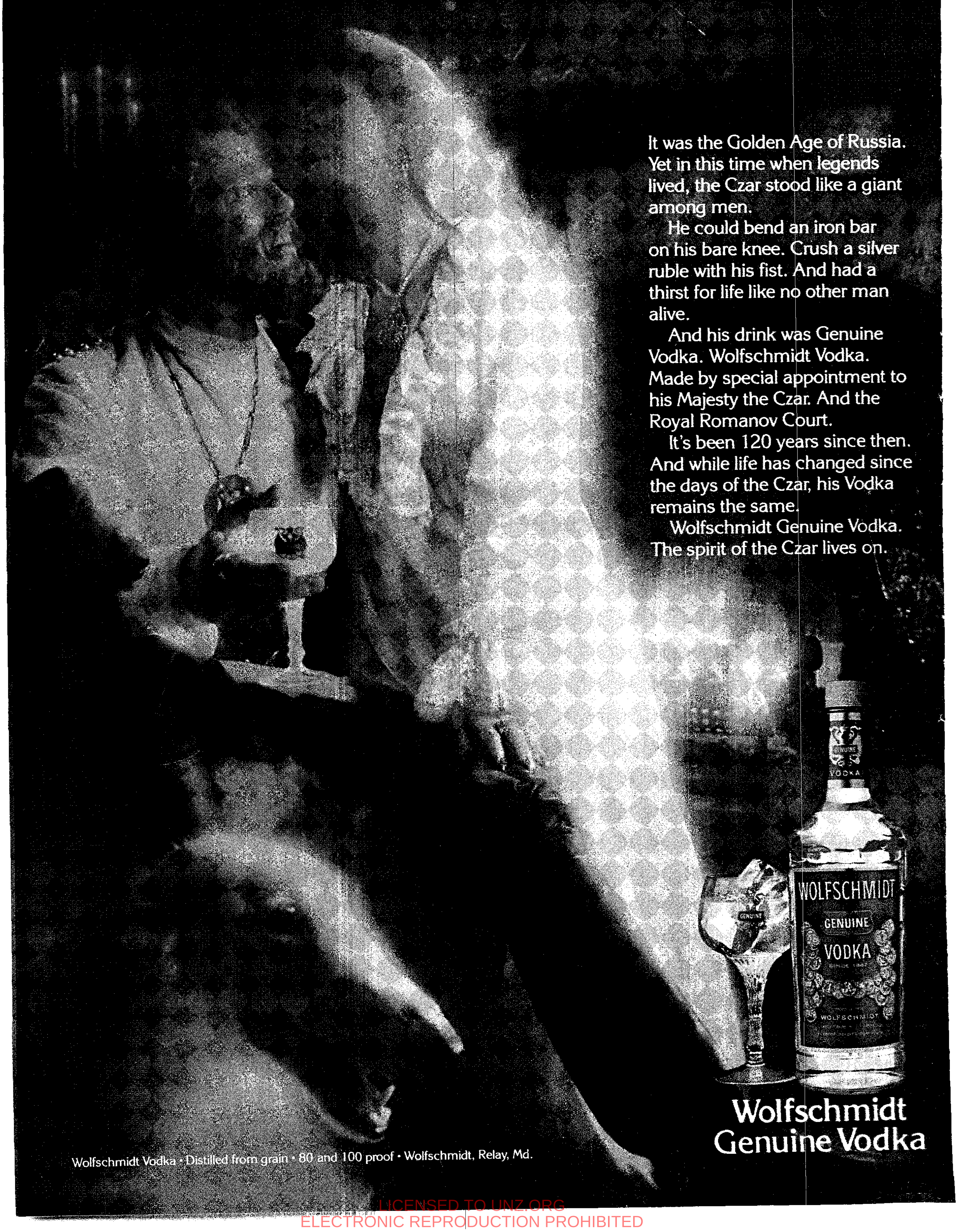

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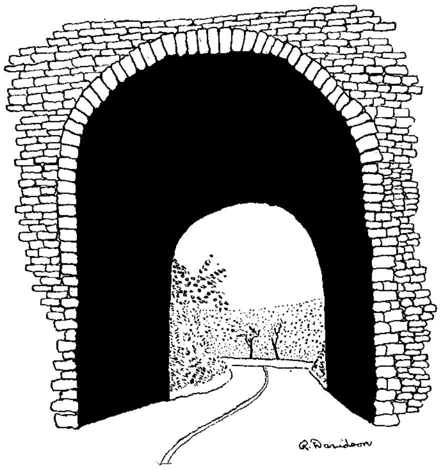
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

> News from the front. I have been in close contact with the people who put the foreign object in my yogurt. They try to be extremely thorough. They have sent me the following:
>
> A letter of apology.
>
> A previously uncirculated dollar bill.
>
> A sixteen-page pamphlet titled "Yogurt & You," featuring:
> 1. Recipes.
> 2. Nutrition information.
> 3. Rhetorical questions; e.g., "Can yogurt be delicious?"
> 4. Photographs of ethnically diverse people enjoying name-brand yogurt, among them mother with child in backpack, both eating yogurt; well-dressed skiers eating yogurt; black girl, with pigtails, eating yogurt; healthy young couple at the seashore eating yogurt (woman in bikini especially fetching as she eats her yogurt); man eating yogurt while standing in telephone booth; Camachich Kvitzina, one hundred and thirty-seven years old, eating name-brand yogurt in Atrara, Soviet Georgia.
>
> Address blank to send away for forty-eight-page booklet, "Dieting, Yogurt, and Common Sense."
>
> Magnetic note holder featuring picture of name-brand yogurt.
>
> Discount coupons good for:
>
> 15c on purchase of soft-frozen yogurt
> 30c on purchase of frozen-yogurt-on-a-stick
> 15c on purchase of brown sugar
> 10c on purchase of regular cup of yogurt (two of these).
>
> Information on how to obtain Yogurt Home Exercise Guide Poster (23½" x 35½"), Yogurt Fight Fat Poster (21½" x 28½"), yogurt manufacturer's Tote Bag, and yogurt manufacturer's Everything Sack (larger than Tote Bag).
>
> Regarding the foreign object: It was unevenly circular, not quite dime-size, thin, and turquoise-colored. Not heavy at all. In fact, I taped it to a piece of stationery and mailed it to the yogurt people and got away with fifteen cents postage. If I were forced to classify the foreign object as animal, vegetable, or mineral, I would give it a mineral rating. I recognize, however, that this spot analysis might not hold up under laboratory scrutiny. The object's presence in my yogurt was unexpected, although not necessarily unanticipated. I say this because, in a vague way, I am always on the lookout for the stray mouse in the soft-drink can, the renegade piece of bowling ball in the tossed salad. In a sense, every meal away from my mother's house represents for me a potential encounter with a tortfeasor.
>
> Now about the letter of apology: It happens to be the easily identifiable foreign-object-in-yogurt form letter—full of regret over this "very unpleasant experience," bafflement at how "the object you found in your yogurt . . . might have gotten there," assurances that "all the liquid ingredients . . . are passed through two fine strainers . . . plants are kept scrupulously clean . . . inspected regularly by the Board of Health inspectors who visit unannounced." Questionable syntax here and there, odd typography where my name and the particular flavor of the offending yogurt have been inserted in the prepared form. This ostensibly personal missive is not quite personal enough to suit my tastes. It is, I'm sure, the product of a typewriter with an electronic memory. If, like the yogurt manufacturer, you happen to be a subsidiary of a conglomerate that had gross sales of six billion three hundred million dollars last year (I read this in the *Times*), you can buy a few of these typewriters, give them some handy pointers, and put them in a room by themselves, and they will type the complete works of Sidney Sheldon, over and over, until they run out of paper.
>
> What I am saying here, of course, is that I am not satisfied. Which is not to imply that I cannot be appeased. In fact, I can, and these are my non-negotiable demands:
>
> More fresh dollar bills!
> Tote Bags for everyone!
> Modern dairy equipment installed *in my apartment*, where I can see it at all times!
> Highly skilled technicians and production supervisors assigned to me, personally!
> Rigorous-unto-death quality controls at every turn!
> No more unpleasant experiences!
> No more letters of apology!



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Heyday

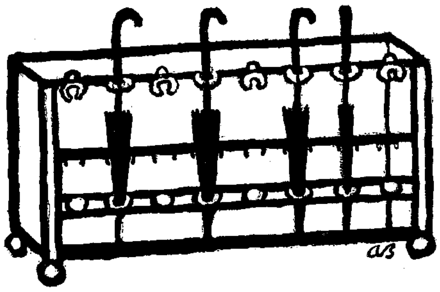
A JUNE country wedding and a New England town meeting and perhaps the tag end of the War Between the States—that's what we assisted at a couple of Saturdays ago. It was in the cozy Connecticut town of Essex, on the bonny, bonny banks of the Connecticut River. Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's greatest railroad buff, who stood by our side under a blue-and-yellow striped canvas marquee, said that New England begins seventeen and four-tenths miles east of the city of New Haven, and what happened to us during that long day proved him right. The canopy stood on the other side of the tracks from the Essex railway depot, and railway depots are—or were—the heart of all New England communities. We were flanked on both sides by the works of the E. E. Dickinson Company, the world's greatest purveyor of bottled witch hazel, which is distilled from a healthful flowering shrub found in abundance in those parts, but we didn't actually see any flowering witch hazel—probably because it was being overpowered by a plenitude of early summer's greatest flowering shrub, the mountain laurel. The countryside around reflects its own little Industrial Revolution: where else do you find close together a distiller of witch hazel, a manufacturer of piano keys and piano actions, and a period-piece lace factory? The Valley Railroad, whose headquarters is the Essex depot, is another part of this revolution, and it is celebrating its one-hundred-and-seventh birthday, having been built by Connecticut Civil War veterans—don't ask us why. Comstock & Cheney, the piano-key people, gave the nearby village of Ivoryton its name. (C. & C. is now part of Pratt-Read, of Ivoryton.) Deep River, a station stop on the Valley Railroad, gave Deep River Lace, Inc., its name. The wondrous English lace machinery there, built to a patent of some antiquity, inhales fifteen thousand threads of cotton, or whatever, into its maw simultaneously and expels a snowy expanse of lace six yards wide and thirty-six yards long, and then starts in on another.

The bride of the day, aged fifty-eight, hailed from the Deep South—Steam Locomotive No. 40, once of the Portland, Astoria & Pacific Railway and more recently the pride and joy of the Aberdeen & Rockfish Railroad Company, a flourishing enterprise in the longleaf-pine country of south-central North Carolina. She had been in retirement for a quarter century, but she still looked long and sleek, and her brand-new coat of black paint made her glitter in the sunlight as she waited, offstage, to be summoned. Her consort forevermore is Steam Locomotive No. 97, late of the Birmingham & Southeastern, another Southern enterprise. No. 97 has been in residence on the Valley Railroad for seven years, helping out on the passenger trains, May through October, between Essex and the town of Chester, five miles north. The personage of the day was Ella Grasso, Governor of the State of Connecticut, who, accompanied by her daughter Susane, served, in effect, as chaplain at the wedding by cracking a wire-wrapped bottle of champagne on the prow of No. 40 after she had rolled into the station. "The Governor has a good right arm," Frimbo said. "She's the first major-league pitcher since the late Carl Mays who throws strikes underhand."

Functioning steam locomotives and functioning woman governors are not easily acquired: locomotives of this sort now run about sixty thousand dollars bid, sixty-five thousand dollars asked; woman governors are constantly importuned to be in five or six places at once. A man on Governor Grasso's staff had telephoned the day before to say that she would show up for the christening and then would leave immediately to keep other appointments. But when the Governor saw the train that No. 40 was to haul to Chester, with the handsome old parlor car, the Wallingford, that had been reserved for her and her retinue, she said, "You know, I used to ride on this railway line. In my younger days, I went south on it on my way to a summer resort, Sound View, on the Sound, and that was where I first met my husband, Tom. All I remember of the arrival in Sound View is dusk, soft lights, and such warmth and anticipation. I'm going to ride this train!"

Essex, a resourceful town for its size, had provided sunny skies and an outdoor New England town meeting: selectmen; state senators; the Sailing Masters of 1812, a stately fife-and-drum corps turned out in off-white breeches, brass-buttoned blue jackets, and fore-and-after hats; Boy Scouts; Girl Scouts; Cub Scouts; merchants; housewives; and babies in prams. The only thing missing was a stray dog. The Sailing Masters went to work on "Dixie" as No. 40 arrived. "'Dixie'!" a delighted female shrieked in our ear. "We *never* hear that down South anymore!" The crowd shouted lustily as No. 40, hauling what Frimbo called the Inaugural Special, departed a quarter of an hour ahead of schedule, leaving a few invited guests behind. "Well, that's New England for you," Frimbo said.

Someone must have reminded the Governor en route to our first stop, at Deep River, about her impending appointments, for when she alighted there the conductor of the train was saying to her, "I'll get you a taxicab, Ma'am, if you're in a hurry."



"Don't bother," she said. "I'm having too good a time." Then she called up to her daughter, who was still on the train, "Susie, would you like to come with me and look at the lace factory?"

The Inaugural Special waited at Deep River for the first regular passenger train from Essex to catch up with us. It was a wait of perhaps half an hour. One passenger got off the train and picked wildflowers along the right-of-way—heliotrope, wild roses, daisies, white clover, and red clover. "I didn't know our track was that pretty," the conductor said when he saw the bouquet.

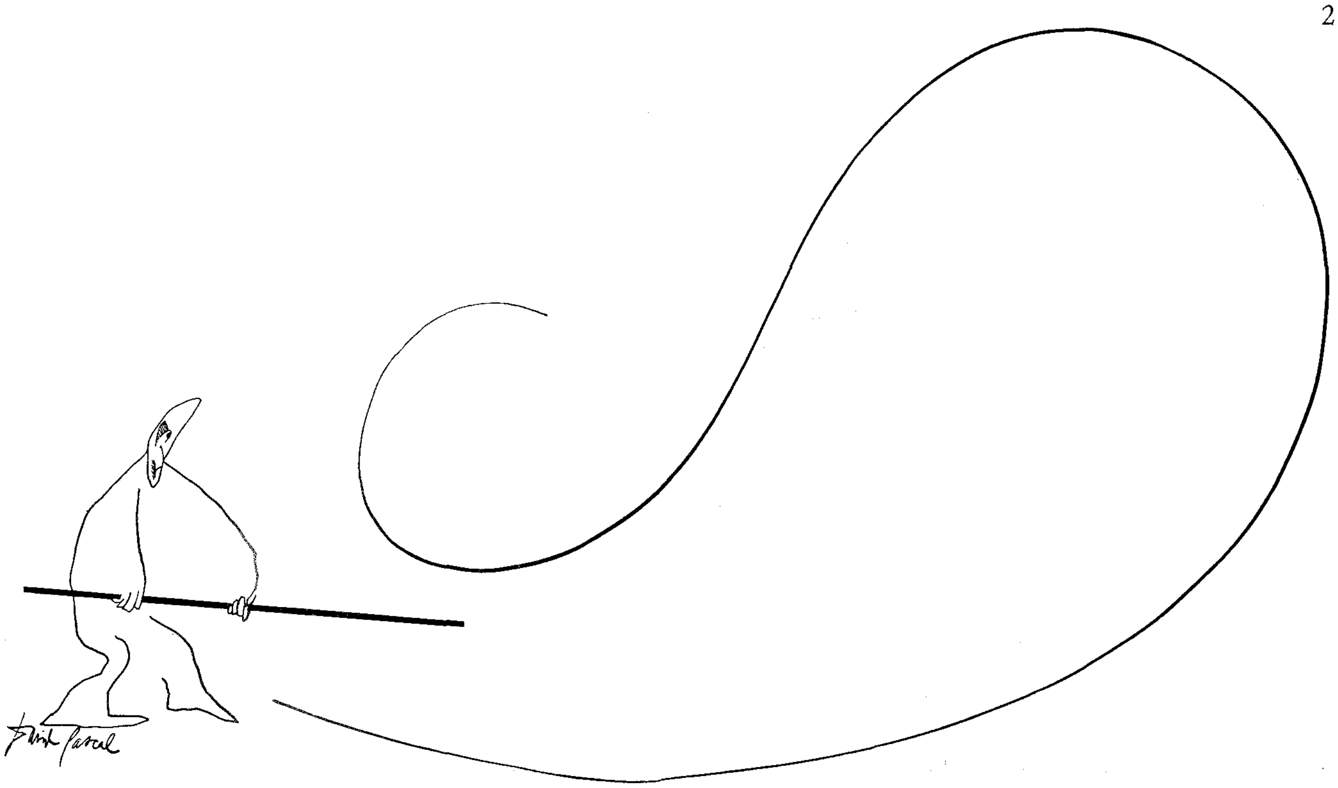
And everyone who hadn't gone into the mill with the Governor walked down to the boat landing, a couple of hundred feet away on the Connecticut River, where the Silver Star and the Viking, two little riverboats, make connections with the Valley Railroad passenger trains. "That's the final New England touch," Frimbo said. "Take a train to catch a boat."

A bit later, we were back in the Wallingford, a car with carefully preserved leaded-glass partitioning and big swivelling red plush armchairs, which make it a fitting contemporary of Locomotive No. 40. Valley Railroad President Oliver Jensen, late editor of and still consultant and contributor to *American Heritage*, now devotes a lot of his time to the welfare of the Valley Railroad, and he was telling the Governor that he was hoping to push the line half a dozen miles farther north, to the town of Haddam, so that passengers could cross the bridge there (perhaps by horse-and-carriage) to East Haddam and the celebrated Goodspeed Opera House, which is in operation all summer. "Now, now," said Governor Grasso. "The state has already allotted you a grant of ten thousand dollars. *Piano, piano e lontano.*"

Knowing Jensen as we do, we feel sure that in a year or two we will be journeying to Haddam in the Wallingford.

It was time for lunch when we returned to Essex and saw the Governor off to pick up the unravelling thread of her appointments. "Don't forget to look at the mountain laurel on the way home!" she cried as she was whisked away in a State Police car.

Lunch, in the venerable Griswold Inn, in downtown Essex—real Indian pudding, molasses and all, for dessert—brought us together, in the vast swirl of guests of the Valley Railroad, with four



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men we chose to regard as the brothers of the bride: President Willard Formyduval, of the Aberdeen & Rockfish; Vice-Presidents Robert Veasey and Charles Monroe; and Engineer Leon Allred, who drove No. 40 on her last run on the Aberdeen & Rockfish, back in 1953, and who had now both driven and stoked her on the Inaugural Special. The care and feeding of locomotives is among the earliest art forms evolved in the Industrial Revolution, and President Jensen had invited Barry Anderson and Max Miller, his most adroit practitioners of that art, to serve as attendants at the wedding.

"We thought a long time before letting a Southern belle like No. 40 go up among you Northerners for the rest of her life," said President Formyduval, "and if the Blue family, who ran the railway for many years before I arrived, had still been active, she would probably never have gone North."

"If it was up to me, we would never have sold her," Mr. Allred said softly.

"Anyway," Mr. Formyduval went on, "we wanted to come up here with her to see just what kind of folks were going to have her from now on. I think she is in good hands, and I'm glad we came."

Mr. Allred nodded. "I guess I'd like to come up here myself some other time and run the old girl again."

"There's nothing like a steam engine," Frimbo said. "You can lock her up in a shed for twenty-five years, then tell Barry Anderson and Max Miller to feed her a little oil in her joints and cosset her and cozen her, and away she goes."

Coming In

ANOTHER visit to the Bronx Zoo last week, this time to see the animals of Wild Asia called in for the night. Why do the animals of Wild Asia (the year-old thirty-eight-acre area in which the animals range in relative freedom while the human spectators move among and slightly above them in a monorail observation car) have to be called in at night? This was the first question we put to James Doherty, the zoo's curator of mammalogy, as he drove us to the site in an electric-powered staff vehicle. Two reasons, said Mr. Doherty. First, it is a way of keeping close tabs on the animals—making sure that new mothers are behaving responsibly, seeing that recent arrivals are fitting in socially, and so forth. Second, if the animals were allowed to stay out continuously, their thirty-eight acres of untrammelled Bronx grasslands would very soon get to look like a vacant lot—they would eat or trample down all the vegetation in sight. Animals somehow haven't got the word on ecology.

At any rate, the one hundred and eighty animals of Wild Asia are let out every morning just before the first monorail train starts its run, and they come back in to their pens, sheds, and cages each evening right after the last train goes by. "And the amazing thing," Penny Kalk, one of the area's young keepers, told us, "is that they like to go out and they like to come in, too." Penny Kalk, who wears her blond hair in a ponytail, is a Vassar graduate (Class of 1974). She and Bob Terracuso, who started out working as a volunteer at the zoo's pony track when he was sixteen, and joined the staff immediately after graduating from Roosevelt High School, in 1968, are mainly responsible for the several species of Asian deer and antelope in the park.

The roundup started around 5 P.M., with Penny and Bob bringing in a herd of about forty Formosan sika deer—small, delicate animals that have become extinct in the wild. The two keepers whistled through their teeth and called to them, and Bob shook an empty paper feed bag, and in a matter of moments the deer were jostling one another at the fence to get through a gate that led to a narrow, fenced-in passage that led to their pen, where troughs full of mouth-watering feed awaited them.

Next in line were the barasingha deer, the axis deer, and the black-buck antelope, who share a rather large, hilly fenced-in stretch of land, and who are not nearly so tame as their Formosan neighbors. Penny and Bob started at one end of the area, walking about fifty feet apart and driving the deer ahead of them toward pens at the other end. Each evening, they keep a sharp eye out for four very young fawns, one of them less than a week old; fawns will sometimes lie perfectly still, hidden away in the grass, where they are easy to miss. All the fawns showed up this evening, though, so the roundup took less than five minutes.

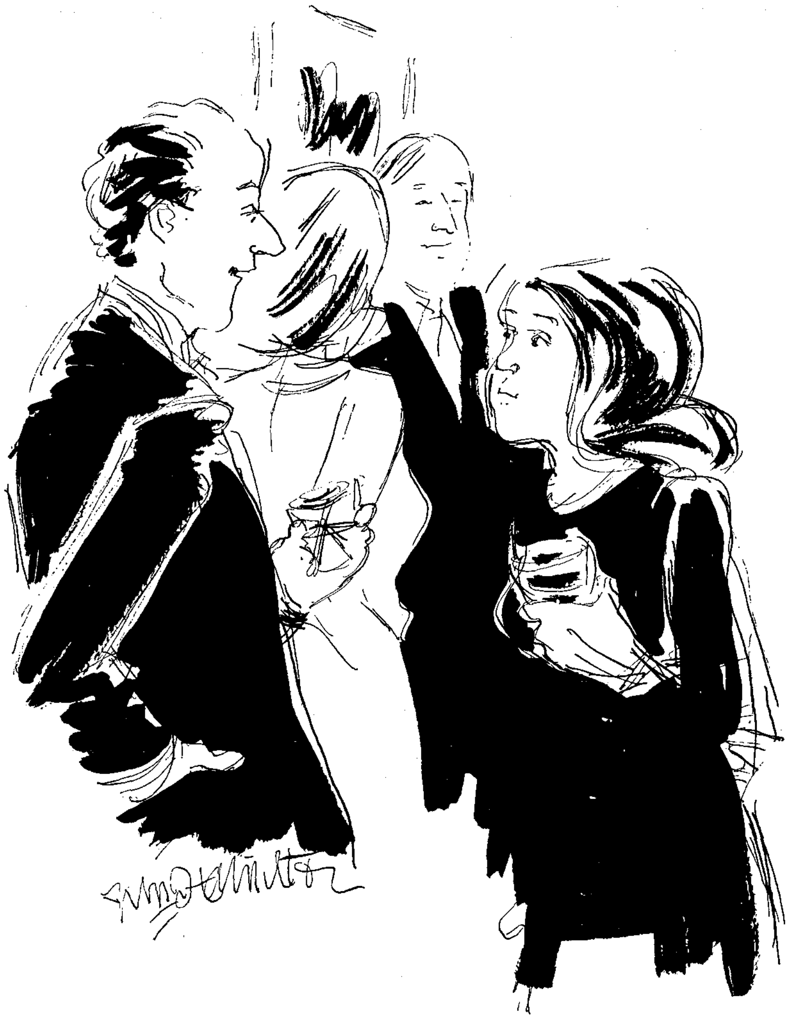
No problem with the gaur, either. Gaur are wild cattle, the largest in the world, and Wild Asia has three adult gaur—two cows and a bull. One of the cows, named Marge, had given birth to a calf, named (naturally) Champion. In the interests of restricting the gaur population of Wild Asia, Champion's father was being kept separate from the females for the time being, and this meant that instead of running loose he was in his pen, looking morose. We saw the other gaur brought in, and then we saw the brow-antlered deer (Hab.: Burma) brought into the pen next door—one adult male, with extraordinary antlers actually growing forward from the brow as well as upward and backward from the head, and about ten females and immature males (no antlers).

From the other side of a dividing fence, the Siberian tigers looked on with what could be taken as disdain. Siberian tigers, you understand, do not come in *on call.* When their keeper, Richard Kiggins, blows his police whistle at them from behind the fence, they pad very slowly through the tall grass, moving in the general direction of the gate but not really *toward* it. One Siberian tiger, a dowager named Maria, padded through the gate as though it didn't exist, crossed the sloping yard of the pen, yawned, and lay down. Jimmy, an eighteen-month-old male, followed suit. The other young male, Fritz, walked past the gate without even looking in. Kiggins yelled "O.K., Fritz!" and closed the gate by pulling on a long cord. Fritz reappeared. Kiggins opened the gate. The tiger stuck his head and shoulders through it and stood there for a minute, making it clear that he could go in or stay out, whichever he pleased; the decision was entirely up to him. He decided to go in.

Doherty and his colleagues are really quite pleased with the Wild Asia tigers. Two young females had mated with a nine-year-old male named Ivan, and each had given birth for the first time during the last few weeks, one to two cubs and the other to four. This was a great relief, because Maria, who has given birth to many litters, is now eighteen years old and ready to retire from that sort of thing, and one can never be sure that a young tigress can be mated successfully, or that she will prove to be a proper mother. Wild Asia's two young tigresses (Indy, who came from the Indianapolis Zoo, and Chica, from Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo) had passed both tests with notable aplomb. We had a look at one of them, in her spacious den inside the Wild Asia shelter building, nursing her two cubs. When she got up and came over to nuzzle Kiggins' knee against the bars, the cubs made strenuous efforts to follow her, but their legs weren't up to it. One of them compensated for the indignity by roaring silently at the other.

The elephants—three females and a male—had been waiting patiently by their gate for an hour or more. Four keepers went in with them, calling "Tail up! Tail up!," and, after a little friendly jostling, trunks were wrapped around tails and, in single file, the bull leading, the elephants trooped indoors. The rhinoceroses—two females, one male—took a bit of calling, but not much. The keepers pulled open the big gate to their pen and stood behind it as the huge beasts heavy-footed through, their loose hides coated with mud from a refreshing late-afternoon wallow.

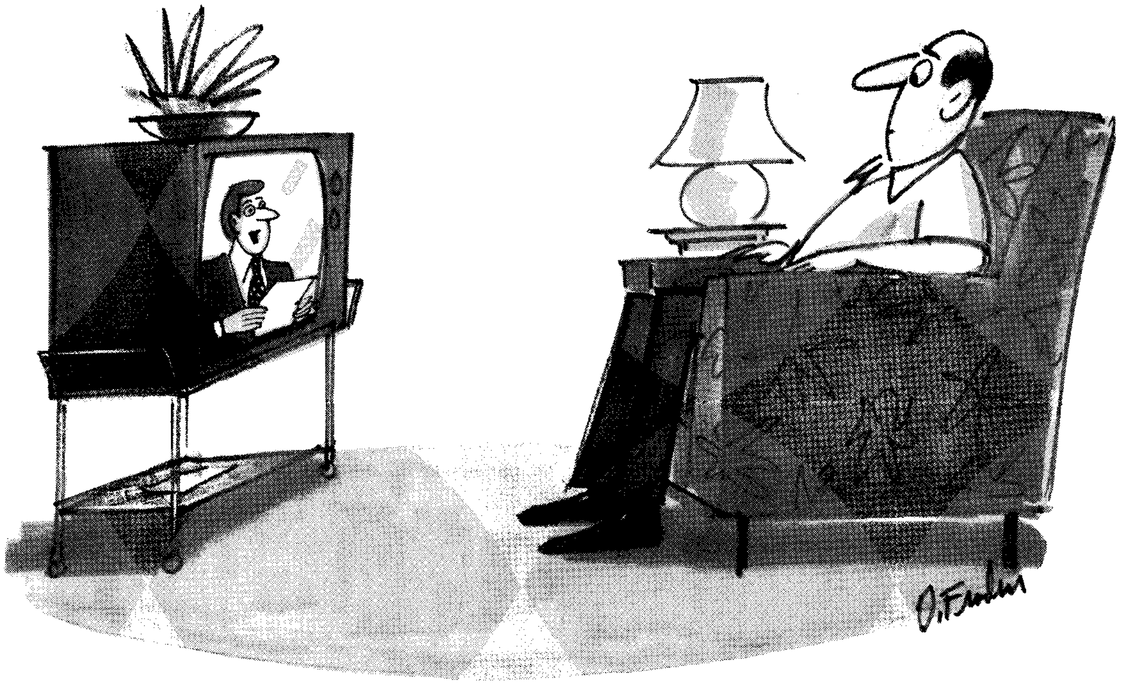
Last on the agenda were the nilgai antelope, who occupy an area at the far end of Wild Asia along with a few axis deer. "The nilgai are the most skittish of all about coming in," Doherty told us. "The keepers make one try at it, and if that doesn't work they let them stay out." He parked a little distance from the fence, so as not to disturb the operation, and a few minutes later we heard Penny's voice calling, and then Penny appeared at the wheel of an electric vehicle, careering at top speed along the path outside the fence, shouting "Come on, deer!" to the nilgai, who could be glimpsed bolting away through the underbrush. We heard Penny calling for a while after she was out of sight. We also heard a raucous call that Doherty identified for us as coming from a peafowl—one of many spectacular birds that also live in Wild Asia but don't come in at night. Soon Penny and the other keepers reappeared in the cart, looking pleased. One hundred and eighty animals were accounted for and tucked in for the night. A small, unaccounted-for rabbit hopped across the road and disappeared into Wild Asia. The Bronx River ran peacefully, untroubled by tigers. From beyond a stand of tall trees we could just hear the distant rattle of the I.R.T.


"I'm Ted Osborne. They say I'm harmless."

Phantom

IN a week in which New England and Nature have been much in our thoughts, a restless Connecticut reporter we know writes:

Last Sunday, here in



"In New Jersey today, one-point-six million dollars changed hands in brisk gambling, with losers outnumbering winners four to one. House receipts remained generally steady in most categories, at levels up two per cent over yesterday."

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the sticks: Everything blooming and beautiful, and so quiet—except for the shlappety-shlap of husband-and-wife jogging teams passing on the road—that you could hear the photosynthesis going on. The day was riddled with tranquillity, and a nasty cumulus of torpor was moving in. Suddenly, CBS radio news says the Great White Shark has been sighted again—thirty miles south of Montauk. Hot dog! Hard news! Saw "Jaws 2" on Friday night—and had seen "Jaws" itself at least twice—and am definitely up for Great White Sharks. Call me Ishmael. ("Such a portentous and mysterious monster," wrote Melville in "Moby Dick," "roused all my curiosity.") Nothing to do but get out of Connecticut and onto the Atlantic Ocean beat pronto. But how? ("The great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose . . . floated into my inmost soul . . . one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air."—*Ibid.*) Quick look at Rand McNally Road Atlas indicates Great White Shark currently located at least five hours away from here by boat (eastward out of Long Island Sound, around Montauk, then south), and no boats around here anyway, seeing it is Sunday and all. Plan B: Drive to New London, take ferry to Orient Point, drive to Shelter Island ferry, take that, drive to Shelter Island's south ferry, take that, drive . . . Plan B is rejected out of hand. Query: What would Richard Harding Davis do in a case like this? Called Coastal Air Services in Groton.

Woman: Hello. Coastal Air Services.

Reporter (*gruff, mysterious*): I need an aircraft as soon as possible.

Woman: Where do you wish to go?

Reporter: Thirty miles south of Montauk.

Woman: Oh, to see the shark?

Nation clearly in grip of G.W.S. fever. Plane no problem, she says. But "Do you have BankAmericard, Master Charge, or Visa?"

Answer: "Visa."

She demands card number. Highly embarrassing. "One moment, please," she says. Long wait. Time to reflect on deductibility of travel expense in connection with big story. She returns, states there is only enough credit on my card for an hour and a half in the sky. ("I'm sorry, Mr. Lindbergh. American Express will allow you to go only as far as Newfoundland.") Woman says one hour air time should be plenty.

Reporter: I'll be right over.

Woman: One moment, please. We have to make sure the plane has flotation gear.

Reporter (*no longer gruff and mysterious, voice more like a scream*): Flotation gear!

Woman: Yes. Life jackets, first-aid kit, flares . . .

Spine very chilly for June. ("I once . . . cherished a loose sort of notion that I did not care to live very long," wrote Melville to a friend. "But I will frankly own that I have now no serious, no insuperable objections to a respectable longevity." Same here.)

Woman says flotation gear available. Takeoff scheduled forty-five minutes hence. Over and out.

Run upstairs, take one Librium. Large number of children volunteer to go on mission. Narrow it down to two sons, sixteen and eighteen. Everybody else sore as hell. Doors slam.

Arrive airport early. Shark forum taking place in lounge. Jaded pilot says, "It's all a hoax." Obviously a sorehead.

Our pilot appears. Confident, optimistic. "Hi, I'm Gary."

Climb into four-passenger Twin Comanche; roar down runway. Liftoff! ("Already we are boldly launched upon the deep; but soon we shall be lost in its unshored, harborless immensities."—"Moby Dick.")

So long, Connecticut. Climb to two thousand feet. Best day ever seen: Sky hazy blue, with stripe of pink-brown above horizon. Sea glittery lead. Approaching Montauk. To starboard, Gardiner's Island, Little Gull Island, Great Gull Island, Plum Island, and Orient Point. Long Island astonishingly narrow here. One big wave and you've got Montauk Island. Over Atlantic Ocean now. Shark-infested (I hope) waters. Peer down anxiously. Nothing. Not even fishing boats.

"We're thirty miles south," says Gary. "What do you want to do?"

Shrug.

"We'll circle," says Gary.

Suddenly, I see huge dark shape racing through water. If not the G.W.S. himself, then something even bigger and faster. "Look! *Look!*" I yell.

Sixteen-year-old son leans over and looks. "That's the shadow of the plane, Pop," he explains gently. ("The great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago."—*Ibid.*)

We head home.

A DELAYED MEETING

LOOKING back from a vantage point on the experience, Alice Tomlinson felt that it was the best she had known out of a life devoted almost compulsively to living from one to another. For more than fifteen years she had waited for something like it, without consciously knowing so.

Her thorough enjoyment of "things"—the word she used for surroundings and events that had kept her fully occupied as far as she could remember (one of her many psychiatrists put that at about the age of four, but she herself clearly recalled sitting up in the bottom of a rowboat when she could not have been more than two and a half)—made even nasty or boring events important to her. Thus she could recall almost benignly being slapped once by a British soldier in Israel when she had laughed nervously at the wrong place during a silly interrogation about her passport. For a flash she had felt angry, but then her natural smile flooded back into the muscles of her face, and all was well. And she remembered dimly a few minutes during the birth of her child, Anne, when she had felt somewhat tricked; it was a long, hard labor, and for a fleeting stretch of time seemed dubiously worth the effort. However, the end result was perfection, and Alice forgot her cowardly doubts as she watched the girl turn into a fine woman.

Alice was sure of her practiced power to make people like her, and forgive her for seeming too trivial, too smiley, but since Anne's marriage to Hubert, a famous doctor, coping with his disdain had at times been difficult for her.

The trouble, as she tried to define it, when in privacy and predawn she faced puzzlement, was that he did not like silly women. She was reputed to be one, because she laughed a lot and wore frills when other people did not, and tended to switch conversation from laser beams and plastic-lens transplants to the Dodgers. Truth to tell, for many years of widowhood she had managed to raise Anne and keep the two of them well housed and fed. But Hubert was basically unamused by her. Plainly, she bored him, and he was put off by her lightness when occasionally they met over a somewhat tedious dinner.

It made things difficult for Anne. She stayed rigid and attentive, alert to every subtle twitch from Hubert, while Alice prattled on. As she knew with deep thanksgiving, Anne and Hubert loved each other very much. That was rare, and she did not wish to do anything ever to crack the delicate shell of their relationship. And that was the reason she often stayed away when she was gently invited to spend time with the two younger people. They were better off without her, she knew. She would develop what her late husband referred to as a "*rhume diplomatique*," or be called to the kennelside of a sick dog, or have to attend a board meeting.

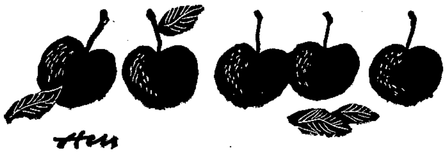
When the three of them met, everything was pleasant and courteous; they were eminently well-mannered. But whatever anybody said, no matter how cautiously, was a potential bomb, triggered to go off on contact with the hidden resentments and mistrusts of people living on different levels. It was tiring. Alice wished passionately that she had never been cast in the role of the birdbrained twittering mother, but there she was, laughing nicely but uncontrollably at poor Anne's dinner table when Hubert bent toward her and said something around his perfect teeth about the money appeal of eye surgery among young, promising medical students.

"Why not?" Alice asked, smiling widely. "Most people want to make money. Doctors are most people."

Anne stiffened a little (was this a slur, a goad, a gaffe?), and Hubert nodded. "That is the general belief," he said with heavy sarcasm in his deep voice, which Alice had once told him was perfect "bedside," to nobody's amusement. "However, even if we healers may occasionally be called human, we have certain standards that preclude exploitation of our natural gifts, and . . ."

Alice lifted her glass. She laughed lightly in the expected way and said, "Yes. Things like the Hippocratic oath always go over the side for capital gains—or, at least, usually."

Her son-in-law looked sombrely at her and his wife murmured something low and loving to him, and Alice thought, Oh gord, I've done it again . . . played the fool . . . tried to be silly . . . said too much. So, deftly, they all talked about what to expect of the next year's offerings of Pinot Chardonnays until things tightened up again and awareness and alertness crept into every move they made, every word they spoke.



After dinner, Alice sat in a corner of the big soft couch and wondered how long it would take to reach the man who for so long and truly had been her girl's partner. She wished wholeheartedly that he could like her. She knew that she seemed basically independent but foolish to him, which did not really bother her; what ate into her like a gnawing rat was that perhaps he thought *all* women were the same, that even his wife, Anne, who loved him the way he loved her, was as foolish as her mother—perhaps as foolish as his own mother had been. This depressed Alice. She wished that she were young enough to be on a beach near Papeete, or old enough to be skipping through the snow in Petrograd, or anywhere but here in the rich room heavy with caution and impatience.

"Three-handed bridge? Television?" Hubert asked. "Or how about a brandy for you two? I have surgery at seven tomorrow."

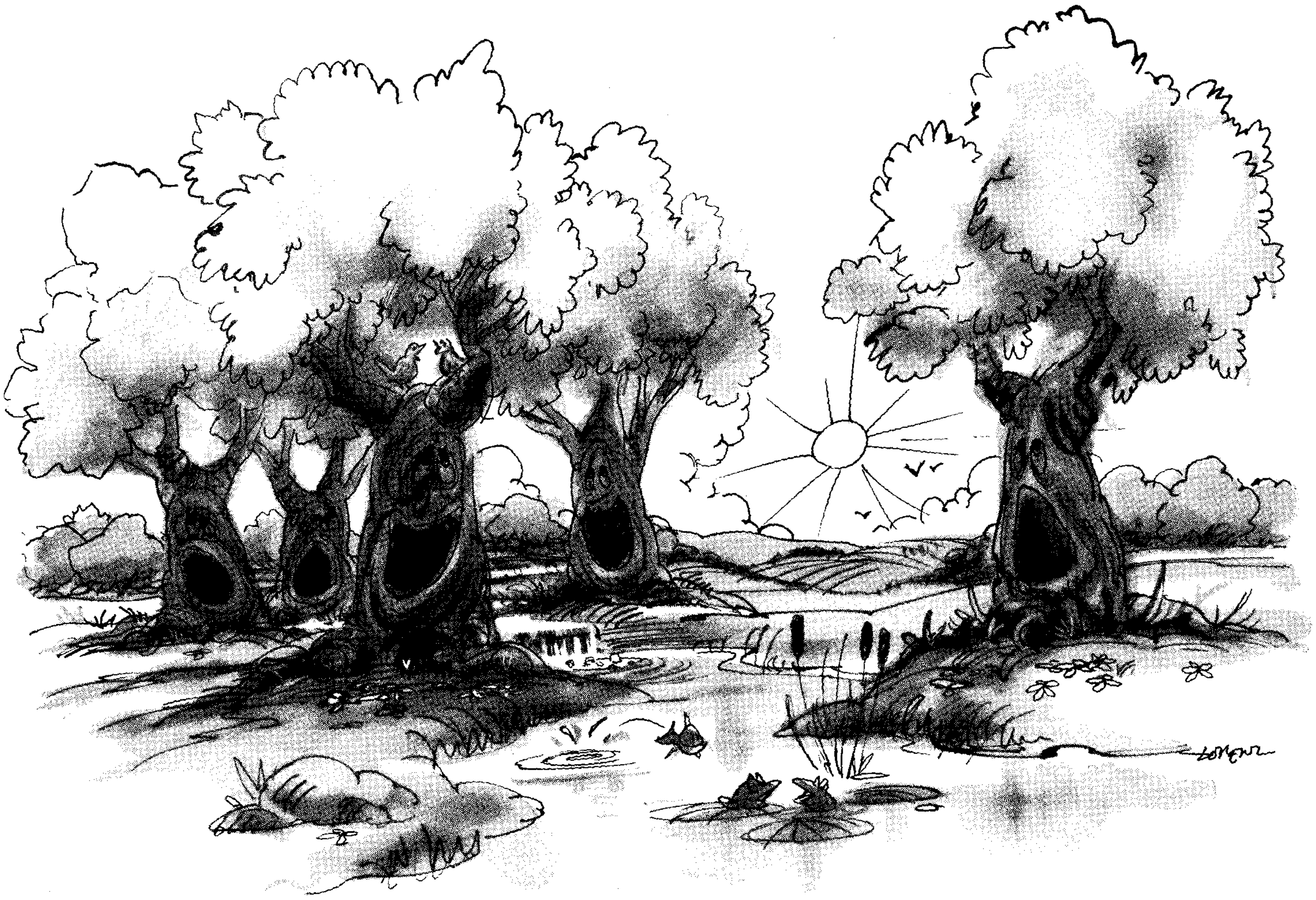
Anne looked composedly at him, but her voice was too controlled as she said, "Why don't you turn in, then, and Mother and I can chat here."

When he left, Alice sat smiling but mute. She dared not say a word. She felt stupefied by her whole life: laughing, having a fine time, working hard at being human. And here facing her was this quiet woman who was her child! What did the child-woman have to say except that she was happy to be living with Hubert—a big, pompous, grasping, scheming, conniving stud who used her at his will and shaped her affections and her tastes and in general raped her spirit? Alice Tomlinson was angry. She looked calmly at her brandy glass in the firelight, and put it down. She decided to ask something that was not lightsome, and started, "I often wonder, darling girl, if you . . ."

She stopped. Anne was sitting in the soft light with her head cocked like a wary mother quail's, while below, from the den or playroom or whatever it was called in that suburban area, there came the sound of execrable but brave violin music. Her face looked transformed, almost beatific.

Alice felt ashamed. She smiled again. "How beautiful," she said softly. "Hubert is playing for you . . . for us both! I am truly happy he felt like doing this tonight."

Anne, dazed with gratitude and admiration, moved quietly about the room, and then the women parted



"Oh, the music of the songbird, sittin' in the trees,
The rustle of the meadow and its echo in the leaves,
The babble of the waters and the buzzin' of the bee,
Put them all together and they're Nature's sym-pho-ny."

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without any possible attempt at what Alice had hoped for—whatever that was. She did want to know if Anne was alive, she decided mockingly; was she the puppet of a partly bald, rich doctor or was this zombie really a sensate person? Could either of them talk? Could they ever say more than "Boo"? And why had she set the stage for them, so long ago? Why had she laughed and acted like a zany, when really her heart felt hollow under its warpings and she longed for more than casual amusement at her quips and frivolities? Had she created these two dullish shadows through her efforts to be bright and funny instead of lonely and scared and sad?

In bed, with the sound of Hubert's fiddle still squeaking underneath her and the knowledge that her daughter was across the house in a properly lush room with two turned-down beds and dim lights, the girl-like docile woman probably still covered in a bride's pearly satin, the mother lay without smiling. She asked how she could stop seeming foolish, just because she refused to mourn in public, weep into her beer, sob at weddings. She had been as she was long before Mr. J. Allen Tomlinson died at an early age, leaving her one child and a great deal of money. She had laughed almost since her birth, which was why he loved and married her.

But in spite of her mother's ever-blooming smile, their child was basically glum, so that the mother ran off finally to Cannes and Salzburg to hide her laughter, and the daughter drifted mournfully in Haight-Ashbury for a few years. By now it did not really matter, Alice told herself as she lay in bed listening to her son-in-law finish "Für Elise" and then clamp the fiddle case shut and come upstairs. By now Anne was happy. By now she was involved in civic projects, and she entertained often and smartly. It was perhaps too bad that she and Hubert had decided not to have children, Alice thought, and then grinned at the idea of a composite human being with Anne's straight nose, Hubert's straight mouth, both their straight minds. . . . She went off into a good, well-fed sleep.

SOME time later—perhaps three hours—things seemed stifling, and Alice threw off all the covers and then leaped out of bed, felt the floor too hot to bear and leaped back. There were sirens toward the front of the hillside house. Everything went very fast: screams from Anne, bellowing calls from Hubert, men outside, the rippling sound of water pushing against flames all through the downstairs. Oh, the violin, she thought. Water on a good fiddle!

She tried stepping out of bed again, but the floor was hotter. She put on the little silky jacket she always kept by her pillow, and sat there otherwise uncovered, feeling like a draped Hindu ascetic waiting to be roasted. "Purdah at last," she said, and laughed, in a familiar casual way, as if she already knew it.

Sirens howled louder. People shouted. A woman kept screaming, and Alice Tomlinson knew with vague pleasure that it was her girl Anne. That was nice, she thought without malice: Anne was possibly screaming for *her*.

The air was thick. Alice wondered about breathing. Was it like freezing, when one grew drowsy, according to reports, and then snoozed off? Would she have to choke a bit? She hated choking.

The bed she was sitting on began to tip. Plainly, the floor beneath it was weakening. She thought, This is interesting—I am going to be tossed into the fires of Hell in spite of all my efforts to stay clear! She wished she had brought a nightcap of brandy to blaze with her. She felt somewhat light-headed in the thinning oxygen but quite clear in mind.

The door crashed as if it were paper, and her son-in-law Hubert lunged into the room. His beard and hair were gone, and she realized that he had a fine skull. How stupid of her not to have seen it before! He grabbed her right hand, and pulled her off the teetering bed to the more solid floor near the hallway, which was as dark with smoke as a pit. Behind them the whole end of the house fell into the basement, so lately riddled with fiddle squeaks.

She smiled delightedly.

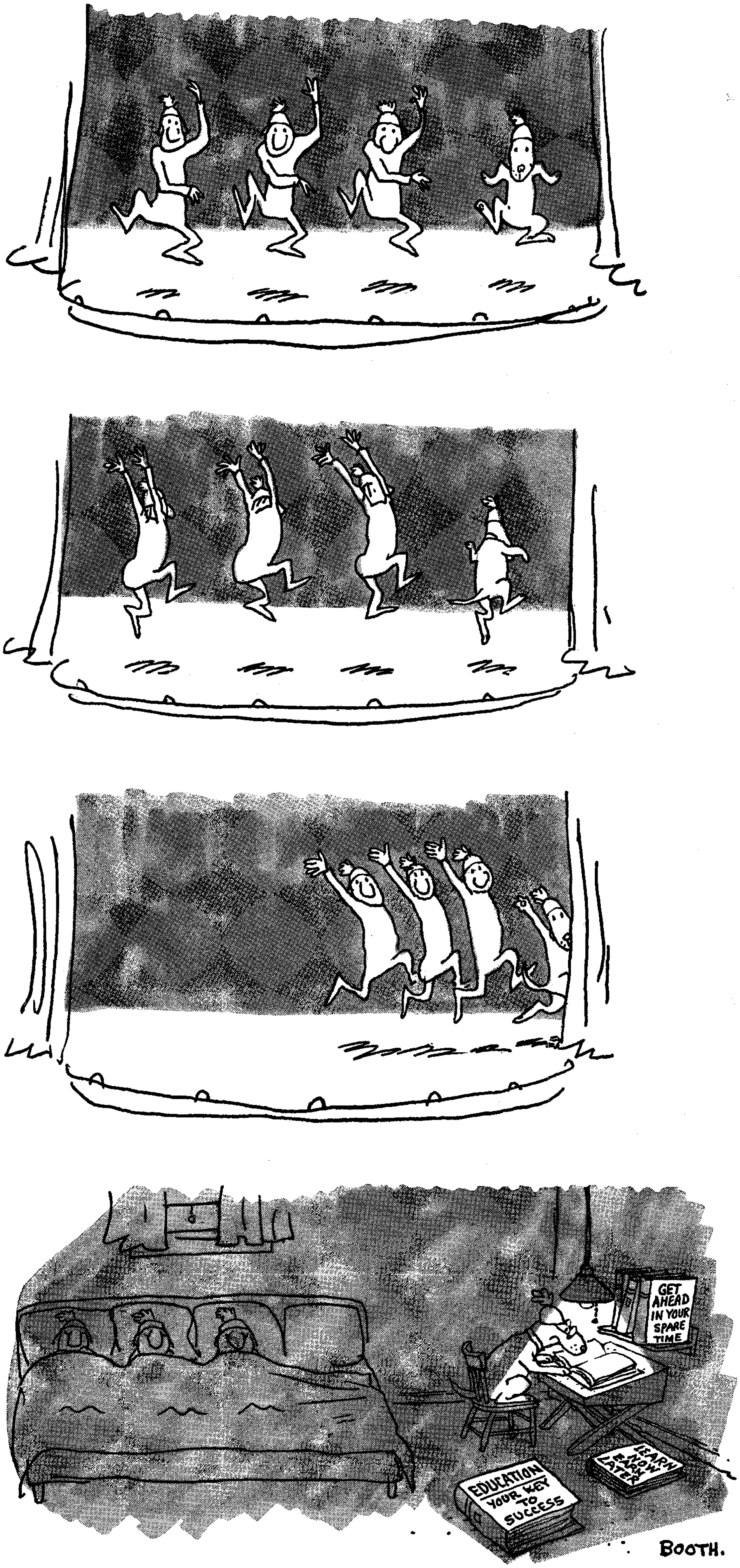
"Come on!" Hubert cried. He pulled her up. They were in the air. Below, the house blazed and there was an ambulance alongside some fire trucks, with a lot of light and bustle. "Come *on!*"

She felt her hand strongly and warmly held in his, and they circled over the house as it crumbled into a red glowing heap. The ambulance drove off. Two of the fire trucks stayed nearby. Neighbors went home, shaking their heads, and Hubert and Alice stayed lazily above them. She laughed a little, as lightly as snowbells.

At first, she felt somewhat timorous or giddy, high over the hot turmoil below. There had been a scary roar when the structure collapsed, but the hand that grasped hers was so strong and she felt such compassion and strength coming from it into her own bones that she held on firmly as they rose higher and higher.

Never had she known such a warm loving clasp. It told whatever she had always looked for. She felt innocent and undemanding, which she had always meant to be anyway. And Anne would come along later.

—M. F. K. Fisher


GET AHEAD IN YOUR SPARE TIME
EDUCATION YOUR KEY TO SUCCESS
LEARN NOW EARN LATER
BOOTH.

KOENIG OF THE RIVER

Koenig knew now there was no one on the river.
Entering its brown mouth choking with lilies
and curtained with midges, Koenig poled the shallop
past the abandoned ferry and the ferry piles
coated with coal dust. Staying aboard, he saw, up
in a thick meadow, a sand-colored mule,
untethered, with no harness, and no signs
of habitation round the ruined factory wheel
locked hard in rust, and through whose spokes the vines
of wild yam leaves leant from overweight;
the wild bananas in the yellowish sunlight
were dugged like aching cows with unmilked fruit.
This was the last of the productive mines.
Only the vegetation here looked right.
A crab of pain scuttled shooting up his foot
and fastened on his neck, at the brain's root.
He felt his reason curling back like parchment
in this fierce torpor. Well, he no longer taxed
and tired what was left of his memory;
he should thank heaven he had escaped the sea,
and, anyway, he had demanded to be sent
here with the others—why get this river vexed
with his complaints? Koenig wanted to sing,
suddenly, if only to keep the river company—
this was a river, and Koenig, his name meant King.

They had all caught the missionary fever:
they were prepared to expiate the sins
of savages, to tame them as he would tame this river
subtly, as it flowed, accepting its bends;
he had seen how other missionaries met their ends—
swinging in the wind, like a dead clapper when
a bell is broken, if that sky was a bell—
for treating savages as if they were men,
and frightening them with talk of Heaven and Hell.
But I have forgotten our journey's origins,
mused Koenig, and our purpose. He knew it was noble,
based on some phrase, forgotten, from the Bible,
but he felt bodiless, like a man stumbling from
the pages of a novel, not a forest,
written a hundred years ago. He stroked his uniform,
clogged with the hooked burrs that had tried
to pull him, like the other drowning hands whom
his panic abandoned. The others had died,
like real men, by death. I, Koenig, am a ghost,
ghost-king of rivers. Well, even ghosts must rest.
If he knew he was lost he was not lost.
It was when you pretended that you were a fool.
He banked and leaned tiredly on the pole.
If I'm a character called Koenig, then I
shall dominate my future like a fiction
in which there is a real river and real sky,
so I'm not really tired, and should push on.

The lights between the leaves were beautiful,
and, as in that far life, now he was grateful
for any pool of light between the dull, usual
clouds of life: a sunspot haloed his tonsure;
silver and copper coins danced on the river;
his head felt warm—the light danced on his skull
like a benediction. Koenig closed his eyes,
and he felt blest. It made direction sure.
He leant on the pole. He must push on some more.
He said his name. His voice sounded German,
then he said "river," but what was German
if he alone could hear it? *Ich spreche Deutsch*
sounded as genuine as his name in English,
Koenig in Deutsch, and, in English, King.
Did the river want to be called anything?
He asked the river. The river said nothing.

Around the bend the river poured its silver
like some remorseful mine, giving and giving
everything green and white: white sky, white
water, and the dull green like a drumbeat
of the slow-sliding forest, the green heat;
then, on some sandbar, a mirage ahead:
fabric of muslin sails, spiderweb rigging,
a schooner, foundered on black river mud,
was rising slowly up from the riverbed,
and a top-hatted native reading an inverted
newspaper.
"Where's our Queen?" Koenig shouted.
"Where's our Kaiser?"
The nigger disappeared.
Koenig felt that he himself was being read
like the newspaper or a hundred-year-old novel.
"The Queen dead! Kaiser dead!" the voices shouted.
And it flashed through him those trunks were not wood
but that the ghosts of slaughtered Indians stood
there in the mangroves, their eyes like fireflies
in the green dark, and that like hummingbirds
they sailed rather than ran between the trees.
The river carried him past his shouted words.
The schooner had gone down without a trace.
"There was a time when we ruled everything,"
Koenig sang to his corrugated white reflection.
"The German Eagle and the British Lion,
we ruled worlds wider than this river flows,
worlds with dyed elephants, with tasselled howdahs,
tigers that carried the striped shade when they rose
from their palm coverts; men shall not see these days
again; our flags sank with the sunset on the dhows
of Egypt; we ruled rivers as huge as the Nile,
the Ganges, and the Congo, we tamed, we ruled
you when our empires reached their blazing peak."
This was a small creek somewhere in the world,
never mind where—victory was in sight.
Koenig laughed and spat in the brown creek.
The mosquitoes now were singing to the night
that rose up from the river, the fog uncurled
under the mangroves. Koenig clenched each fist
around his barge-pole sceptre, as a mist
rises from the river and the page goes white.

—DEREK WALCOTT

THE DESERTION

Dana Ingles wanted to tell himself how it had been, the desertion. Awakening, at fourteen, from a long dream of safety and love the day his grandmother left. He must not blame anyone. She had promised to stay at the place with him and his ailing father only until they could manage. It was just that he had never thought of the three of them divided. He believed (not believed so much as assumed, without words) that she would always be there. And then she was suddenly gone.

The way it happened, their old Negro foreman, Roosevelt, who had grown rich and vainglorious since he quit them, drove into the yard of the plantation in his jeep and opened the passenger's door. From the parlor window, where he was reading, Dana looked out to see his grandmother, dressed in her good dress with hat and gloves, climb up and close the door. She never went anywhere.

Before he could run outside, they had circled the driveway under the crape-myrtle trees and were sailing over the cattle gap. The noise of the engine died slowly along the road to King's Town. Only when the silence was perfected did he turn to himself as separate and distinct, standing alone in the driveway. Always he was a part of her, of his father's grief and whiskey, the three of them the whole. And yet he was aware that he had dimly foreseen and dreaded separation. He ran to his father, the only person left.

Ned Ingles, from the high tester bed in the front bedroom, was ready with something to say. She was entirely too tenderhearted, his grandmother, to be able to stand goodbyes. Just think. She had kept her promise to stay out here until they could carry on. *So.* Now she had taken the train. People did that every day.

His father made a habit of this, detaching the subject and ending on some incontrovertible fact.

"It is surprise you are upset about," his father went on. "Don't you suppose it surprises me to drink so much when I am morally opposed to drunkenness? You had just as well dismiss from your mind the thought of further pampering. You have been at pains, or so it seems to me, to impress both of us with your brilliance and capability. Take your reading—the matter of inflection. Why, I would put you up against anyone."

There was nothing to do but be out loud the person his father thought himself addressing. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"Consider for a minute," Ned persisted. "There's pitifully little I need. An arm to the chapel maybe, on bad mornings. An hour or so of reading. And, by the way, I've already had my lunch. You can take this tray to the kitchen when we have finished talking."

It was all true. He could easily run things. They telephoned the Assyrian, who kept a delicatessen in King's Town, for what supplies were needed. Roosevelt came every Saturday morning with a case of bourbon. His father's interests were confined to this room, with its towering rosewood furniture, to the hallway and the chapel, where he spent hours each day in prayer for the soul of his older son. Dana was the second child, born in his father's age. Accepted, he knew, with boredom and misgivings. And now, enfeebled by grief and drink, his father was pleading for the smooth working of what little life he had left.

"Of course," Dana said. "We'll be just fine."

His father focussed on him a look of deep humility. "Now, if you become impatient. It is an odd situation—everything will be yours, but I might be a while . . . keep you waiting."

PROBABLY
CARTER
DESPITE
EVERYTHING
Richter

Dana had begun to think of something else, and pity overtook him. He wanted to tell his father that he loved him, that he hoped he would live a long time. Instead, he sat down on the Récamier at the foot of the tester bed and stared at the rug. There was not a word fragile enough to engage his father's attention. He who had been decorated in a war, had taught at the university in New Orleans—all of this demanded veneration. And his grandmother said that he had given up everything to come here and pray and wait out his last years to keep the place together.

Reaching under the cover, Dana took the cold, papery feet between his palms, as he had watched his grandmother do, and felt the warmth return. Then, excusing himself, he carried the tray to the kitchen.

There had been nothing unusual in yesterday to herald such an event as her departure. Unless he had ignored something said by either of them in the familiar modulation of their voices. They got along well (were lifelong friends) and talked to each other elliptically. Maybe the fussing with tissue paper and pins. She had got out her good dress. But his grandmother's manner, if anything, had been even calmer than usual. She and his father had put on their bifocals and looked up the name of a walnut buyer in the phone book.

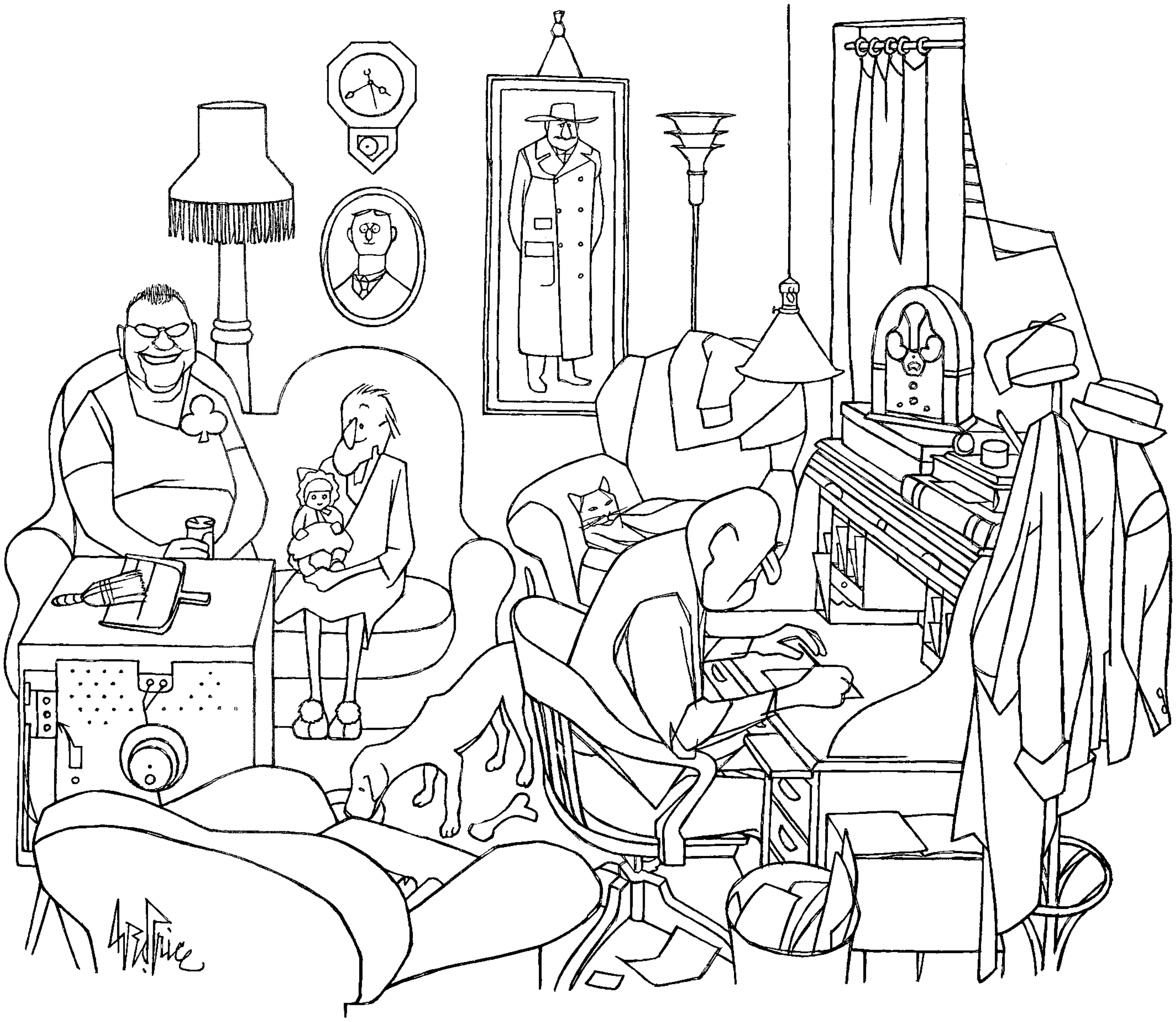
For supper, his grandmother had given him oyster stew in the kitchen. Why had she said nothing then, at the time of his father's regular plunge into unconsciousness? What had come up? Rain, just beginning. A second helping of stew, delicately peppered.

Her voice, heard from memory, was low and neutral. But what, exactly, did she talk about? How quickly any meaning had passed into forgetfulness.

When he returned to his father, he found him up in the rocker, looking through the *Wall Street Journal.* This was the chance to stretch and tuck the linen sheets that were reserved for his bed.

"Have we any bourbon?" The question was bemusing, asked blankly, as if this fresh thought had just come to mind.

Dana went to the Seignouret armoire, opened it as the brass



From the desk of Vladimir Bronsk

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key caught the last of the sun from the Louisiana side of the river. When his father had been without a drink this long, his hands shook so that the seal had to be cracked for him. A ship's glass was brought from the dining room—the kind his father liked because it was weighted at the bottom.

After the first drink, there was a rapid change in the air of the room. When he passed close to the rocker, his father reached out a milky arm and encircled his waist. "There. We don't mind if the dear lady wants the comforts of New Orleans." He laughed—a sudden sound, absurd.

Dana accepted the caress and remained in place until some merciful headline that must have interested his father caused him to loosen his grip. His grandmother wanted no comforts. It was she who was up half the night in her flimsy wrapper, building up the fire or soothing his father's ravings. And this would be the first night without her. His father had whiskey and oblivion. He had only the orange afterglow through smoky old windows and the knowledge that he was alone. He must noiselessly refill the ship's glass until he judged his father had had enough to dissolve the tiny white phenobarbital pills from his grandmother's supply in the office. This before his father got a "second wind"—her words if he was not mistaken.

Asleep, his father looked crumpled and insignificant. There was a portrait of him in the parlor (his grandmother kept the frame dusted and straightened it whenever the house sagged). He wanted to look at it now. The youth in the oil was startling, his face elegant and stern above the captain's bars, his eyes wide-set and casually hypnotic. He himself would be that handsome, and without a single flaw. The one with the brains and the character. The child they forgot about and left here to nurse a drunkard.

Suddenly, admiring the portrait, he was stranded from himself by the disloyalty between past and present. He must never dare think of his father as he just had, even in the privacy of his own mind, in this, his own house. He rushed headlong out of the parlor and into the hall without reckoning, for just an instant, that his grandmother was not there.

Wait. What would she be doing right now, with Papa off their hands for the time being? He imagined her coming into the hall, short and out of breath, in her dotted-swiss dress that was never quite clean. But she did not speak. He said a Hail Mary and groped for her words: Look here now. You are all right. The Assyrian keeps everything and delivers in dry ice. The Sheriff unlocks for Roosevelt and doles out the Wild Turkey. Your Mama sends the nice white pills from New Orleans. You have nothing to worry about, nothing whatsoever.

Oh yes, she was very calm. What he had made up didn't sound exactly like her, but the calmness was right. He must keep quiet and take good care of his father. That was *his* part of the bargain, really a sacred duty, dinned in for as long as he could remember with potent, anonymous words.

"He is lost without him (the older son). He spends all of his strength in looking 'for precious friends hid in death's dateless night.' " Well, at least Shakespeare read true.

All right. He would go over the routine. His father awoke nervous but forced himself not to drink in order to go through his rites. First, after a stumbling visit to his bath, he had two or three cups of thick New Orleans coffee, the kind with chicory in it. Then he would make his way to the chapel, where he would kneel on the prie-dieu and plow through endless decades. He would use the ivory beads the great son Laurance had used. When he got back to his room, he might ask to have a little Proust read, and on lucky days go back to sleep a few minutes.

The next thing was the secret. His father kept a battered tin box no one was allowed to see. He kept it under the head of his bed, and when he returned from the chapel and rested a little, he leaned over and pulled it out and ordered you to go from his presence. His grandmother must have explained—anyway, he knew—that the box contained the last of Laurance's possessions. He who should have had the plantation, the endless rooms of antiques, the bank stock and the governments, and probably made a beggar of his little brother. But you see. He died. The black box, with whatever it held, was all that was left of him in the world. It was an unspoken rule that no one must ever glimpse the things in the box. Probably even his grandmother had never seen them.

"But I don't understand, Foster. I thought you said we could laugh at inflation."

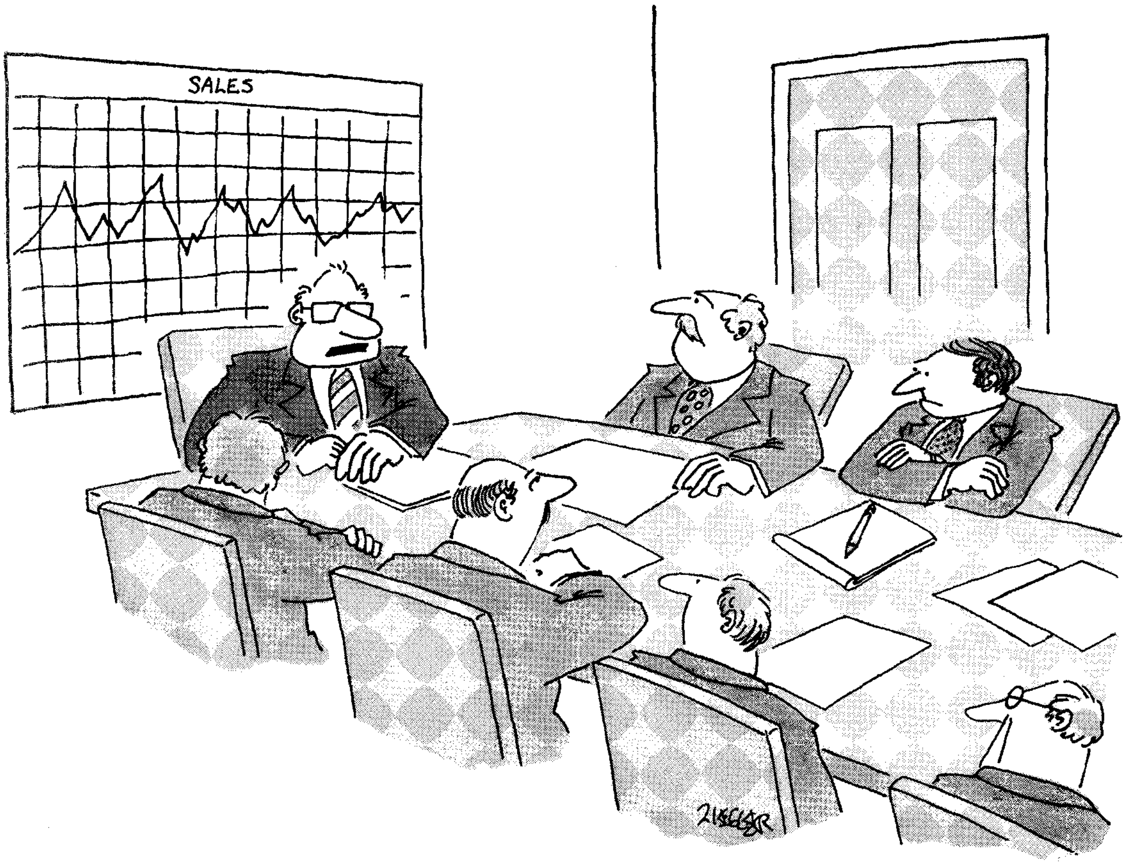
Unexpectedly, Dana found himself looking into his father's room, gauging the level of bourbon. Two or three drinks had been poured since he dissolved the phenobarbital. Noiselessly, he slipped his hand under the bed and drew out the black box. Once it lay in the circle of light from the green shaded lamp of the office, he found that the top was decorated with a thin gold line surrounding remnants of cupids and garlands. Inside were worn envelopes turned dark with years of handling. The envelopes contained locks of fine hair tied with ribbed ties, and bore inscriptions that must have come from another century's penmanship: "Laurance, 1923;" "Laurance, first haircut, 1930." His dead brother's curls. There were a few cheap photographs, faded and dog-eared, showing a bony and freckled boy frowning into the sun. These poor intimacies were all. A worn missal and a graduation certificate from some old convent school. A pile of scraps of paper with pencilled messages, clumsily written and spelled: "Trash day. Come get me at fore." "Some lady called from New Orlins." Then there was a letter, typewritten, addressed to his grandmother. It was from a magazine, turning down a poem she must have copied and sent off.

O Lord, say now.
Speak now, while readiness is trembling near.
To Thy direction let me bow.
Thy celestial whisperings hear.
LAURANCE INGLES, 1941

Hmm. That must have been doctored up.

So this was the fountain of grief. He had shot through its contents too quickly. There must be something else to it. He restored everything in sequence and slipped the box back under the bed.

The house was popping and creaking, accommodating itself to night. Mockers sang from the live oaks, sure of their variations. He walked barefooted into the kitchen and got himself some shrimp salad.



"Then, too, of course, there's the damned human factor out there, and that, gentlemen, can be a wily little rascal."

He ignored the pall of his grandmother's absence as he sat in the hall and ate salad. No matter how impossible it was to guess his father's whims and logic, whatever he said seemed right. Ridiculous and drunk though he often was, there was in him something solid, absolute.

His grandmother was the mystery. She who had always been the plainest and the most predictable one of the three of them. How could she fade so quickly? Certainly her love could be taken for granted; it had never had to be spoken.

With no transition he was aware of, he was crying, sobbing up some of the salad, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and putting the plate on the floor. He could hear the indifferent sound of the jeep, going away. It was impossible she would leave like that, with no announcement. He must bring back outlines of her, some clue to her reality. Yet despite every determination, she floated back into his memory now only as an interceding spirit, stripped of identity.

She was company. Padding about, seeing to things, soothing the sense of being cut off. From school ("He needs no school"—his father's edict). From church ("They speculate"). She was his dearest friend.

Now what was left besides his father, the place? Well, he should remember the Assyrian's delivery boy, who pedalled his bike fast on the way out here so they would have time to play. Son Boy. Sometimes they ventured into the edge of the woods, or into one of the cave washes to find bats. But even that no more. He could not leave the confines of the house. My father and I are alone now. We don't need anyone else.

Instead, he would feast Son Boy in the kitchen, hear his outlandish stories. He had a delicate laugh. And his coloring, black, pink, white, each distinct in the most intriguing way. This little Negro did not complain when his finger was cut off in the Assyrian's meat machine. Rode right on out here with a rag on the stub. Didn't it hurt? Yes, it did. The pain was acknowledged in such a curious, peaceful manner. But then Son Boy was a liar. He bragged that his mother and stepfather had a total of thirty-six children. He talked about them all as one—one enlarged person with whom he lived some kind of exalted life.

The Assyrian should be called up first thing in the morning and given a mammoth order.

NIGHT was getting away and he had had no sleep. If he kept putting off going to bed, his father would be waking, agitating for more whiskey. Stealthily he unlocked the front doors and stood again near the drive. He looked up at the myrtle trees, the road that she had left by, presided over now by quite a usual moon.

When he reached for his couch, it felt good to lie down. Before he went to sleep, he would force himself to remember words that were actually hers, anything verbatim. First, a little whiskey. The hot liquor ran through him in a pleasing way, filling things out—blank spaces, frets.

His father's end of their murmurings came back easily:

Of the *National Geographic*, "No issue is ever misplaced if it is kept in sequence."

"You, the purveyor of justice?"

Sounds beat against the air, but he could hear no words.

When she was busy about the house or reading, if you went up to her to talk, she looked at you, and in the skylike eyes set deep in wrinkles you could see ideas passing before she could break through to you. Then came the phrase that did for everything. For sores and bruises, for observations about the world, even for hugs and kisses, which she returned with full ardor, there was the same response from her pale and straight mouth. "To think," she would say. "Think of that."

—BERRY MORGAN

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The firm said it had developed the Super-X "Xpediter" to fill a void between the standard high-velocity .22-caliber Long Rifle cartridge and the .22 Winchester Magnum Rimfire cartridges. The "Xpediter" puts Winchester-Western into direct competition with CCI Industries, of Lewiston, Idaho. CCI markets what it calls the "Stinger" high-velocity .22-caliber rimfire round aimed at the small-game hunter.—*Dayton (Ohio) Daily News.*

Right between the eyes?

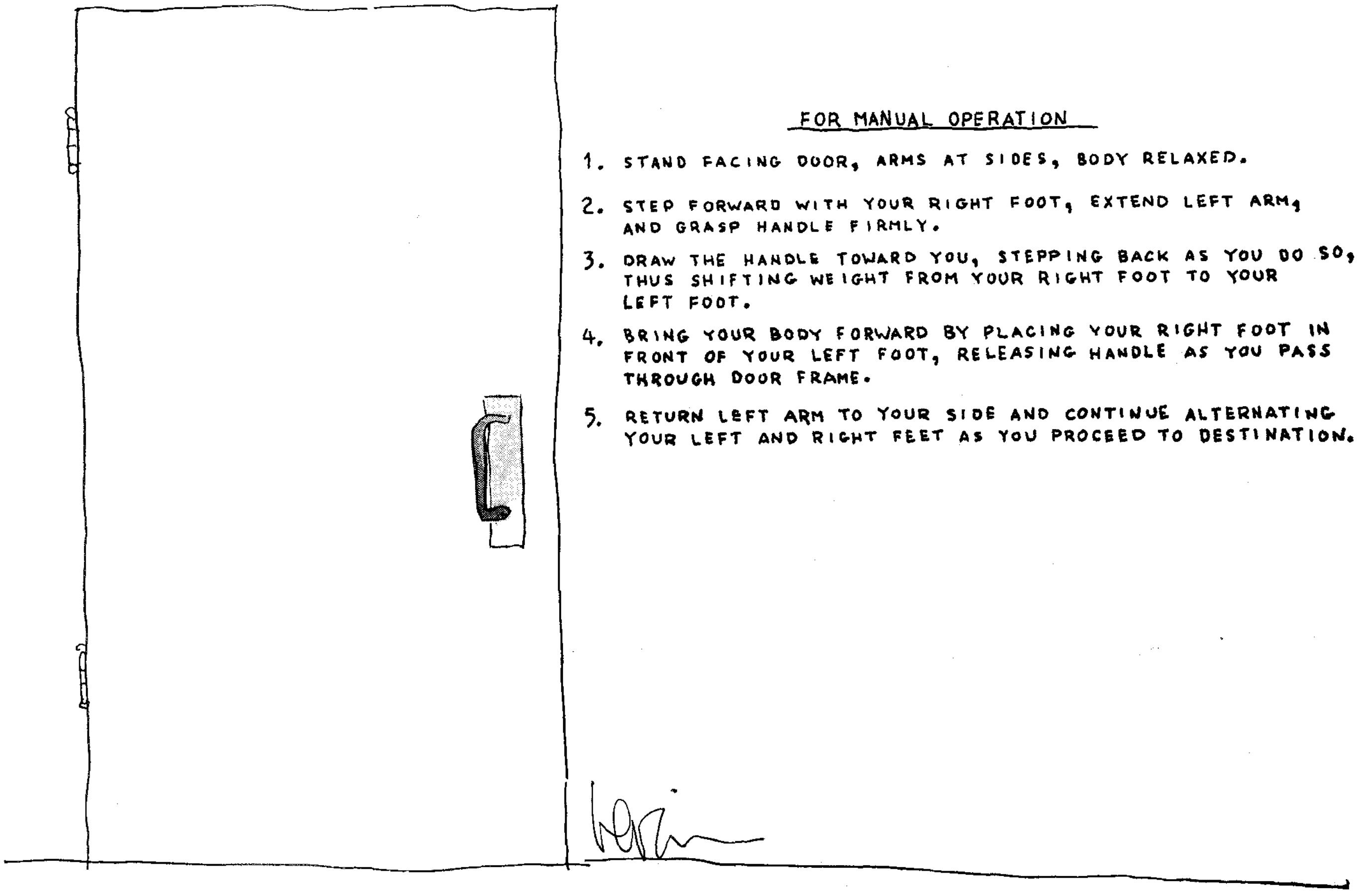
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TOWERS OF LIGHT

AN April morning in Manhattan: winds out of the northwest tease to the limit every movable part of the city, filling the air with ringing and banging, and with buffeting energies contagious with challenge and expectation. On such a day, the skyscrapers of midtown are at their best. Coming upon them on such a day, coming upon them suddenly—emerging, for example, from the intimate scale of Fifty-sixth Street onto Sixth Avenue—I am reminded of nothing so much as of a sudden view of a mountain range. In particular, I am reminded of a hike I made years ago up Mount Mansfield, in Vermont: the long, solitary climb enclosed by forest, the approach to a ridge, and then, unexpectedly, through an opening in the trees, the sight of the Green Mountains marching away in light and in darkness, in silence, under a turbulent sky. The similarity is the abrupt change of perspective from closeness to immensity, a change that is a little frightening, as if, childlike, one had assumed that the small, near world of a moment ago represented the boundaries of creation. But what reminds me of mountains is not just the hugeness and the multitude of the buildings—an army of giants. It is also the way they take the play of light. On a day like this, the sky is a volatile mixture of brilliance and moodiness, and most of the buildings are faced with glass. The glass is kept sparkling clean by squadrons of window-washers, and it reflects. It reflects light very brightly and shadow very darkly, and it also bounces the light around from façade to façade, creating a luminous darkness here, a fuzzy motleyness there, and a plane of almost blinding brightness in another place—all this constantly moving over the massive forms with the movement of the weather across the sky. A contrast of solidity and changeability, as in mountains. A few blocks away, on Park Avenue, is another gathering of colossi, and here, perhaps because the avenue is wider than Sixth, the changeableness seems calmer and slower, and the imagery that comes to mind is subaqueous. The shade is watery and stippled, the shafts of light between buildings are soft and particulate, and the buildings themselves—especially in the downtown direction, where they appear to crowd together against the expanse of the Pan-Am Building—seem weightless and bluish gray in the atmospheric distance. Submarine mountains. One could not find a more urban setting; one could not find a place more explicitly divorced from the natural world than the heart of Manhattan. And yet here the traditional, rather formal distance between architecture and nature, that clear distinction between what is from the hand of God and what is from the hand of man, is broken down. On days like this, the glass towers of midtown not only remind one of the natural world; they incorporate nature, romp with it, orchestrate it, amplify it.

Croquet Match

THE glass curtain wall stands at a point in history where the optimism and the disillusionment of our age meet, or, to put it another way, where the spirit seeking liberation from the past encounters fear of the future. In 1978, the skyscrapers of midtown—skyscrapers anywhere—are for many people symbols of what is threatening about the time in which we live, a symbolism that may not be universal but is surely closer to being orthodox than to being iconoclastic. The towers are aggressive images of capitalism and technology—forces that are no longer unambiguously associated with goodness. The astounding size of the buildings is as likely to put us in mind of helplessness in a regimented honeycomb as of man's power; their logical simplicity as soon reminds us of the disappearance of warmth and grace as of boldness and purity. And yet these same steel-framed, glass-skinned towers owe their existence to a movement that found expression in words like "honesty," "morality," and "truth." The movement was an architectural one, but it was far more than an isolated endeavor to develop a new aesthetic style. It belonged to the broader modern mission of reform: the struggle against the stubborn grip of traditional values. The origins of the movement lie deep in the nineteenth century, but it achieved ascendancy only in the last twenty-five years—the years in which the skyscrapers that now dominate midtown were built. Contemplating mid-Manhattan in the late nineteen-seventies against the thought of the idealism that inspired it, one gets a doubly jolting sense of historical perspective. To see the buildings as the fruit of a rebellious vision that took shape so very long ago provokes an eerie awareness of the slowness of history, while to



FOR MANUAL OPERATION

1. STAND FACING DOOR, ARMS AT SIDES, BODY RELAXED.
2. STEP FORWARD WITH YOUR RIGHT FOOT, EXTEND LEFT ARM, AND GRASP HANDLE FIRMLY.
3. DRAW THE HANDLE TOWARD YOU, STEPPING BACK AS YOU DO SO, THUS SHIFTING WEIGHT FROM YOUR RIGHT FOOT TO YOUR LEFT FOOT.
4. BRING YOUR BODY FORWARD BY PLACING YOUR RIGHT FOOT IN FRONT OF YOUR LEFT FOOT, RELEASING HANDLE AS YOU PASS THROUGH DOOR FRAME.
5. RETURN LEFT ARM TO YOUR SIDE AND CONTINUE ALTERNATING YOUR LEFT AND RIGHT FEET AS YOU PROCEED TO DESTINATION.

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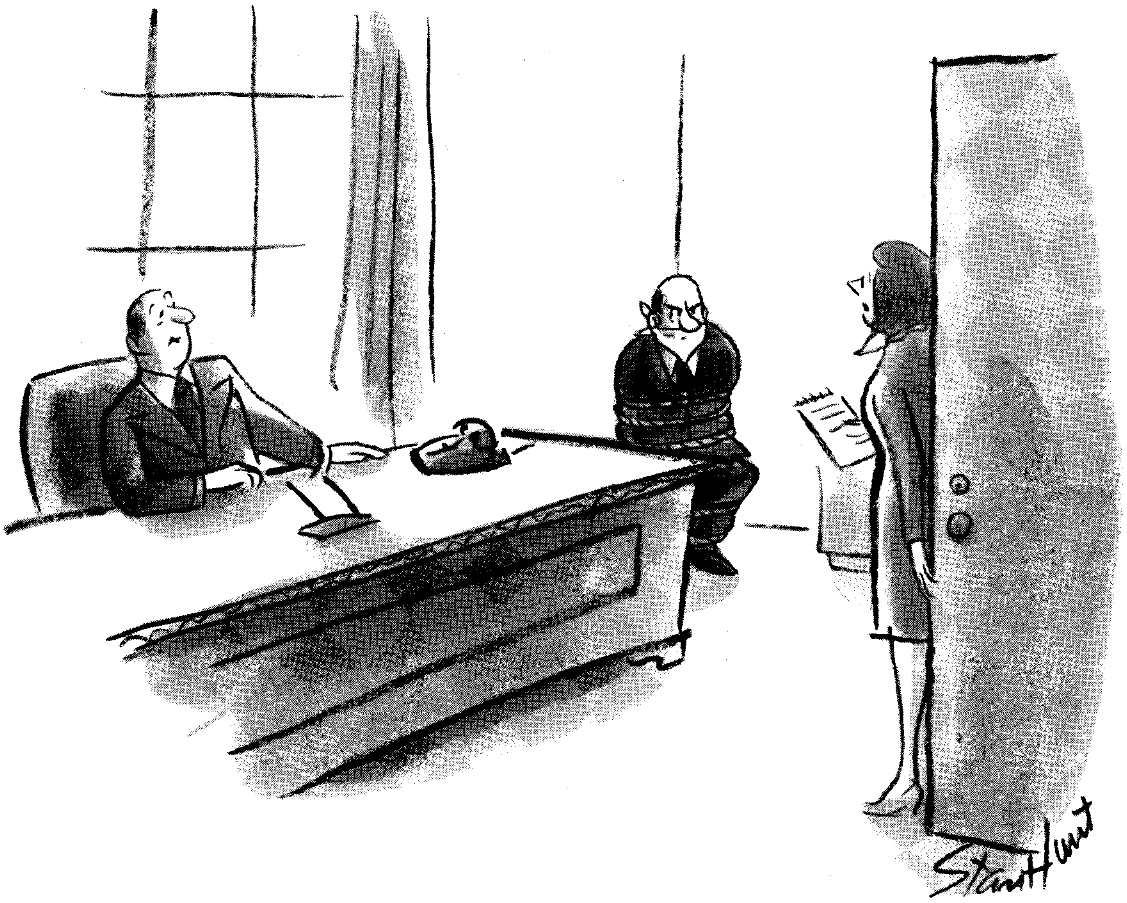
think of how recently that vision became a reality is to realize also how recently and with what speed attitudes toward the spirit of this century have changed.

Two neoclassic buildings still stand on midtown Park Avenue: St. Bartholomew's and the Racquet Club—significantly, perhaps, a church and an exclusive society. But these bastions of religion and aristocracy look rather fine among the glass towers of secular democracy (one might even say that the two styles complement each other), and, though their functions may belong to the past, it's probably true that if the wreckers appeared again in this part of town the church and the club would have more defenders than the skyscrapers around them. In all likelihood, the two buildings would be defended not for the cultural values they represent but for the way they look—a distinction that was not always made back in the days when the Beaux-Arts tradition dominated Western architecture to the point of suppressing anything different. When, in the nineteenth century, aesthetic possibilities in architecture were greatly expanded by new techniques of engineering, the architectural establishment in Europe (there was no architectural establishment of any kind in America), which was led by the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, intransigently clung to traditional aesthetics even though the practical constraints out of which the aesthetics had evolved had been lifted. On the whole, aesthetic experimentation was confined to industrial buildings, and the results were greeted by the establishment as a low grade of architecture, which served commerce and utility at the expense of art. The men who were inspired by the technological innovations were thus relegated to the outskirts of the architectural world. The atmosphere of antagonism turned them from pioneers into rebels. As rebels, they had to develop an aesthetic philosophy of their own. That philosophy is best known by its tenet that form should follow function, which is to say that aesthetics in architecture should derive from structure; but, from the vantage of a lengthening historical perspective, it seems that an equally important tenet was that a building should look as little like a Beaux-Arts building as possible. In the eyes of the rebels, the tradition that for decades suppressed what they considered the manifest destiny of architecture came to represent a cast of mind that was reactionary not just in an aesthetic and cultural sense but in a moral sense as well. They looked in the direction of characteristics that were physically the opposite of the Beaux-Arts style—flatness, simplicity, straight lines, abstract forms—and came to associate these qualities with virtue as closely as they associated the old style with vice.

The ardor and the fury, the utopian hopes and the avenging contumely, and, perhaps most of all, the interpretation of aesthetic choices as matters of good and evil ring in a latter-day ear with a distinctly antique sound. At first, the tone was positive and enthusiastic. In 1852, a partisan commentator wrote, "Far be it from me to pretend that the style pointed out by our mechanics is what is sometimes miscalled an economical, a cheap style. No! It is the dearest of all the styles! . . . Its simplicity is that of justness; I had almost said, of justice. . . . The mechanics . . . have already outstripped the artists, and have, by their bold and unflinching adaptation, entered the true track and hold up the light." But in the succeeding decades, as the custodians of "high architecture" continued to dismiss the innovators, the visionary optimism became seeded with resentments, which grew eventually into outright hatred. The anger came to a head in the nineties. In that decade, the Dutch architect Hendrik Petrus Berlage called the work of the traditionalists "sham architecture; i.e., imitation; i.e., lying," and went on to say, "Our parents and grandparents as well as we ourselves have lived and



"Come in, Miss Edgerley. I have just succeeded Mr. Crompton as your new president."

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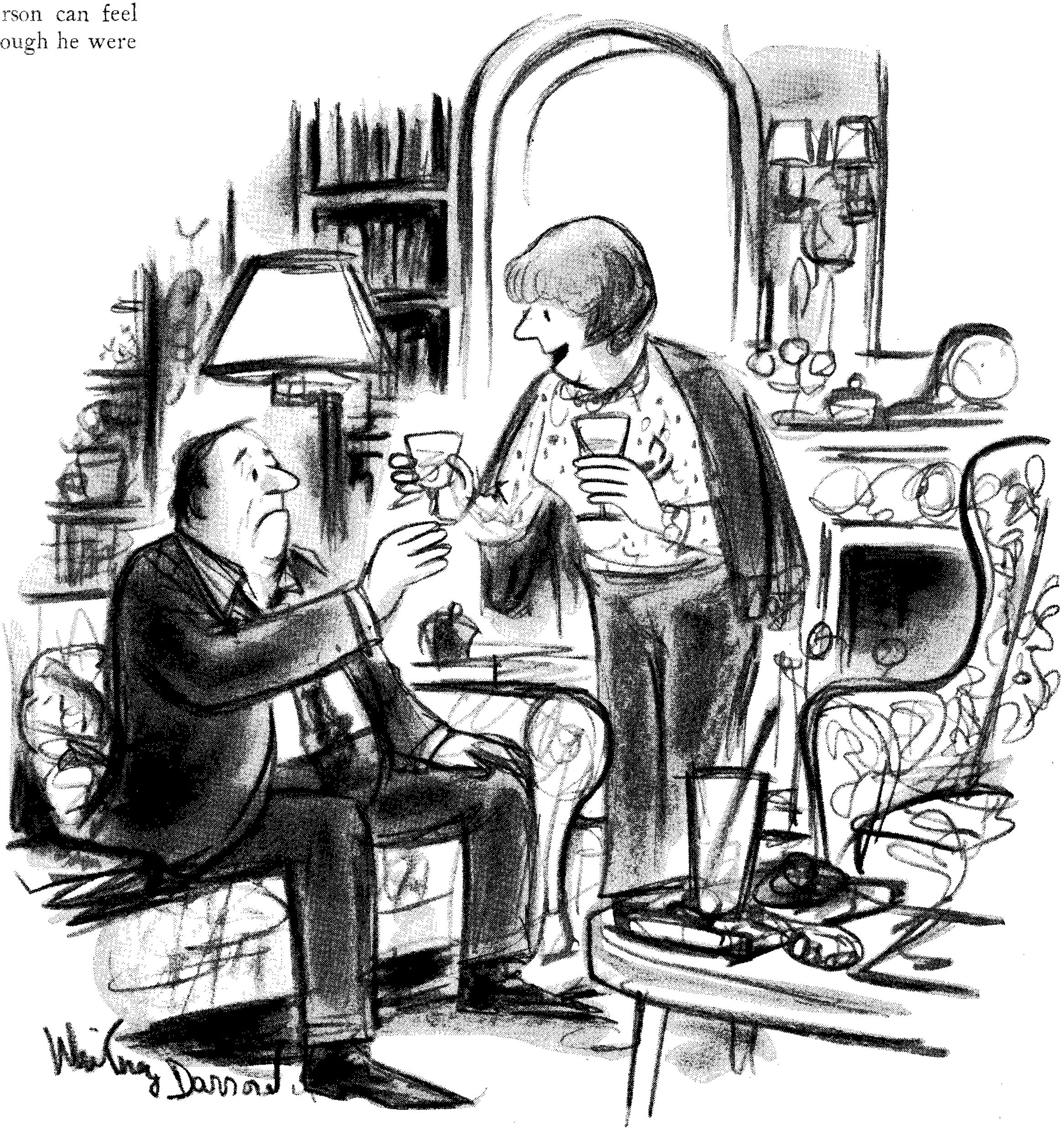
still live in surroundings more hideous than any known before. . . . Lying is the rule, truth is the exception." Writing of that time, the Belgian painter and architect Henry van de Velde said, "The real forms of things were covered over. In this period, the revolt against the falsification of forms and against the past was a moral revolt." This was written in 1938 of a decade almost fifty years earlier, but it was not just an old man's reminiscence of a forgotten cause. The feeling behind all such remarks was carried intact well into this century. I have gleaned these quotations from "Space, Time and Architecture," by Sigfried Giedion. In 1941, the year the book was first published, Giedion was not quoting these crusaders in a spirit of detachment; he was carrying on both their loathing and their messianic conviction. Far from simply recording the thoughts of people who in the past had considered change in architecture a moral issue, he himself described the values of the traditionalists as an "infection" and characterized the modern movement as a pursuit of truth. Of the popularity of classicism in America toward the end of the century, he said, "The immense appeal of this recreated past . . . can only be laid to a quite unnecessary national inferiority complex. . . . The classic and Gothic fashions which in those years overwhelmed the constituent facts of American architecture had, of course, nothing to do with tradition. They meant nothing more than the giving of an artificial backbone to people who were weak in their emotional structure. Behind the screens of their houses—miniature Versailles, Tuscan villa, or medieval manor—or their skyscrapers in sacred Gothic shapes, these people could hide their inner uncertainty." There was nothing old-fashioned about Giedion's views when they were published. As the first comprehensive analysis of the new ideology, his book gave a historical shape and a philosophical coherence to a movement whose time was only then just about to come. Throughout the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties, American students of architecture regarded this book as their bible.

The architectural remnants of the traditional past which still exist are today perceived by most of us as utterly harmless, provoking reactions that range from indifference to reverence. Anger is almost unthinkable. For my own part, when I observe the neoclassic architecture that, despite this city's compulsion to destroy itself, still abounds in New York, I don't see the presumptuous, hypocritical tyranny of the old and corrupt over the young and pure. I doubt if anyone of my generation would. Rather, I marvel at the freedom with which these American ancestors plundered the aesthetic treasuries of Western civilization, at the confidence with which they assumed inheritance. There is, it is true, a trace of Giedion in my reaction. I remember that when I first saw Versailles I thought of the mansions and gardens of the American rich and said to myself with malicious glee, "Oho! So this is the image to which they aspired!" To the extent that neoclassic forms betray aristocratic egotism and pretensions in a democratic society, they do have an air of foolish, self-weakening delusion. But on the whole my personal reaction to traditional architecture is amazement, touched with jealousy, at the sureness of possession, at the sense of rightful connectedness with and sustenance by the patrimony of Western traditions—a reaction that perhaps indicates how successfully those ties have been severed. Speaking generally, the sense of oppression by the past, of a deadly contest with a force that seeks to suffocate growth, seems to have faded away almost entirely (except, possibly, in the realm of political ideology), and to have been superseded by an urgent struggle of an entirely different sort—the struggle to control the future that we have ourselves created. If architecture can be used as a test case, that future's form was greatly influenced by the conception of the past as antagonist. In a sense, we are now struggling with the stubborn grip not of the past but of the values created by the rebellion against the past. If architectural history indicates general patterns in social history—and to some degree I think it does—this turnabout happened in the last twenty-five years. At least as far as architecture is concerned, in order to understand today the viewpoint of people who two decades ago saw themselves as the vanguard one has to make a concentrated effort of imagination.

LET'S touch base for a moment by returning to the buildings themselves—to what they look like, for example, on a smoggy August noon. Smog is the pedagogue of realism. In smog's classroom, all illusions are put to flight and an insistent dullness overtakes everything—even green trees, even the faces of children, even light itself. The buildings of midtown Manhattan are no match for smog. On a smoggy day, they become inert masses—heavy, featureless, inspiring dread. The glass surfaces become dim and lifeless, enhancing only feelings of entrapment. Stripped of all play, the hugeness has the effect no longer of extending the imagination but, rather, of squashing it, of weighing down on people with a lesson in human smallness and triviality. On a smoggy day in mid-Manhattan, a person can feel lost and left behind, as though he were in a world in which there was no breath, no pulse, no quicksilver; as though he were not in the world at all but in the graveyard of a world that had vanished with all its liveliness, leaving only monstrous, blank, and meaninglessly overbearing tombstones.

A CENTRAL element through which one might trace the development of the modern aesthetic is glass—among the most striking features of the buildings, and a hallmark of the movement that produced them. The progressive eye was attracted to untraditional materials as well as to new designs, and of these materials glass became one of the most prominent—as essential to the character of modern architecture as marble, brick, and granite had been to earlier styles. Glass is an ancient compound, but, for various reasons, in our era it came to represent liberation from antiquity and the realization of the futuristic spirit. Symbolically, visually, and philosophically, the modern aesthetic pointed toward glass. Ranges of glazed towers are now so familiar to the American city dweller that the convention of glass seems hardly worth remarking on, but by looking at the predilection for this material in earlier days one can perhaps capture a sense of the excitement that propelled the movement.

The attraction to glass began, in the middle of the nineteenth century, with the invention that started all the trouble in the first place. This was the iron frame, which took over from the walls the burden of supporting the weight of a building. Thus, the walls, instead of being the supporters, became a load, supported by the inner frame. In such a structure, a wall was just a covering. The inner frame was also a departure from the past in that it was strong not because of great mass, as in traditional stone buildings, but because of the way the pieces were put together—a method whereby an equilibrium was created so that the pieces reinforced each other. (And the material itself—iron and, later, steel—was stronger and more elastic than stone.) This kind of frame, by itself, was an airy skeleton whose parts took up much less space than was required by the massive masonry wall that supported traditionally structured buildings. Expanses of solid mass were unnecessary. Before this invention, the size of a window was the result of a close bargain with the need to have supporting stone walls, but the new method freed most of the surface area—the walls—from all functions except those of providing shelter and admitting light, both of which could be accomplished handily by glass. The shift of the full load of a

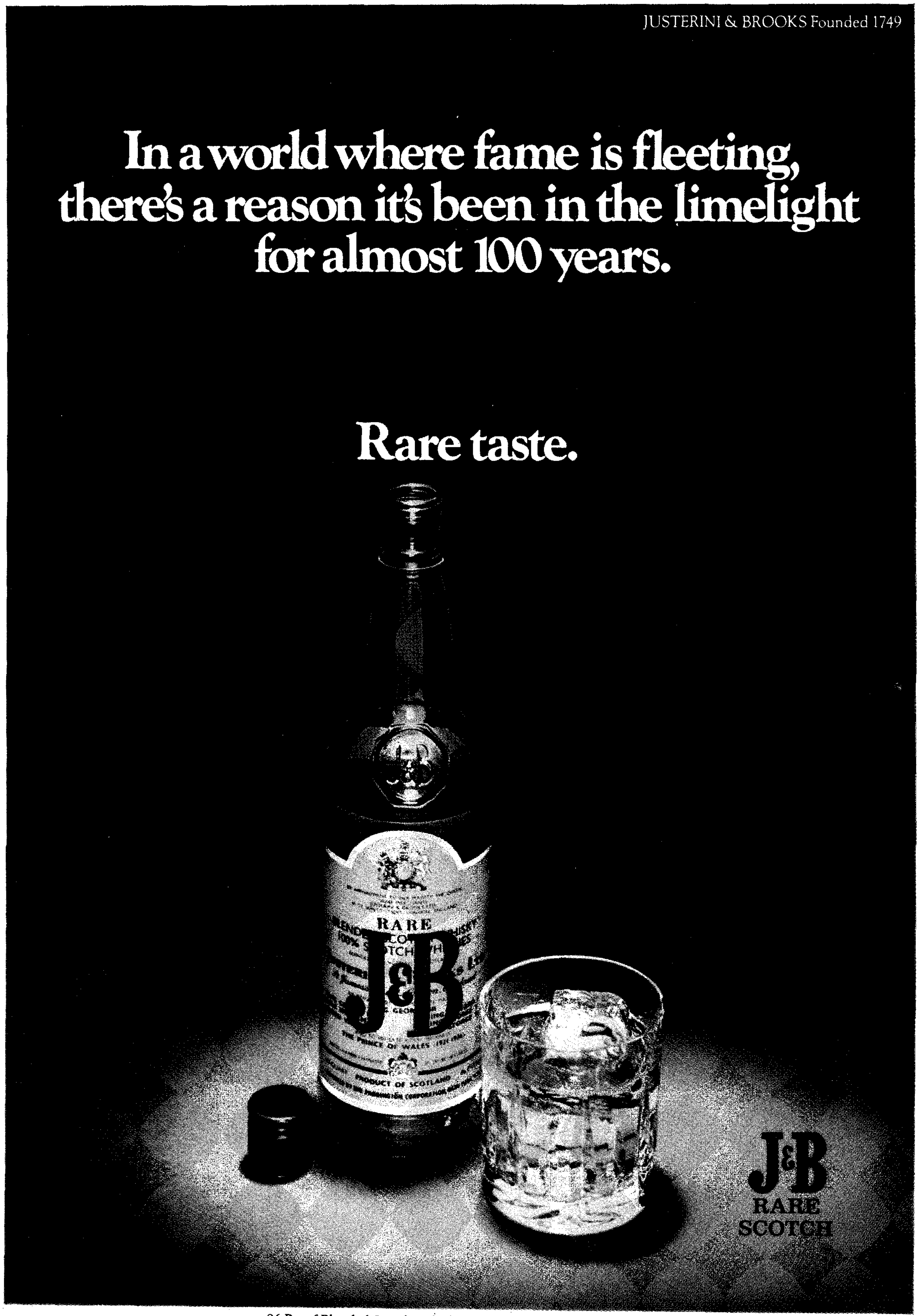

Whitney Darrow Jr.

"And what reared its ugly head today?"

building to an inner frame was gradual (the first true skeleton structure—the first building in which an iron frame bore all the load—was a factory built in France in 1871-72), but even in the intermediate stages of the transition pioneering architects took advantage of the diminished structural importance of walls by reserving large areas for glass. Many of the cast-iron commercial buildings of the eighteen-fifties and eighteen-sixties, for example, had façades that were mostly windows set in a webbing of columns, arches, and ledges; and the huge industrial exhibition halls (one was the Crystal Palace, built in London in 1851) were like mammoth greenhouses, with vast, encompassing skylights of glass mullioned with wrought iron. Long, glass-roofed train sheds are another example of this early style. There was no *need* to use so much glass, however. Any material would have done, provided that it served as a covering; and, indeed, for a long time many buildings supported by inner frames were constructed with masonry walls and with windows of a traditional size, in accordance with Beaux-Arts aesthetics. An extensive use of glass tended to emphasize the new technology, pointing up the thinness of the supports and the role of the wall as an unsupporting covering; and the overwhelming tendency in the mainstream of architecture was to cloak the new technology—that is, if it was used at all—in a neoclassic disguise.

To the eye trained in the Beaux-Arts tradition, expanses of glass were ugly, and, given the degree to which reaction against that tradition formed the new aesthetic, this probably sealed the future of glass as a major architectural material. If one believed that form should follow function, glass was the perfect covering for a building supported by an inner frame, and it also possessed the virtue of having visual attributes that put it at the opposite pole from an aesthetic based on the attributes of stone. We now look upon the mediocre—perhaps even the "hideous"—creations of the old school with tolerant fondness. But if one imagines what it must have been like to be thrilled by the possibilities opened by engineering advances, and yet decade after decade see the architectural establishment, reinforced by public taste, continue to reject those possibilities, one can also imagine how dreary and oppressive the traditional buildings became in the eyes of the progressives: how all that heavy stone, all those arches and porticoes, all that statuary and ornamentation began to look ludicrously pompous and affected, fussy and dead; how the very words "traditional" and "classical" came to connote plagiarism, sterility, and monotony. And one can imagine, too, how attractive, under the circumstances, attributes like flatness—the

"Well, so far I'd say this vacation has been a good investment."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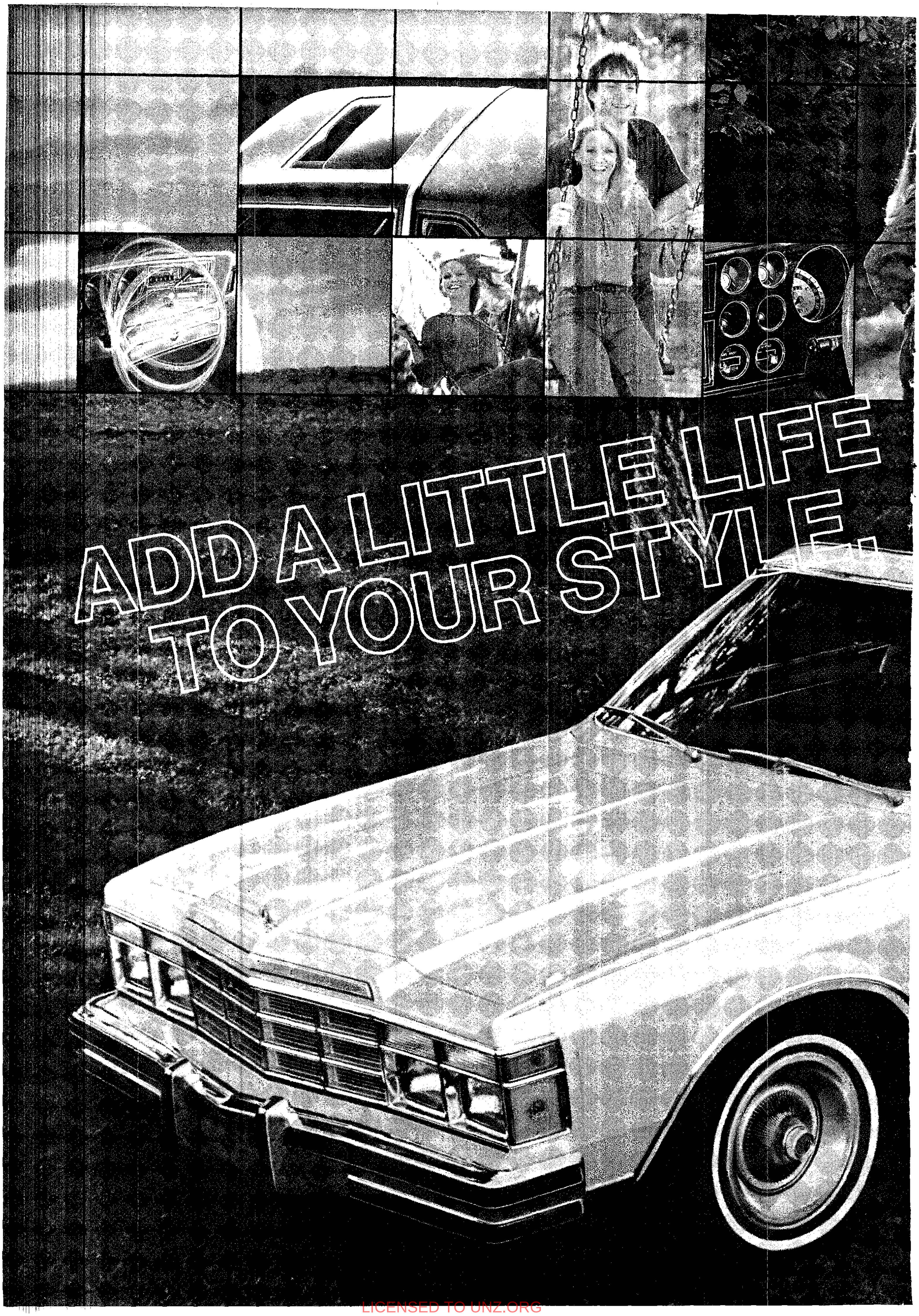
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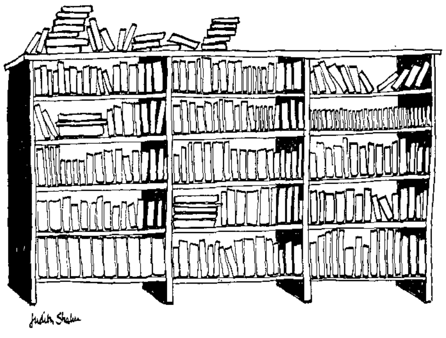
Interior by Los Angeles designer, Charles Burke beauty of the simple plane—and thinness and lightness became; how, repelled by encrustations of ornamentation, the progressive eye was drawn to the abstract, the pure, the "unworked" materials. Glass was not the only substance that offered this kind of relief, but in a theoretical way it matched the need almost perfectly. Theoretically, glass is thinness, flatness, and lightness made palpable. Theoretically, glass is the opposite of stone: it is about as abstract as a solid material can be: it is practically nonexistent—you can see right through it. Theoretically, glass has no details at all. If one imagines the sense of oppression generated by the continuing rejection of new visual ideas, one can see how this rebuff caused the old style to become associated in the minds of the innovators with cultural bankruptcy, falsehood, and even immorality. One can see how glass became a symbol of modern idealism, of liberation from the past, of justice, morality, and truth. It is not difficult to recapture the heady sense of freedom and beauty offered by the concept of a frame of steel I-beams bolted together in a perfect equilibrium and covered with a thin, taut skin of glass: not windows—not even a wall, really—but just a sheer wrapping hung on the simple frame.

The concept did not become actuality until 1952, the year Lever House was constructed, on Park Avenue. But in 1921 Mies van der Rohe, carrying the no longer new principles to their logical conclusion, drew a picture of what for a long time remained just an idea. In the picture, thirty floors seem to float like discs around a cluster of slender, soaring pylons. The pylons are the most solid-looking aspect of the building. The horizontal floors rank second. The glass surface of the building is completely transparent—in visual terms, hardly there at all. Behind the building are some tiny, very decrepit-looking stone houses. Given the date, this picture might be called the seminal fantasy behind our glass cities. Gordon Bunshaft, the architect of Lever House, which last year celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, said to me recently, "The idea was to build with a minimal amount of structure and covering. We wanted an abstract building that expressed the tension between the steel structure and the tightness and thinness of the glass skin. We wanted to be sure we were doing a twentieth-century building, an honest building. The old masonry buildings were pseudo copies of Renaissance palaces. Glass and steel are honest materials. Steel is a product of our time. Glass and steel are an expression of our time." There is not much difference between the vision of 1921 (or even the less evolved intimations of the nineteenth century) and that of 1978—and yet the background is so different now. A description of glass and steel as "honest" is little more than a poeticism—it's apt enough, but one could as well speak poetically of stone as "honest." Our feelings toward the architecture of the past, far from being angry, are now mixed with regret that we wantonly destroyed so much of it. The aesthetic of "honest" glass and steel is compelling in its own right, but there is something missing today which added greatly to its attraction in 1921. It's an ideal whose beauty depended to a significant degree on the relief it offered from something else. Now that the something else is no longer oppressive to us—even itself offers a relief—the aesthetic seems to be left without emotional force: to be a piety deprived of the Devil, a revolution without an establishment.

There is another kind of discrepancy which has struck me even more forcefully. As I look at the fait accompli—not just Lever House but all the glass-faced skyscrapers—it seems to me that there is a glaring contradiction between the inspiration and the work. For me, the gap exists most clearly in the difference between the theory and the actuality of glass. If I were asked to say just one thing about these buildings, I would say that they are never exactly the same as my last memory of them. Fickleness is a part of their very nature, and it is embedded in the material that is essential to their conception: glass. The changeableness of the glass façades is caused partly by the weather. New York weather comes in many varieties, and for each the glass towers have an answering style. But how they look is also affected by the time of day, the season, and the angle of vision, and very likely there are many factors that I haven't thought of. However various the factors, they work upon the same stuff. The protean quality of those vitreous skins makes it nearly impossible to settle on an opinion of the buildings. Particularly if you take them, as I do here, not individually but all together, they are less like artifacts than like a natural phenomenon, and lend themselves to analysis about as helpfully as the erratic weather with which they are in partnership. In short, far from being abstract, glass is the most subjective of materials. It is partly because of this gap between theory and actuality that I find it necessary to return every so often to an unideological look at the buildings themselves.



A BONNY October afternoon. As one walks along the avenues of midtown, one notices that the glass façades reflect not only light but images. They vividly reproduce the sky and the cloud formations in it, and also the surrounding buildings—the new glass ones and the older, neoclassic ones of stone. In most of the reflections, the surrounding architecture is distorted. The kinds of distortion vary from building to building and sometimes from pane to pane, but the general effect is a swirling and breaking and wriggling of the lines, keeping all the images in constant, sinuous motion as one walks along, making the older, more decorated buildings look like liquefied baroque, and causing the newer skyscrapers, with their strict verticals and horizontals, to seem as though they were in the process of some violent dissolution. The effect is made especially striking by the fact that the reflections of the sky—possibly because of the distance—are in most cases not distorted, thus lending an aura of actuality to the topsy-turvy of the architectural reflections. All this amounts to a form of ornamentation: a complicated, fluid, extravagantly whimsical ornamentation of buildings that are otherwise as staunchly rectilinear and austere as buildings can be. If one were trying to describe these buildings in themselves—that is, *without* their reflections—one might say that they were the polar opposite of clouds, mischief, or fantasy. One might call them sterile monoliths, or manifestations of an excessive ego, or products of the severest logic and so tributes to reason—but never a vision of a deliriously brindled and uncontrolled Heraclitean universe.

LAY impressions can be so bizarrely at variance with professional conceptions that sometimes it is difficult for a person within a profession to respond to what a layman sees. This turned out to be the case with my observations of glass. One of the chief differences between the ways an amateur and an architect look at a building is that an architect sees it in terms of choices made by its designer, whereas an amateur innocently reacts to whatever strikes his eye. What strikes my eye in midtown is the action of light on the huge glass surfaces, which has the effect of occasionally rendering the whole vista undistinguished and oppressive, and at other times endowing it with a remarkable grace. But these effects, I have learned, are not matters of choice, and so to the appraising professional eye they do not exist. Midtown Manhattan as seen by me—as described here by me—is a continuous accident.

One of the most glorious phases of what I now know is an accident is the way the façades can reflect multiple distorted images, overwhelming the rectilinear dogmatism of the forms with deranging geometric chaos, making the buildings seem to comment on themselves in a witty, ironic way. To my naïve eye, the reflections were such a salient as well as wonderful feature that I had thought that quite possibly they resulted from conscious choices—that, for example, in selecting glass for a skyscraper an architect might have considered the ways different kinds of glass distort reflections, perhaps choosing one that whorled the images over one that fragmented them, and maybe even considering the kind of architecture, neo-classic or modern, that the particular façade would be reflecting. Professional people I have spoken with, however, have found the very subject of reflections odd, possibly a little perverse. After a few moments of puzzled thought, Paul Weidlinger, an engineer who has been involved with many of these buildings, said that to the extent that the façades did reflect—he did not think they really reflected very much—the images could not be distorted, because if they were, then, when you looked through the glass from the inside out, what you saw would also be distorted, as it is when you look through antique glass. Then he laughed. He recalled that when the magazine *Life*, in the fifties, published a large color photograph of midtown which showed the topsy-turvy reflections in all their glory, a shudder of panic rippled through the world of architects, engineers, and glass manufacturers. They were alarmed, he told me, because this was not the way it was *supposed* to be.

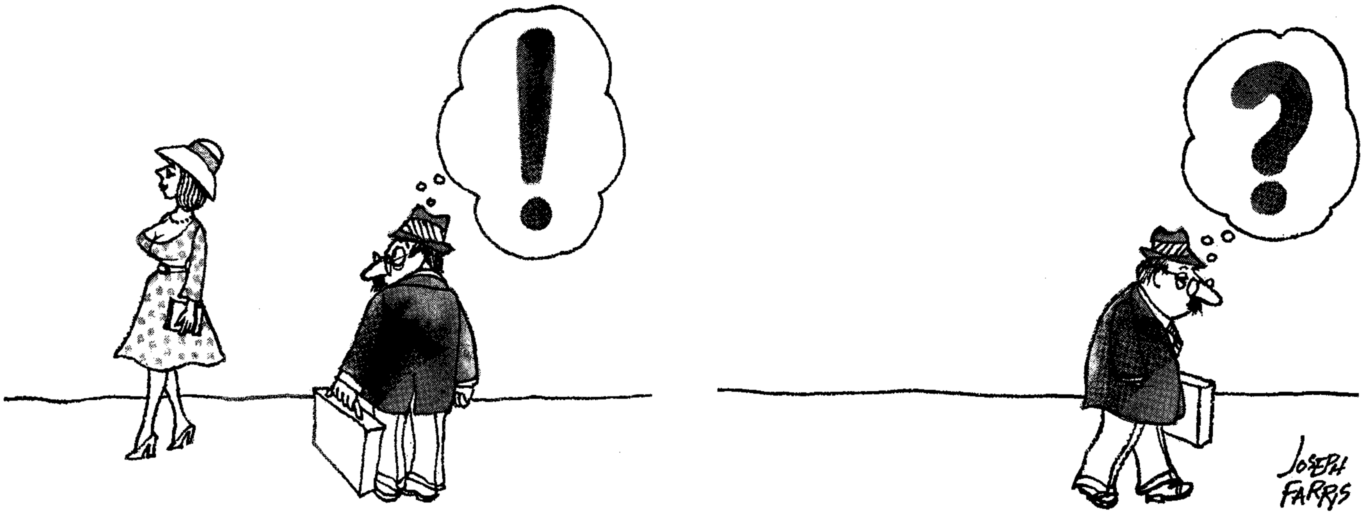
Wallace Harrison, now in his eighties, who designed many of the skyscrapers on Sixth Avenue, was also uncomfortable with the idea of reflections; he proffered a faint denial that they existed, and then, with the air of someone coming clean, said that he hadn't expected the façades of his buildings to distort as much as they did. From his window we could see the Onassis building (not designed by Mr. Harrison), at that moment reflecting (and distorting) St. Patrick's Cathedral, which stands beside it. I made my case for reflections. Contemplating the Onassis façade, he said, "Yes, that's kind of fun, isn't it? The building is probably better with the reflection than it would be without it." But he said this in an unprofessional sort of way. He was speaking as a person rather than as an architect. As an architect, he could only consider such a reflection a flaw.

Leafing through a house portfolio of the works of Emery Roth & Sons, major builders in the area, I noticed that in most of the photographs, whether they were of models or of real buildings, the glass-faced towers were rendered so that they appeared simply as masses—and generally as rather dark masses, at that, as though there were an eclipse of the sun. Any play of light, changeableness, shininess, and, above all, any reflections had been edited out. Richard Roth, Jr., representing the third generation to work in the family firm, preferred to shy away from the subject but finally said that he thought reflections, and particularly distortions, were ugly. The only reflections he thought acceptable were reflections that were perfectly undistorted, but he pointed out that even with mirror glass such reflections were impossible to achieve, because they would require that all the panes in a façade be set at precisely the same angle.

Mirror glass was introduced after most of midtown was built, but it was clearly pertinent to my inquiry, since buildings faced with it reflect most vividly of all. Wondering if perhaps reflections had attained a latter-day orthodoxy, I called I. M. Pei, who is the architect of my favorite mirror-glass building—the magical John Hancock Tower, in Boston. "Anyone who chooses mirror glass for its reflections misses the point," said Mr. Pei. "The point of mirror glass is that it preserves the surface. Clear glass is transparent. You see what's inside—unsightly venetian blinds, office furniture, and so forth." On this point, I heartily agree. When the light hits in a certain way, one does see through clear-glass walls, and the effect is so shoddy that one can only look the other way, postponing architectural musings until the weather changes. "When you lose the surface, you lose the volume of the building," Mr. Pei went on. "Mirror glass retains the strength of the volume.

It also saves energy, because it deflects the sunlight, relieving the strain on air-conditioners. Reflections, distorted or otherwise, are not a consideration. We use glass with the lowest reflectivity that is possible while still retaining the desired effects." Did he consider reflections a defect, then? "Let me put it this way," he said. "There are only two reasons we use mirror glass: to minimize energy consumption and to preserve volume." Running my choicest memories of the Hancock building through my mind, I felt robbed. Had I really been there?

There are two explanations of why such a predominant characteristic of the architecture of this period is left to chance. One is that the vagaries of the glass surface have no place in the conception of these buildings. Such vagaries run counter to the idea of glass as an abstract material and to the general aesthetic principles that emphasize purity and simplicity. There is no room in this conception for the metamorphoses that result from the interchange of glass and light. To the extent that this kind of lawless ornamentation intrudes upon the conception, it can be seen only as a detraction. The other reason is that the primary standard by which the quality of glass is judged is its optical performance—that is, what it is like to look *through*. Nowadays, the optical quality of the glass we produce is uniformly high, but before technology made this possible a cheap windowpane would distort what you saw through it and an expensive one would not. This depended on how nearly parallel the two surfaces of the panes were. To the extent that the surfaces were not parallel, what you saw through the glass would be distorted. Absolutely parallel surfaces are a physical impossibility. The ideal can be most closely approximated by grinding and polishing—a very expensive process (plate glass was made this



way) that has been replaced by a relatively new technique, which is far more economical and nearly perfect, and is the way most of our window glass is now made. The product is called float-glass, and it is made by floating molten glass on the surface of a bath of molten tin. There the glass hardens with theoretically level and parallel surfaces. (Afterward, it is further hardened in a furnace.) A loose analogy might be the way ice would theoretically freeze in a uniformly cold atmosphere on an even-temperatured pond. In actuality, ice never hardens uniformly, but the glass does—at least, uniformly enough so that there is no problem of distortion whatever when one looks *through* it. People in the glass business are very proud of this product and architects are very pleased with it—and justly: in optical terms it is completely satisfactory. No one I spoke to seemed to know for sure why the same glass that does not distort when you look through it does distort when it reflects images on its outside surface. It could be that the inevitable small flaws have a greater effect on reflections than on optical quality; it could have to do with the greater distance from which one observes reflections; it could be that the opaque spandrel glass that often covers the knee-high space on each floor where various ducts are placed—glass that no one looks *through*—is tempered, thus raising the incidence of imperfections; it could be simply that panels of glass cannot be set at exactly the same angle. But, whatever the cause, to many experts distortions, even when they have nothing to do with optical performance, are a defect. Because the optical standard is the basis for their evaluation of glass, distorted reflections signify to them an inferior material, and so they are automatically disposed to see them as unbeautiful. They are automatically disposed to wish it were not so. Furthermore, it is a "defect" beyond professional control. Whatever the cause of the distortions, it seems clear that they are vagaries. How much distortion and what kind of distortion a given panel of glass will produce are, beyond a certain point, a matter of chance. Beyond that point, an architect cannot exercise choice; the whole area is beyond his purview, and so, in a way, beyond his view as well.

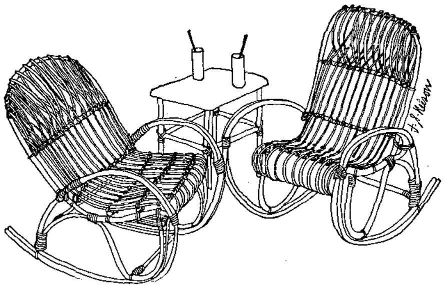
The discovery that such an aggressive and colossal work of man as midtown Manhattan looks as it does largely by accident is delightful, in a way. It is as though the buildings as a group had an independent, spontaneous willfulness of their own, as though the place really were in one sense like an ocean or a mountain range: a phenomenon, something that simply happened, for which no one is particularly responsible. Just as the distorted reflections seem to play a joke on the stern regularity of the buildings, the general untamedness of glass is an engaging mockery of the self-importance of city-building man. But the fact that this middle ground of detail got away, as it were—that it was not really of interest to the modern architectural mind—is perhaps connected to a way of thinking which is a weak point in the larger movement of modern technological idealism. This is the way of thinking which engages at once with grand principles and with the tiniest, most complicated details. Gordon Bunshaft, after speaking of the purity of a steel frame with a taut glass skin, described with the air of an epicurean such complexities as the fact that four inches behind the spandrel glass of Lever House (which was at that moment a vitreous blue-green precipice, one side street away from his office window) are masonry walls, painted black—hence the illusion of opacity in the glass—which create a buffer zone of air space between the extremes of temperature, and the fact that in the tops and bottoms of the slender horizontal bands that hold the spandrel panes there are little holes, to allow the air to circulate, each of which, in order to keep rain from pouring in, has a tiny visor. For Wallace Harrison, the large, abstract value that inspired modern architects was height, reflecting man's desire to "expand his ego," and, on the other hand, Mr. Harrison's imagination was gripped by the intricate dictates of the logic of function: how many elevators were needed to carry *x* number of people to *x* amount of floor space, how much light would reach how far back into each room, and so forth—or, as he put it, "the needs of man as ant."

I record these remarks only as examples of a pattern of professional thought—not a philosophy—which sometimes leaves a lay person like me with an uneasy sense of being on a track quite different from the professional one. It's a sense that makes one wonder whether one is competent to judge at all, and yet humility does not completely rout the question "Isn't there a large gap here? Hasn't an important dimension been forgotten?" With regard to this architecture, the lack of interest in what to an amateur is a large middle ground of detail seems connected to the lack of a quality that is indefinable but is nonetheless sorely missed: call it humor, or playfulness, or warmth; call it dessert—that giving, friendly, gratuitously pleasurable quality that even the grandest examples of the world's best architecture convey. The quality, I think, does sometimes, fleetingly, exist in this architecture, but, I have learned, its existence is an accident. If we look at these buildings as their authors mean us to, as we are *supposed* to, the quality isn't there at all. The absence is a familiar one. Between the abstract beauty of technological principles and the underpinning of intricate solutions to innumerable minute problems, there is another kind of middle ground which was overlooked in the exuberant rush to modernity. Between man's desire to expand his ego and the needs of man as ant—I can think of no better way to express the dual preoccupation of the age of technology—the question of what human life would be like in the new world floated unasked, unnoticed. And this is why a person who sees in the immensities of steel and glass in midtown something menacing and unsympathetic is neither a reactionary nor an iconoclast but is simply responding to the experience of his times.

On a still, cloudless day, on your way to an appointment in midtown, you walk among towers of serene, motionless majesty, of a grave luminousness that here and there gives off little stars of brightness. You walk in a city that with imperturbable dignity sings a hymn to the glory of— The word is "money," but in the atmosphere of grand calm it is hushed, and ennobled with mystery. While you are keeping your appointment, however, a shift takes place in the mixture of elements to which this chameleon architecture responds. The shift is very slight, discernible only in its effects; when you emerge, nothing seems to have changed except the buildings. But they have changed drastically. They have become peculiarly flat and unreal-looking, as if they had been cut out of a photograph and pasted on the sky. To put it another way, they look as if they were made out of very light, junky materials—Styrofoam, cellophane, tinfoil, cardboard—and could be effortlessly crumpled in your hand. They have lost their scale, and seem, for all their hugeness, miniature. They look like a kind of orderly litter, the discarded materials of food-packaging. The hymn has turned into a frank, silly litany of corporate gibberish (Exxon, Westvaco, Union Carbide) and the brand names of the most mundane products (Colgate-Palmolive, Olivetti). You are in a city that a rainburst would flatten, that a breeze could carry away without leaving a trace.

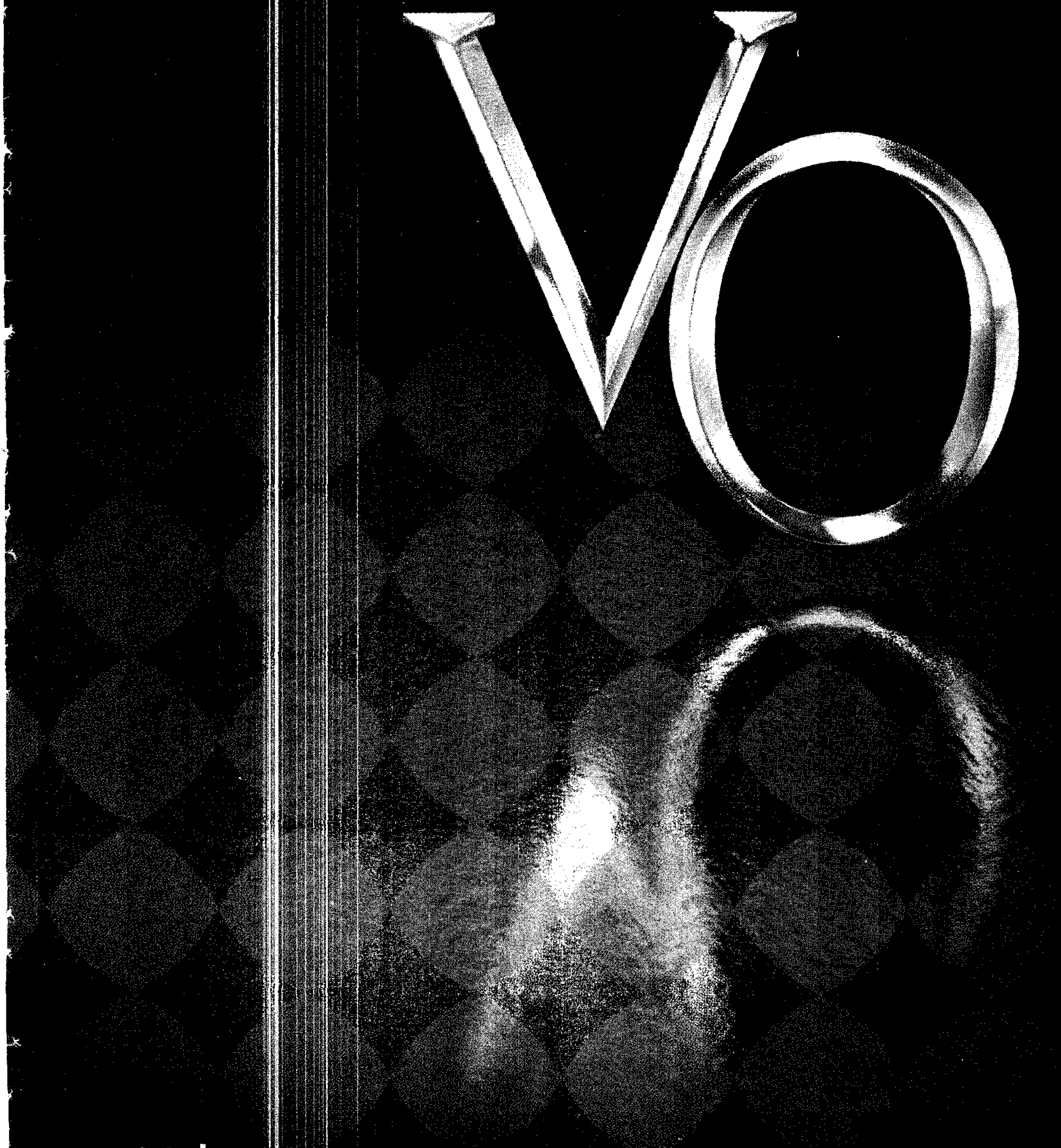
Ambivalence toward the glass giants of New York is not confined to the lay observer who mixes up general cultural considerations with strictly architectural ones. Sometime between the publication of Giedion's book and now, the fire went out in the professional world as well. One damper was disappointment in the architecture itself, which some see as a perversion of the Giedionesque vision, by the greediness of the profit-seeking real-estate speculator. James Polshek, Dean of the Graduate School of Architecture and Planning at Columbia, said to me of the early fifties, "That was a time of great believing. We were gearing up for the boom, which came. But the quality of the response was mediocrity, and tells more about the standards of New York businessmen than of architects. We felt that we had been used. We saw that the architect was not the important person we had thought he was. That was the end." A favorite target of this kind of criticism is the firm of Emery Roth & Sons, which (justly) prides itself on designing skyscrapers that are both functional and economical, for which it has gained the reputation (also justly) of being architects of ordinariness. Richard Roth, Jr., openly affirmed this reputation when I talked with him. Far from speaking of morality and truth, he said with almost aggressive humility that his goal as an architect was to design a building that kept within its budget, performed its function, and did not repel passersby. Any aesthetic refinements, he said, were incorporated solely in the service of a client's desire for an image. "An expensive-looking building gives a company a nonmercenary image," he explained, "and in the last few years clients have been more willing to pay for this than they were before." This is a rather different kind of honesty from the virtue that the idealists thought would sweep us into utopia—and what it admits to is a rather different kind of function.

Anyone observing the buildings of midtown as individual works, as examples of architecture in the sense of art, can see that for most of them "mediocrity" is not too cruel a word. Particularly if one is comparing them to a building of indisputable quality, such as the Seagram Building, one is quickly bored by a routine, pedestrian look, which suggests that architects were attempting little more than to get a job done as quickly as possible by applying a pat formula. Richard Roth, Jr., pointed out that two of his firm's buildings, the Westvaco (on Park) and Burlington House (on Sixth), are nearly identical; and it is not just in Roth buildings that one senses the sad, frigid offhandedness of mass production. Yet although both the attitude and the product are so anti-enthusiastic—and, in this sense, very far from the spirit that fired the progressive movement—from the vantage of hindsight it seems that, given the timing of the movement's ascendancy, it was almost inevitable that it should run aground on indifference. There was in the progressive vision a miscalculation that resulted in a situation in which the source of the inspiration suddenly dried up. The miscalculation was of the future of technology.



From the first stirrings of the modern vision, in the late eighteenth century, right up to its culmination, in the mid-twentieth, the stimulus was technological invention. Much of the excitement came from the sense of working on the frontier of technological possibilities. At least in part, the inventions were aesthetically thrilling because they demonstrated a previously unimagined freedom and power. In the mid-twentieth century, however, just as the first curtain-wall skyscrapers were actually going up, technology entered a phase of rapid development which left structural engineering far behind. As technology moved on to much more challenging frontiers, there was no longer either adventure or miracle in constructing a mere building—and adventure and miracle had been important elements in the mood of the modern aesthetic. So within the decade in which the modern movement was finally allowed full expression one of its greatest sources of inspiration evaporated, one of its most compelling doctrines was cancelled out. Paul Weidlinger observed that, as far as architecture is concerned, it no longer makes any sense to say that aesthetics should be derived from technology, because technology can follow imagination almost anywhere. "We can go to the moon," he told me. "Putting up a building, any kind of building, is technologically a comparatively primitive task. In the beginning, architects were on the edge of technology, stretching it to its limits, and so technology was aesthetically exciting, but now aesthetics must take the lead, and choose among the innumerable options that technology offers."

Wallace Harrison put the same idea in simpler terms. "I think the inspiration comes from a time before the airplane, when height was the exciting idea," he said. "When I was a boy in Worcester, the one thing I wanted to



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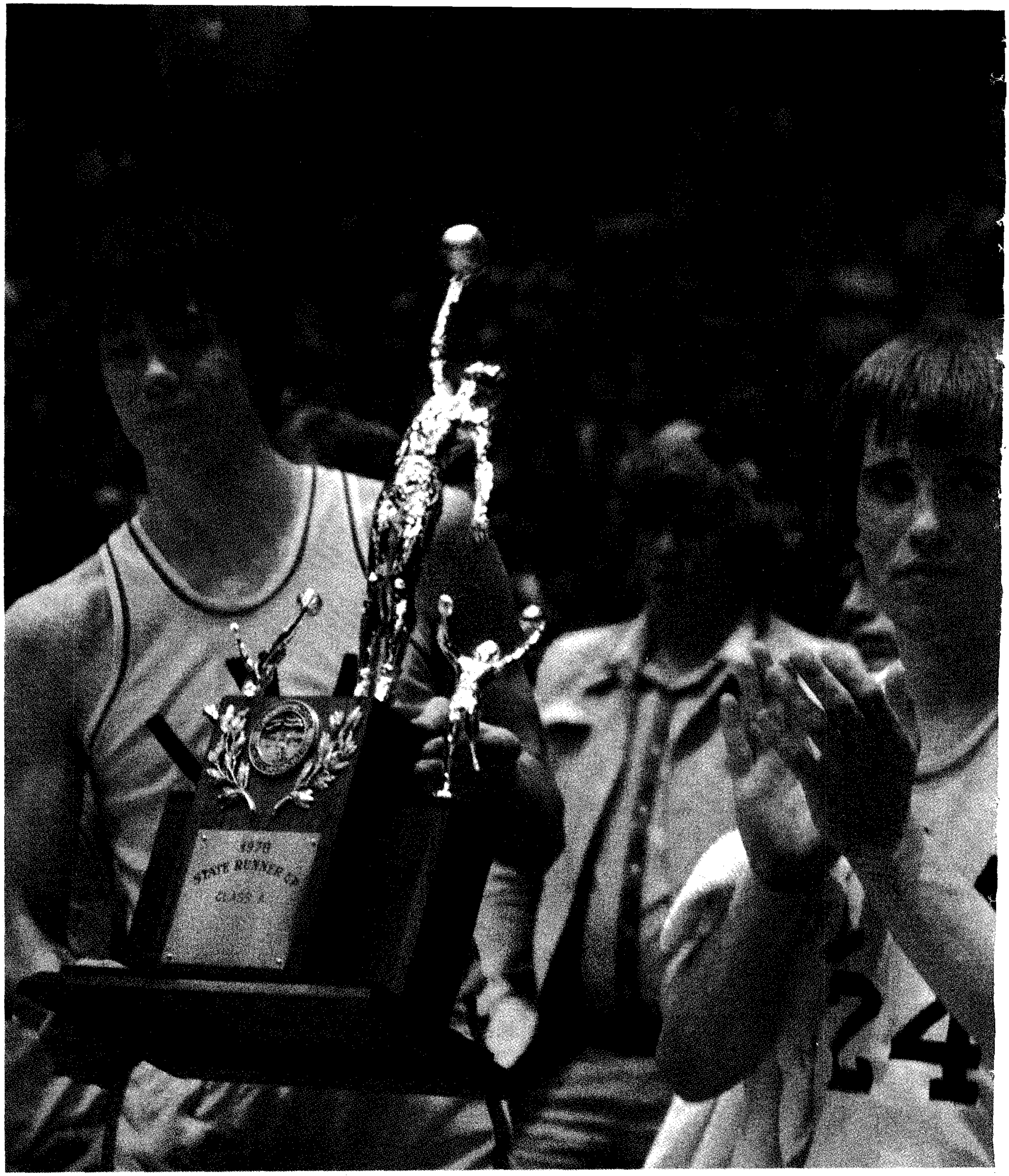

Coach Bernie Van Roekel and the Lake View Blackhawks: even when they lost they were winners.

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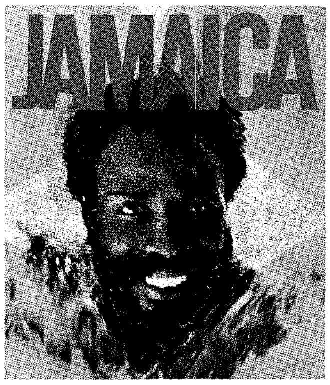

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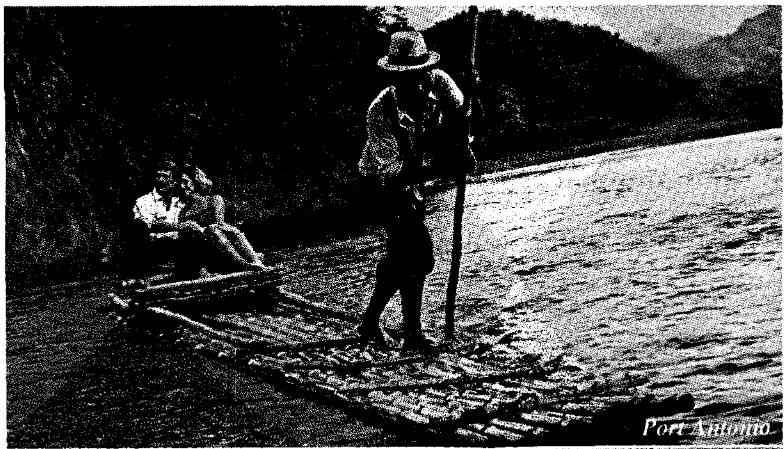

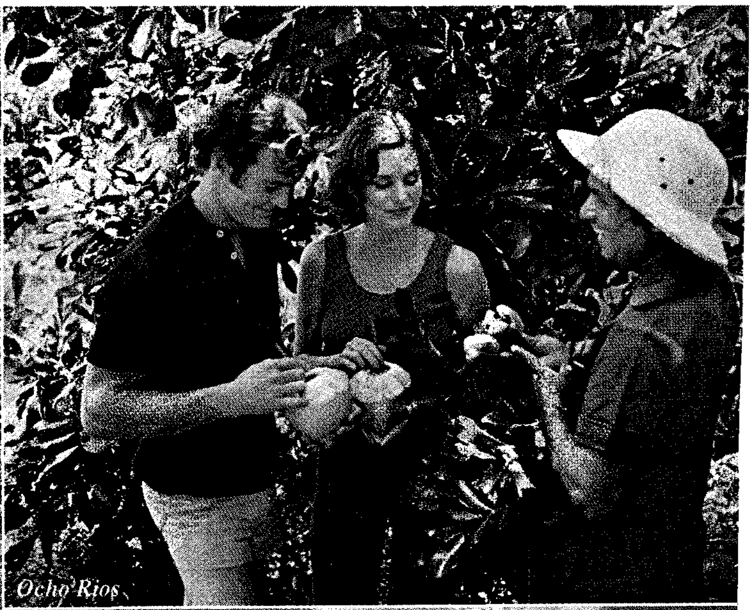

Montego Bay

"Am I live?"

• •

do was bring home a skyscraper. Everybody wanted to bring home a skyscraper. Now height means nothing."

When the possibilities of technology outstripped the requirements of architecture, and the exhilaration of being on a technological frontier was removed, the challenge of modern architecture became once again primarily an aesthetic one. In other words, no sooner had the progressives definitively and permanently ended the long reign of Beaux-Arts values than they found themselves in a position in which excellence depended upon criteria that to a latter-day ear sound very close to those of their old enemies. The evolution of the modern aesthetic had been in the direction of stripping design down so that the innate structural magnificence of, say, a glass-and-steel tower shone forth undisguised and unadorned. But when, with the onrush of history, such forms became innately pedestrian to jaded modern perceptions, the direction had to be abruptly reversed. The architect who aspired to greatness had to put energy (and money) into developing refinements that had nothing whatever to do with function. When the Seagram Building was being constructed, Mies van der Rohe had the bronze verticals (is bronze, in Bunshaft's phrase, "an expression of our time"?) artificially oxidized to the darkish shade that he had in mind, and then arranged for them to be periodically bathed in a special kind of oil in order to prevent them from becoming darker through natural oxidation. If I were writing a play and wanted in one stroke to establish a credibly modern character as passionately Beaux-Arts in outlook, I cannot think of a more effective way to do it than to have it said that he ordered thirty-eight-story-high bronze verticals regularly bathed in oil so that the rich beauty of the metal would be brought out to the fullest.

To the amateur browsing through this period of architectural history, what seems to have happened is that when the fire died architects were left with a thoroughly evolved convention—the glass-and-steel tower—that perfectly met the needs of a booming economy but no longer satisfied aesthetic aspirations. There was no escape from the convention, because it was so well tailored to the demand. Inevitably, glass-and-steel towers sprang up everywhere, and, inevitably, most of them were uninspired, because the convention in itself no longer struck a spark in the aesthetic imagination. The few exceptions, the inspired works, were, on the whole, feats of ingenuity improvised on the periphery of progressive ideology, whose authors often borrowed haphazardly from the Hades of traditional forms, ideas, and materials. As aesthetic embellishments that had nothing to do with function—that sometimes actually disguised function—became the hallmark of the distinguished skyscraper, and as the idea that a distinguished building would burnish the image of a company took hold among clients, a trend toward such embellishments developed in the mainstream. For example, stone is used in great quantity on the façades of many of the later skyscrapers. (A special favorite is marble, which few of us would associate with progressive modernity.) In some cases, the stone frames glass into forms that are variations on traditional window shapes. In others, it appears in rows of columns that give the impression of holding the building up. The stone does not hold the building up. Often, it is paper thin. Its only

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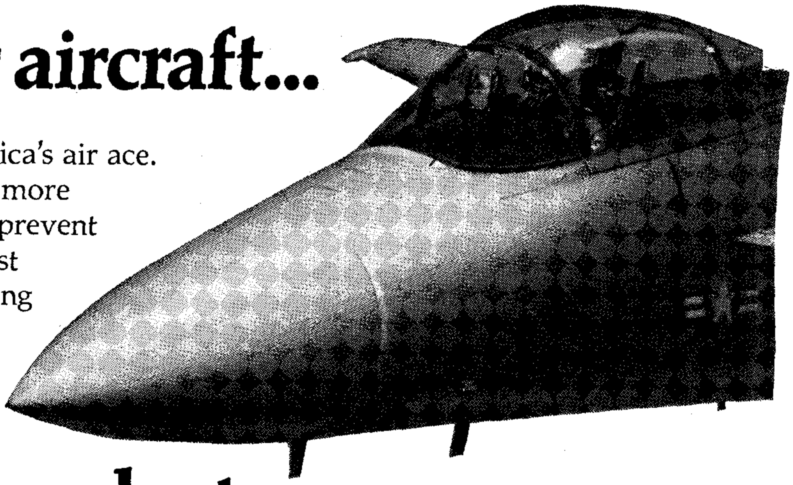

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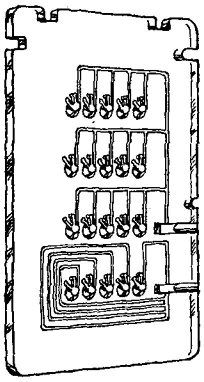

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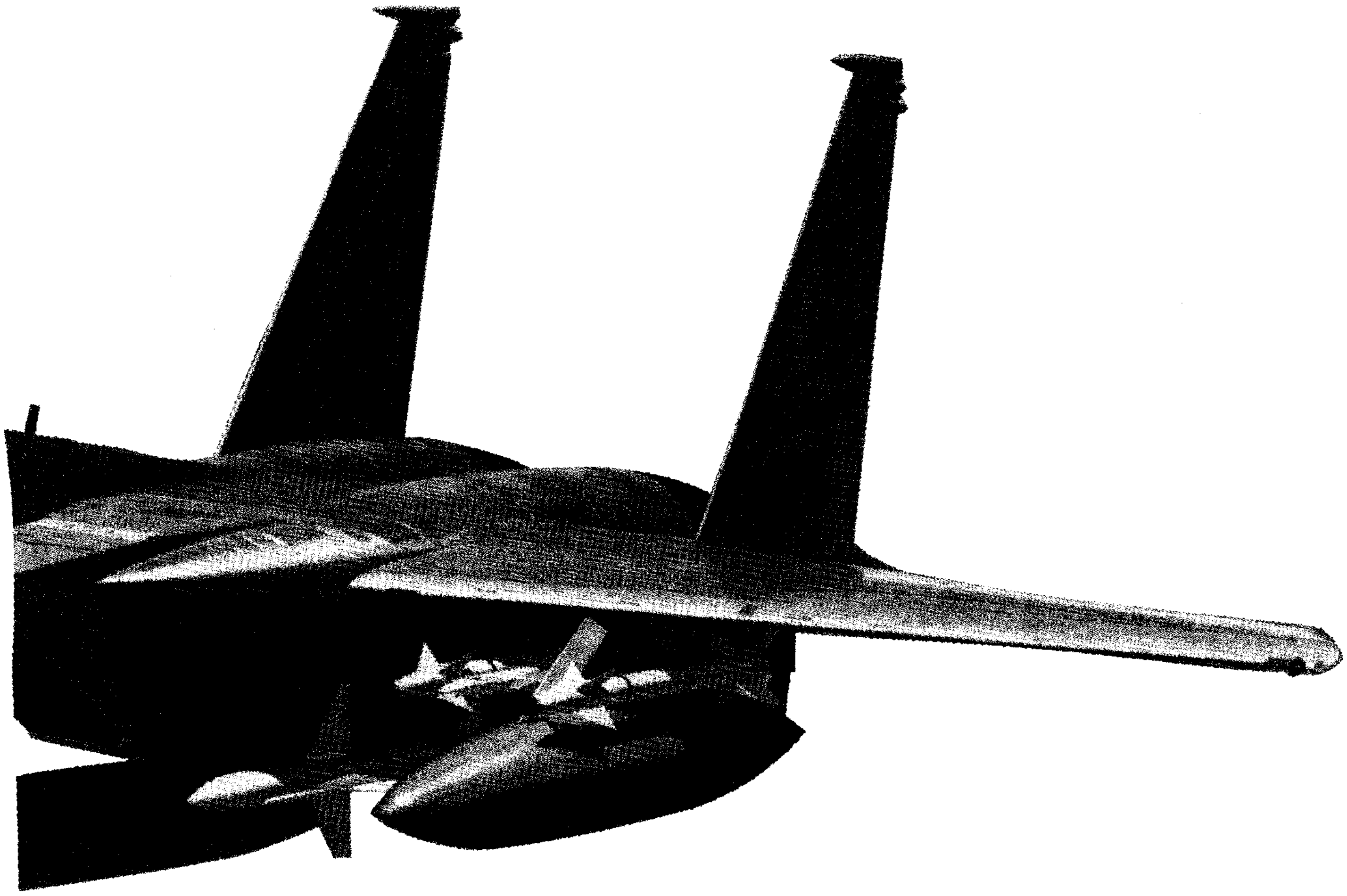

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UAL OPPORTUNITY IN PROFESSIONAL CAREERS. SEND RESUME: BOX 14526, ST. LOUIS, MO 63178 purpose is decorative. Its function is image. As a further twist, such embellishments often represent the greatest technological challenge. Paul Weidlinger said of the building at 9 West Fifty-seventh Street, which has a ski-jump-shaped glass façade framed on both sides by what appear to be huge piers of travertine marble, "The method by which the thin sheets of travertine are fastened to the concrete represents an advance in technology comparable to the advance of the Concorde over conventional aircraft."

Perhaps the cruellest turn of fate is the degeneration of the skyscraper from an icon of truth into an icon of corporate prestige. Aside from the sublimely unthrilling requirements of a paperwork factory—so easily met by technology—the primary function that architectural form now of necessity strives to convey is image, or corporate advertisement. There is nothing wrong with a company's desire to advertise itself favorably, and if this desire makes it willing to pay for superior architecture, so much the better. But the fact remains that this purpose is a far cry from what inspired the pioneers of the movement. The very word "image" suggests something other than the truth, something fabricated—a make-believe face put on for the sake of appearance, perhaps even for the purpose of distracting from the truth. If, as Richard Roth, Jr., suggested, the function of image is to give the impression of an aristocratic unconcern about money, then that is indeed rather far from the truth—and an odd return to what used to be seen as the hypocritical pretentiousness that gave rise to neoclassic architecture. As for the function of architectural image-making, it is, at its very least, to distract a viewer from the function of a building in the literal sense. A superb skyscraper such as the John Hancock Tower manages to delight us *in spite of* the purpose the building serves. It is so beautiful (an orphaned beauty, in my view, disclaimed by its parent) that you *forget* you are looking at the offices of an insurance business; and if you remember, the thought of this pedestrian function is likely only to dampen your pleasure—to seem, set against the quality of the building, almost absurd. Bureaucratic capitalism lifts few hearts these days.

In this new age of image, however, it seems to me that only the rare tour de force achieves an aesthetically integrated and powerful effect. Most of the efforts at embellishment appear tentative and wandering, as though the momentum of rebellion against tradition had stranded the architectural imagination in a place from which it was difficult to go back, or even to confidently pick up and start off in a new, more promising direction. Society continues to demand office buildings of architects, and the architects continue to employ the convention so well adapted to this need, disguising it, working around it—a willing technology following the most convoluted aesthetic improvisations—but, of necessity, relying on its basic principles nonetheless. The faith has been undermined from every possible angle, but in the absence of new beliefs the only resource is the memory of faith. The doctrines continue to be recited, but what an outsider hears is not the joyous battle cry in the thick of the busy, zealous fight; it is something more suggestive of the wistful passion of a knight in the twilight of the age of chivalry—a knight who continues to aspire to an outdated ideal because he knows no other. "The utopianism is still alive," said Dean Polshek, "but it exists more as a sentimental gesture toward a past idealism than as a burning belief." It's not that the people themselves have a vestigial air, or even that their ideas have—at least, not in the sense that the ideas have been superseded. The impression one gets is more of the absence of an alternative: of a vision that has turned out to be at odds with the direction of history but continues to provide the vocabulary of ideas with which people think about architecture, because no more compelling vocabulary has replaced it.

ON some days, the naked height of the many skyscrapers will converge into a single effect that seems miraculously to buoy you, that makes *you* feel like a giant, that informs you that you are a person of divine importance—the way the interiors of the great Gothic cathedrals do. Your feet are on the ground, but you soar. Yesterday, the height had a crushing, diminishing effect. It made you feel as though your legs were weighted with lead. But today the height aggrandizes you. There's no telling what changes have brought about this reversal. Light has undoubtedly had something to do with it: has somehow contrived a happy coincidence of upward-reaching proportions which matches a latent readiness in the spirit—as a cathedral does. On such a day, each building is a part of a whole, a part of what all of them together amount to, and over and over again this fusion has put me in mind of a reversal of the interior of Chartres—Chartres with its elements transposed. The great space of the Gothic interior is represented by the mass of the skyscrapers. The cathedral ceiling is the cupping sky. And the sky-ceiling is upheld by the columns of space between the buildings—shafts of airy light thrusting effortlessly upward.

EVERY so often, photographs appear in the newspapers of clumps of spanking-new skyscrapers that have been built in faraway jungly places—in Africa, Southeast Asia, South America—and these photographs are usually accompanied by articles that tell of great advances. In this context, skyscrapers stand for prosperity. They represent the conquest of the jungle, the extension of the good things of the modern age to corners of the world which have hitherto been deprived. But here at home, in the country that still sends a missionary energy out into the economic hinterlands of other civilizations, the symbolism of modern architecture is more complicated. Its meaning is not unequivocally negative, but it has been overtaken by feelings of distress which actually have to do with architecture itself only in the vaguest sense yet find in architecture a convenient target. Just as technological advances left the modern architectural aesthetic behind, cultural history has swamped the ambition that gave the movement its philosophical integrity. In real life, there is nothing pure or simple about this transformation of attitudes, but a distillation of the strain of antipathy has appeared in imaginative literature. American writers have lately taken to portraying modern architectural landscapes in an advanced state of decay—the jungle conquering the machine. As architectural criticism, the following passages count for nothing, but they are nevertheless an indication of the atmosphere in which the contemporary American architect works.

Walker Percy chose a suburban vista for this fantasy in his novel "Love in the Ruins," published in 1971. The disintegration has been a slow and quiet process, unnoticed by the people who live in the landscape, just as the disintegration of civilization itself has gone unnoticed. Neglect is the passive agent, vegetation the active force of destruction:

> In recent months the vines have begun to sprout in earnest. Possum grape festoons Rexall Drugs yonder in the plaza. Scuppernong all but conceals the A&P Supermarket. Poison ivy has captured the speaker posts in the drive-in-movie, making a perfect geometrical forest of cylindrical trees.

Urban scenes have met a similar fate between the covers of books. Kurt Vonnegut inflicted it on midtown Manhattan in "Slapstick," published in 1976. In this case, the agents of destruction have been more violent. They include political anarchy; a virulent form of flu, which has killed most of the population; and erratic changes in the law of gravity, which have put New York out of commission by stripping its buildings of their elevators:

> It is springtime. It is late afternoon.
>
> Smoke from a cooking fire on the terrazzo floor of the lobby of the Empire State Building on the Island of Death floats out over the ailanthus jungle which Thirty-fourth Street has become.
>
> The pavement on the floor of the jungle is all crinkum-crankum—heaved this way and that by frost-heaves and roots.
>
> There is a small clearing in the jungle. A blue-eyed, lantern-jawed old white man, who is two meters tall and one hundred years old, sits in the clearing on what was once the back seat of a taxicab.

The Empire State Building is a good choice for the symbol of an era, because when it was built people were excited about it in a way that they no longer are about tall buildings. Confidence in the modern future was not shaken for some time. The Empire State Building, erected in 1931, was something that schoolchildren in the fifties were still easily inspired to be proud of. In contrast, think of the coldness with which the World Trade Center was greeted upon its completion, in 1971. Curiously, although "Slapstick" is set in the twenty-first century, the architecture described by Mr. Vonnegut is all pre-glass-curtain-wall. The skyscrapers in the novel are made of stone, which is quarried now by the survivors. It's as if the later buildings, although they dominate contemporary New York, were in Mr. Vonnegut's mind too unreal or insignificant to be even worth destroying.

Joan Didion, however, uses the latter, glass-faced towers for her picture of destruction in "A Book of Common Prayer," published last year. Progreso is a city in Central America, the instantly erected plaything of a fifteen-month Presidency. Perhaps putting Mr.

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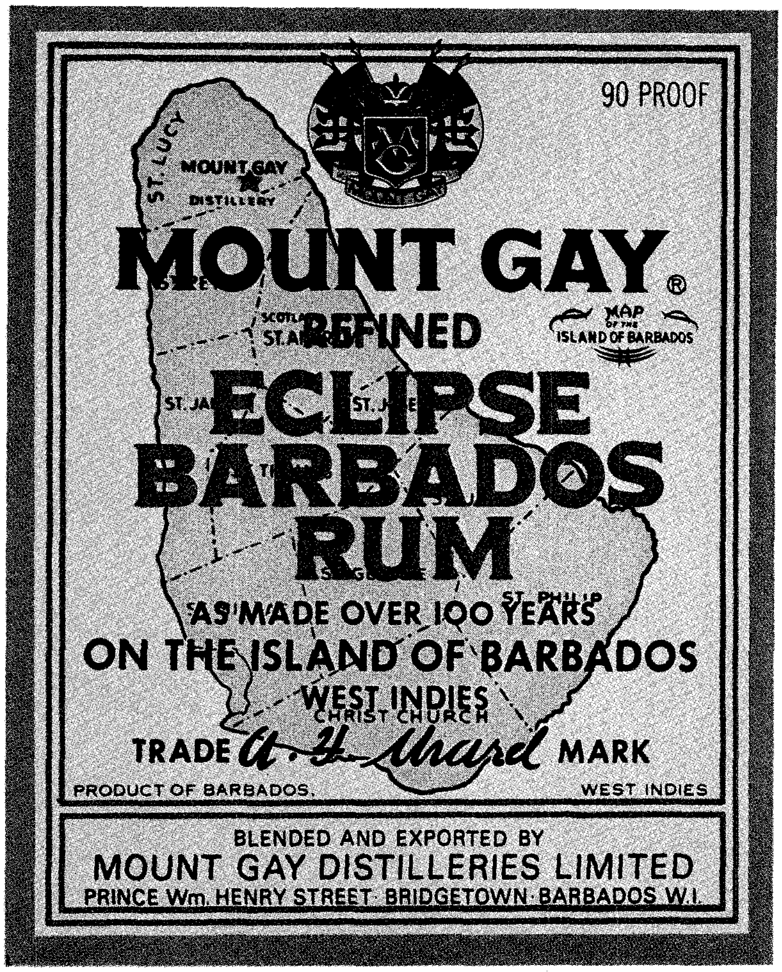
Vonnegut's unspoken snub into words, Miss Didion's description makes it clear that nothing of substance has been lost. This is Progreso:

> Twenty matched glass pyramids intersected by four eight-lane boulevards, all laid out on fill in the bay and connected to the mainland until recently by causeway. The matched glass pyramids were never finished but the eight-lane boulevards were. Until a few years ago, when the causeway collapsed, I would take lunch out to... Progreso and eat there all alone, sitting on the site of a projected monument where all four empty boulevards converged. On the fill between the boulevards bamboo grew up through the big Bechtel cranes, abandoned the day Luis [the President] was shot.... In the years after [that]... water hyacinths clogged the culverts at Progreso and after rain the boulevards would remain all day in shallow flood, the film of water shimmering with mosquito larvae and with the rainbow slick from rusting oil tanks. Until the collapse I would go out there maybe once a week, and stay most of the afternoon.

Work on a second Progreso was started in the jungle, but this, too, was abandoned. Redundancy, wastefulness, frivolity, obsolescence even before completion, the irony of the name Progreso—every part of this description invests the image of modern architecture with vanity, emptiness, and death.

All three of these descriptions express undisguised hostility toward modern architectural places. All three emphasize the impermanence of such places, and the novels generally communicate the anxiety provoked by impermanence. In this sense, they are linked to the well-established theme of America's uneasiness with its self-destroying pursuit of growth. But, by speeding up the impermanence, they also achieve a kind of gratification. In these novels, the disintegration is not something that is in itself distressing. On the contrary, it is an improvement. It makes these places accessible, almost pleasant. You can hike through declining suburbia, hear a whippoorwill in Manhattan, have a picnic in Progreso. The reader is not in any way led to regret the ruination, because what has been destroyed is seen as having been horrid in the first place. These novels all tell us, by anticipating doomsday, that our culture is doomed, but they also tell us that the effects of doomsday are rather congenial—at least, compared to the present. In disaster, humanity finds a space—a clearing—where before it was suppressed. The ruined modern architecture described in these novels really serves not as a warning but as the fulfillment of a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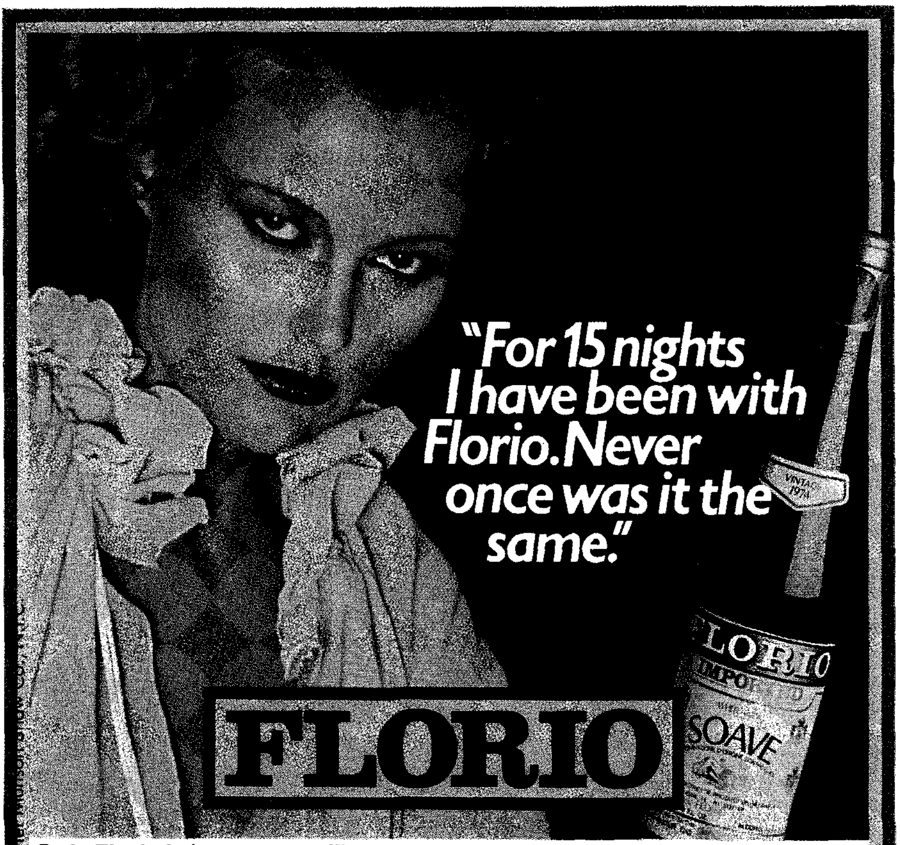
wish: an imaginary killing of something that is not dead at all and is hated—hated the more for its very aliveness. It's true that the scenes are not completely fantastic. The fact that the abandoned shopping center, the desolated school, the boarded-up fast-food stand are becoming common sights in suburbia, and vast amounts of office space have from time to time gone begging in New York City, makes an entire prospect of abandoned skyscrapers a real, if remote, possibility. But on the whole neither suburbia nor the Progresos at home and abroad are fading away; it is far truer to say that they are bursting with vitality, and that this, not an actual or imminent ruination, is the source of the dismay that leads the imagination to seek relief in a fictional ruination. The most distressing aspect of the self-consuming culture has always been that, while nothing much lasts, or even seems worth keeping, the process of impermanence itself endures, with newness endlessly distracting attention from cultural thinness. An image of modern architecture in ruins enables a writer to take away the magic of constant renewal and, by showing what is left without this magic, demonstrate the innate worthlessness underneath.

The passages cited here are not really commentaries on the quality of modern architecture per se; they are commentaries on cultural values. Yet architecture does provide a convenient and accessible symbol. In reading these passages, we know exactly what the writer means. We have little trouble feeling what the writer wants us to feel. From the point of view of the architect, a great injustice is done by this symbolism, because, in effect, all architecture of a certain type is dismissed out of hand, with no regard for variations in quality. But there is no way to escape the injustice. If one juxtaposes Joan Didion's attitude with the attitude of Giedion's heroes and followers, one is left with a sense of tragedy but not with a sense that Miss Didion has perverted the truth by using an inappropriate symbol. If one juxtaposes her Progreso with some of the most distinguished skyscrapers—a Seagram Building, a Lever House, a John Hancock Tower—her version may appear a little glib, but it wins nonetheless, not because these buildings are really shoddy but because their excellence doesn't have much meaning for us beyond the strictly aesthetic pleasure they yield. Could a fiction writer successfully use a skyscraper of quality as a symbol of what is strong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and noble and excellent in the culture? It seems unlikely. Some pieces of modern architecture are indeed strong and noble and excellent, but their virtues exist in a vacuum. It is hard to see them as articulations of similar virtues in the culture at large.

The attitude that these authors express toward the world we have built around us is not new. It flanks the modern architectural movement on both sides of its history. Beaux-Arts traditionalists also attacked the new buildings as symbols of shallowness and impermanence. Nor was the attitude confined to professional critics. Here is Henry James writing about New York in "The American Scene," in 1906—about the forerunners of the glass towers of midtown, about buildings that people now fight to preserve in the name of tradition:

> Crowned not only with no history, but with no credible possibility of time for history, and consecrated by no uses save the commercial at any cost, they are simply the most piercing notes in that concert of the expensively provisional into which your supreme sense of New York resolves itself. They never begin to speak to you . . . with the authority of things of permanence or even of things of long duration. . . . Skyscrapers are the last word of economic ingenuity only till another word be written. This shall be possibly a word of still uglier meaning but the vocabulary of thrift at any price shows boundless resources, and the consciousness of that truth, the consciousness of the finite, the menaced, the essentially invented state, twinkles ever, to my perception, in the thousand glassy eyes of these giants of the mere market.

Henry James makes an attempt to discipline his comments with abstract aesthetic standards, and, as it happens, the chief target of this effort is what he considers an excessive use of glass. "Window upon window at any cost," he writes, "is a condition never to be reconciled with any grace of building." But the strictly aesthetic argument is swept away by his emotional reaction to what the buildings represent for him. Even the windows cannot be left as merely ugly. They are there, he says, so that the people inside may transact their tawdry business more efficiently: "Doesn't it take in fact acres of window glass to help even an expert New Yorker to get the better of another expert one?" Glass, it seems, serves as a potent symbol for any number of attitudes. There is another element, however, in the passages on New York. For all his carping, Henry James is not immune to seduction by the charged energy of the city, the heady, exhilarating atmosphere that takes a physical form in the soaring buildings. He freely admits experiencing that thrill, and it leaves him with a sad, regretful sense of separation, of "baffled curiosity," of "an intellectual adventure forever renounced," of "a relation to matters of magnitude and mystery that I could begin neither to measure nor penetrate, hovering about them only in magnanimous wonder, staring at them as at a world of immovably-closed doors behind which immense 'material' lurked, material for the artist, the painter of life, as we say, who shouldn't have begun so early and so fatally to fall away from possible initiations." The same sense of apartness is expressed in the literature of the seventies, by the symbol of modern architecture in ruins. Did the American artist never overcome his sense of alienation and penetrate that "magnitude and mystery"? The similarities in James's attitudes and those of the later writers are striking. How did it happen that an attitude that was reactionary in 1906 is, in its way, progressive in 1978? The earlier attitude seems to have been reincarnated intact, notably missing only one element—regret.

It makes one sad to think of the modern architectural movement, with all its hopefulness, in this context. But it also provokes a twinge of conscience rather like James's fleeting regret. The American artist has, on the whole, stayed comfortably offshore, sniping from a distance, forging identities out of a sense of difference from the main society. It's valuable to have people like that. But it's also valuable to have people like the one group of artists who have not remained aloof—the architects. They took—and still take—the risk of commitment to a world largely beyond their control. They took their idealism right into the hurly-burly of America. They tried to fuse their inspiration with what was good and wonderful about the hurly-burly. In contrast, there is something safe and complacent about the offshore snipers—the comfortable pessimism of the uncommitted. Whatever one thinks of the actual buildings, a special honor is due to those risk-takers—an honor that can be claimed by few other American toilers in the fields of imagination.

MIDTOWN Manhattan has few defenders. Individual buildings have ardent admirers, but I have come across little enthusiasm for the whole—only the heavily qualified justification of pragmatists that the buildings serve their purpose. Among those professionals who compare what stands with a vision of what might have been—even among those responsible for the product—denigration is almost a dogma. Among lay people, the symbolism is too strong: the buildings are seen as images of impersonal, unaccountable power and of a gigantic institutional scale that imposes conformity and renders the individual helpless, and this is also a kind of dogma—one that it seems likely would have evolved whether or not the glass towers were architectural masterpieces. It is as though an appreciation of the buildings would automatically be an endorsement of non-architectural aspects of modern life, just as among architects the feeling seems to be that to like the buildings would be a betrayal of the Giedionesque ideal—and, with no other ideals available, that one cannot be let go. Still, there is something about the effect of them all together which cannot be so easily dismissed. There is something about them which is elusive and unpredictable and spontaneous, and, at the same time, unified; it is this—the harmony of the effect of them all together—that makes them more engaging than either their function or any analysis of them individually would suggest. They represent a major architectural expression of the last quarter century, and, although they were built by many different architects, for many different clients, over a period of time, and although the range of quality is very wide, all together they make a kind of sense. Most architectural environments constructed in the same period do not make sense. When one looks at the commercial claptrap along our highways, for example, or the suburban jumbles ringing our cities, one can only conclude that we have become incapable of that intuitive collusion of spirit which spontaneously produces harmonious architectural settings—a New England village, a Roman piazza, even a pleasing row of brownstones. In general, the only way to contain haphazardness in our time has been through rigorous planning and control—in short, through the suppression of spontaneity—and the price of this control is usually a kind of deadness: the static, airless quality of a house in which the hand of an interior decorator is everywhere apparent. The harmony of midtown is completely unreliable. It is, in fact, the result of accident, and not of art, because it depends upon mercurial qualities of glass which are evidently quite outside the architects' conception, if not diametrically opposed

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to that conception. The untamed properties of glass are what create the grand, solemn interchanges of light with the mass, the pied, self-mocking delirium of multiple reflection, and the curious, thrilling transposition that allows the mass to seem like space and the sky a solid ceiling, drawing the egotistical secular giants into a momentary remembrance of medieval singularity. It is willful, independent glass that is responsible for the nadirs, too—the aspect of trivial disposableness and that of crushing, soulless monumentality. If midtown is harmonious in character, that character is a manic-depressive one. A highly subjective personality. The source from which this creation sprang was a combination of the economic optimism of the fifties and the aesthetic optimism of a long-suppressed architectural vision that had a formula ready. The two were products of the same historical currents; if the relation between them was uneasy from the beginning, that would not be clear until subsequent history revealed conflicts that were all but imperceptible then. Subsequent history has indeed carried us, with unimagined swiftness, into another chapter. Midtown Manhattan is still going up, but, like so many other aspects of modern optimism, it has been caught by lengthening shadows of doubt before the work is even done. It is still going up, but it is already a period piece of our immediate past: a cathedral, in its own unsteady way, to a moment in our history when power and optimism converged; a wayward temple of light.

Out of curiosity, I asked some of the professionals I visited what sort of ruins these buildings would be. Gordon Bunshaft said they would last forever if they were not tampered with by human hands. Wallace Harrison automatically assumed atomic attack and said they would be big steel frames filled halfway up with trash. Richard Roth, Jr., said they would never become ruins, because as soon as they had outlived their purpose they would be dismantled, and for this task nothing so violent and dramatic as the wrecking ball would be needed. "These buildings are like Erector sets," he said. "All you have to do is unbolt them. I have seen a whole façade put up in a day. What goes up in a day can come down in a day."

—SUZANNAH LESSARD

●

To cream butter and sugar easier, warn the sugar slightly.—*Dyer (Tenn.) Tri-City Reporter.*

All right, sugar, you're gonna get creamed.

THE ART WORLD

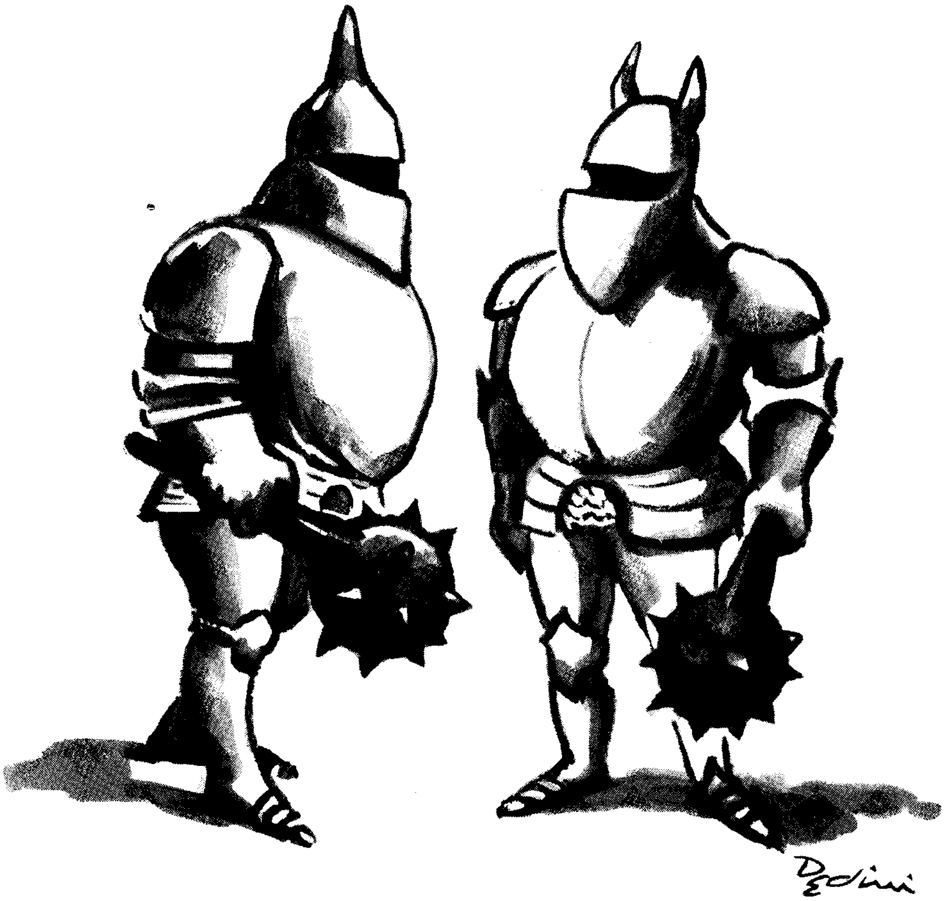
Artist on Art

HENRI MATISSE began his "Notes of a Painter" by doubting whether artists ought to write. He knew full well, he assured the reader, that "a painter's best spokesman is his work." Paul Klee several years later opened a lecture on his own art by criticizing himself for delivering it: "Don't talk, painter. Paint!" The reticence of these artists was not a pose. They were aware that at the core of their work was a primitive element inaccessible to words. Jack D. Flam, in his introduction to the collected writings of Matisse, "Matisse on Art," identifies this element with the artist's self. Matisse's writings, he says, "reflect his conviction that art is a form of projection of self through imagery, a form of meditation or contemplation which acts as a private religion." In Matisse's expressionist art, each painting embodies a heightened interval in the actual life of the artist—and so incomprehensibility is built into it. Developing the picture on the canvas, the self gives form to its own transitory being, which words cannot duplicate. Nor can words convey the substance of the one-person cult that constitutes what Matisse calls "my essential core, my very essence."

A central problem of modern art criticism is that much of the century's major art originates in "inferior religions," to use Wyndham Lewis's memorable epithet—besides the work of Matisse and Klee, one thinks of the metaphysically charged creations of Kandinsky, Miró, Malevich, Giacometti, Pollock, Newman, Rothko, and so on. Religions guard their secrets, however much they proselytize; and a religion that is "private" will ultimately exclude all of mankind from its holy of holies. Ad Reinhardt dramatized this impulse in maintaining a close silence about his own paintings while pointing to them by describing all contemporary art in negative terms: art, he reiterated accusingly, is not propaganda, not introspection, not a career. Matisse speaks less to unveil his mystery than to call attention to its presence. His words refer to his pictures only indirectly; indeed, his numerous notes, letters, interviews rarely mention particular canvases. He talks about the artist's relation to his time and to the art of the past, about his own attitude toward nature, about the autonomy of the self. He wants the art public to know that his creations are beyond the reach of his intellect as well as that of the spectator. He locates himself in a crosscurrent of consciousness: "To sum up, I work *without a theory*. I am conscious only of the forces I use, and I am driven on by an idea which I really only grasp as it grows with the picture." This subtly exact formulation of the part of thinking in the generation of a work would oblige the spectator to grasp the artist's idea not through analysis but through imitation. The thinker *feels* the presence of his idea, but his realization of it depends not on his thinking but on what he does.

Matisse has much to say, too, about the principles (not theories) that he applies in handling different phases of his picturemaking, and that define details of his style: his approach to the model (nature, physiognomical facts); the functions of color and composition; how he builds on and surpasses first impressions. His principles keep changing over the years in response to the evolution of his personality—an evolution to which the practice of the principles has contributed. That "Matisse on Art" is a more or less random collection makes it no less coherent a record of the artist's step-by-step transformation as he moved from his early Neo-Impressionist color programmings to the intricately conceived yet simplified sign language, with its lyrical epiphanies of pure pattern, of his maturity.

Aside from the difficulty of conveying in prose the reality of one's "essential core," writings by artists are likely to cause misconceptions because of the private meanings of their terms (especially in reference to private religions) and the changing interpretations of those terms in different periods. Today, Matisse's thinking during the half century covered by "Matisse on Art" is almost certain to be misconstrued. Of twentieth-century artists perhaps the one most universally admired by art professionals as well as by the art public, Matisse has become in the last two or three decades the model for aesthetic conservatives bent on revising the history of modernism in art. He is seen as the modernist master who rejected the revolutionary postulates of modernism and, being (in contrast to Picasso, for example) satisfied with things as they are, occupied himself exclusively with problems of color, line, and form. "Matisse on Art" supplies ample material in support of those who would have Matisse the traditionalist craftsman drive out Matisse the Fauvist and experimentalist. In his writing, Matisse emphasizes his conviction that the artist must never dissolve his ties with nature: if necessary, he should copy appearances rather than seek novelty in style



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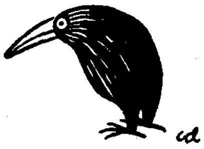
alone. Copying nature, the prerogative of the camera, is, of course, a horror of postwar aesthetics; and such leading figures as Newman and Rothko, and the Photo-Realists, with their preference for film over real subjects, and various categories of Conceptualists have pledged to purge art of nature to the greatest degree possible. Equally out of tune with underlying impulses of modernism—as exemplified by chance effects and deliberate accident, and by raw surfaces and unpainted areas of canvas—is Matisse's edict that "a work of art must be harmonious in its entirety." Worst of all is his conception of the uses of art in contemporary society. "What I dream of," he declares in a much-quoted passage in "Notes of a Painter," "is an art of balance, of purity and serenity, devoid of troubling or depressing subject matter, an art which could be for every mental worker, for the businessman as well as the man of letters, for example, a soothing, calming influence on the mind, something like a good armchair which provides relaxation from physical fatigue." Matisse's program comes close to being a parody of middle-class values in art; it associates painting with relaxation in a manner not unlike the Arts and Leisure section of the Sunday *Times*. One might suspect Matisse of a hoax, except that he returned to these ideas on later occasions. The image of Matisse as a producer of soothing artifacts is further sustained by some of his mural commissions and by his fondness for providing his friends and patrons with aesthetic ephemera—invitations, greeting cards, interior decorations, posters, souvenirs.



Yet Matisse as a fabricator of aesthetic sedatives fails to accord either with the influence of his paintings on twentieth-century art or with the public's response to them. His dedication to an art of balance and serenity cannot be reconciled with his inclusion among the "wild beasts" or with the rage against his exhibits at the 1913 Armory Show—Mr. Flam relates that in Chicago Matisse's "Blue Nude" was burned in effigy by students of the Art Institute. Matisse could scarcely have expected that the angular anatomy of this composition or the portrait of his wife with a green stripe down the middle of her nose would act as "a soothing, calming influence." One might conjecture that his writings and interviews were framed so as to play down what was upsetting in his paintings and his attitude. Like Baudelaire and Flaubert, he sought to dissemble scandal by highlighting impeccable form.

The radical ingredient in Matisse's outlook was his lifelong insistence that art is "expression" and a means of "developing my personality"—concepts that sound innocuous enough in a liberal society. Carried to the extreme of an *idée fixe*, however, Matisse's liberation from all aesthetic restraints was sufficient to revolutionize his thought and assign altered meanings to his key terms. For instance, his insistence that art must hold tight to nature ("When he is painting [the artist] should feel that he has copied nature") is totally revised, if not inverted, in the instruction to his art class which was taken down by Sarah Stein in the year that "Notes of a Painter" was published: "You are representing the model, or any other subject, not copying it; and there can be no color relations between it and your picture." To alienate totally the colors of the painting from those of the model has profound consequences. The objective tie between the work and nature is severed, and the artist is free to produce on his canvas any organization of colors—and of forms, too, since these are determined by areas of color—which he chooses. The color relations in the painting ought to be the "equivalent" of those in the model, Matisse advises, but by what means this equivalence is achieved is for the artist to decide. The green stripe bisecting Mme. Matisse's face is thus justified as an accurate rendering of whatever color, tone, or ray of light may have appeared on her face while she was posing. Of course, the spectator has no way of knowing what the actual equivalent of the green stripe was. By similar reasoning, Matisse was able to inform an interviewer that he painted blue tomatoes "because I see them that way"—which meant that he "saw" them not with his eyes but in the galaxy of visual metaphors in which a particular tone of blue equals the red of a tomato. To make matters even less capable of being pinned down, Matisse, in abandoning Neo-Impressionism, had discarded color systems in favor of choosing colors "in a purely instinctive way." No wonder that to the spectator Matisse's pictures, far from being soothing, "like a good armchair," turned out to be disturbing and uncomfortable.

For all Matisse's emphasis on feeling, his art is generally impenetrable without an indication of the hypotheses out of which the pictures arose. Discussing the "Portrait" of Mme. Matisse more than a quarter of a century ago, Alfred Barr referred to the green stripe that "once made the painting so controversial." For Barr, and for other art historians, the controversy over the "unnatural" stripe had been liquidated by formal analysis. The line, said Barr, "not only serves to divide the face and give it relief but, more importantly, saves the face from being overwhelmed by the assertive background." Barr evidently found the stripe to be exactly right aesthetically; he would not have wanted to do without it. For Matisse himself, however, and his public, the issue seems to have been more complicated. Matisse claimed no aesthetic justification for the stripe. To find expressive equivalents of nature was the artist's moral right, which the spectator was compelled to concede. (Most likely, he has never really conceded it.) Products of free self-expression, Matisse's paintings are determined by concepts as much as by emotions and sensations, though in the act of painting thinking and doing are one. The spectator must know which aspects of the painting he is not expected to grasp, and if he insists on grasping too much he will be baffled. Hence, like Picasso, Klee, and, indeed, the entire culture of modernism, Matisse has been denounced as "too intellectual." The root of the complaint is that his depictions do not conform to the common sense of things, yet lack the immunity to verisimilitude of caricature or satire. The spectator can accept them as testimony to how things are only after he has oriented himself in the universe of the painter—in a word, after he has accepted direction by art criticism. It is to supply this orientation that Matisse wrote, that he assumed with reluctance the role of critic. As he said, he would have preferred his paintings to be their own "spokesman"—and his. But to the degree that it is original a painting lacks the vocabulary in which to explain itself. It can only convey its resemblances to and differences from other images, its familiarity and its strangeness.

In principle, every expressionist picture is unique; Flam quotes Matisse as saying that he would not repaint any one picture in the same way. The painting effects a subjective reformulation of appearances in relation to the ever-changing feelings of the artist and the influence on him of the art of the past. Before the First World War, the philosopher Bergson stimulated acceptance of the artist's constructs as realities that exist on the same level of truth as the objective, rationally based realities of the sciences. Flam lines up Matisse's painting procedure with Bergson's observation that "an absolute can be reached only by an *intuition*, whereas the rest [of our knowledge] arises out of analysis." The teaching of Matisse that art is the means of unveiling truths of nature was transmitted to the United States in the thirties through Hans Hofmann's schools in New York and Provincetown; it continues to live in the concept of the power of color as a medium in itself, and in that of the ultimate verity of sign language and myth. In transforming the three-dimensional objects of nature into the two dimensions of painting, Matisse's art attains to a separated realm, in which the light, calm, order, and sensuality of Baudelaire's classical paradise is made visible in "Dance," "Music," and the transcendental patterns of the late colored-paper cutouts. Matisse's early definition of composition as decorative arrangement takes its final meaning from his belief that the artist "possesses an interior light which transforms objects to make a new world of them." When the "search for the real" (in Hans Hofmann's formula for the goal of painting) supersedes all pragmatic interests, repose in Matisse's bourgeois armchair assumes the character of a religious meditation.

Matisse's essential message appears unobtrusively, near the end of "Notes of a Painter." "Rules," he declares, "have no existence outside of individuals." The painter is bound by no law, either of nature or of art. Matisse's radical individualism serves notice that the mystery of his paintings as extensions of the artist's self will not be dissipated by their creator's comments. Masterpieces of our time are open to the mind only in occasional glimpses. The failure of explication is, however, self-remedying: in time, the desire for clarification is blotted out by the familiarity of the image. Today, "Mme. Matisse" is recognized, and therefore understanding the green stripe has become superfluous. Like those of other centuries, our public secrets are embodied in icons. This does not mean that their meaning has been grasped. Only that the image is taken for granted, and questions are no longer raised about its presence.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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AROUND CITY HALL

REPRISE

DURING last month's hearings of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee on the bill to provide federal aid to New York City, the committee's chairman, Senator William Proxmire, frequently mentioned that, although in their testimony local officials depicted New York as a symbol of the critical national urban condition, no other American city was in such straits that it had had to seek special federal assistance twice in less than three years. At one point, Proxmire observed that in even contemplating the possibility of further help "I am just appalled at my generosity to New York." This remark caused New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan to lean forward and say, "Mr. Chairman, I have to tell you that in 1857, while suppressing the Sepoy Mutiny, a British general was setting about blowing the Sepoys out of the mouths of cannon, and when he was asked whether he didn't think this somewhat excessive, he said, to the contrary, he was astounded at his moderation." Throughout the rest of the hearings, however, Moynihan regularly dwelt on the chairman's fairness and good judgment, to the point of obsequiousness, as befitting the representative of an area reduced to recidivist beggary.

Most of the senators who were on hand listened with evident detachment to the graphically presented details of the painful accommodations this city had made to its new penury. The singularity of its extreme financial troubles has been an awkward problem for New York, and became even more awkward after it developed last year that the city would have to ask for federal help a second time. Under the earlier aid arrangement, which Congress passed in December of 1975, and which provided the city with a series of seasonal federal loans that had to be paid back with interest at the end of each year, local debt service had risen so sharply that only through a program of long-term loan guarantees from Washington could the city hope to restructure its vast accumulated debt and eventually work its way back to financial health. In the months before the new loan-guarantee plan reached Congress, local officials sometimes indulged in hopeful fantasies about fiscal crises' suddenly threatening Santa Barbara, Little Rock, or, best of all, Milwaukee, in Senator Proxmire's home state. Such cities would then find themselves confronting the same hard choices that New York has faced in recent years, and New York's mayor could send their civic leaders open letters of counsel and sympathy (with multiple copies to their congressional representatives) signed "Been There."

The Proxmire committee's hearings on the latest New York rescue began on June 6th, a date that is known to an older generation as D Day and that in the future may be remembered as the day Californians voted by a nearly two-to-one margin for Proposition 13, mandating the reduction of property taxes in their state by fifty-seven per cent. By June 16th, when the members of the United States Conference of Mayors, an alliance of the top officials of five hundred and fifty American cities that have populations of thirty thousand or more, gathered in Atlanta for their annual convention, the delegates from states in which citizens were already moving to pass their own versions of Proposition 13, and which, unlike California, did not have a five-billion-dollar state surplus to ease the pain, could hear from harried-looking California delegates what might be ahead of them: the wage freezes and layoffs, the agonizing decisions as to what services and which workers must go and in what order, the danger of defaulting on existing municipal bonds and of being unable to sell new securities—all indeed places that New York had been.

By the time of the Atlanta meeting, a bill to give this city up to two billion dollars in federal loan guarantees had passed the full House of Representatives by a vote of 247 to 155, and Proxmire's committee, by a vote of twelve to three, had endorsed its own version, providing guarantees of one and a half billion, which later passed, 53 to 27, in the Senate. Until a revised bill resolving the differences between the two houses is finally passed and signed into law, there will be some fear here that instead of engendering a sense of identification the response to Proposition 13 could weaken support in Washington. With Congress's overnight conversion to the philosophy of government austerity (as long as it doesn't interfere with the members' pet projects), some representatives and senators may argue that bailing out New York—as the loan-guarantee plan is routinely described down there, although Washington will make money on it, as it did on the seasonal-loan program—would be seen as an example of the government openhandedness that Americans are rising up against (as long as it doesn't limit the openhandedness toward their pet projects).

There could be renewed charges by some members of Congress that if Washington helps New York, other cities in financial trouble, whose numbers are bound to increase as a result of Proposition 13 and its counterparts, will soon be getting in line for similar federal bailouts. Such lineups are not inevitable, however; for one thing, few local governments will be eager to have their financial priorities dictated by some version of this state's Emergency Financial Control Board, whose powers may well be strengthened under the federal loan-guarantee bill. What was inevitable, the city's parade of witnesses before the Proxmire committee kept stressing, was that if the bill providing the loan guarantees did not pass and Congress simply renewed the seasonal-loan arrangement, the same parade of witnesses would soon be back before the committee. It was conceded by all that the local spokesmen had made a persuasive case; but the show had necessarily been a tedious one. Of the fifteen members of the committee, only nine turned up at all, and Chairman Proxmire pointed out that "only three members attended more than ten per cent of the hearings." Many of the more senior senators, who had sat through the similar sessions that preceded the granting of federal aid in 1975, opted for not subjecting themselves to it again. If the city were forced to return soon, Moynihan suggested helpfully, "even public television might get bored." Pennsylvania Senator John Heinz said, "The last thing I want in the world is to have to go through two or three weeks of New York City hearings every six months or every year," and, although he was originally inclined toward merely a renewal of the short-term loans, he voted for the long-term loan guarantees that city officials had declared would, with reasonable luck, forever spare the senators a similar ordeal in the future—a promise that, Senator Proxmire noted crossly, New Yorkers had made to Congress less than three years earlier.

THOSE newspaper readers, both locals and out-of-towners, who, trying to be responsible citizens during New York's 1975 financial troubles,

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KAUFMAN

• •

earnestly followed the daily accounts of maneuvers by Governor Hugh Carey, the city financial adviser Felix Rohatyn, the municipal-union leader Victor Gotbaum, the employees' pension consultant Jack Bigel, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, and State Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut might understandably conclude from reports of the latest drive for federal help, which featured these same names along with a dozen others familiar from the earlier crisis, that New York is apparently stuck with not only the same old plot but also the identical cast of characters. Despite the rerun quality of much of the current performance, however, a considerable number of the New Yorkers who were centers of power and attention in public life here in late 1975 have since left the political scene. During last month's hearings of the Senate Banking Committee, David Rockefeller, the chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, appeared as a witness for the city, as he did nearly three years ago, but nothing was heard this time from his older brother, Nelson.

By 1975, Nelson Rockefeller was in Washington as Vice-President of the United States, but, as is not now generally remembered, on the issue of rescuing this city he publicly broke ranks with Gerald Ford, the man who had chosen him for the role that, in Rockefeller's words, brought him "closer to it right now than I have ever been"—"it," of course, being his goal of occupying the White House himself. The view that allowing New York to sink into bankruptcy—a policy that most members of the Ford Administration favored in October of 1975 as the only suitable solution for the city's fiscal problems—he called a design for national "catastrophe;" and he noted that all those who considered it such a splendid answer for New York did not live here, as, he might have added, he did. Indeed, Rockefeller's wife and children never actually moved from New York City to Washington even when he was Vice-President, and he had spent as little time as possible in Albany during the nearly fifteen years that he was governor of this state before he resigned in December of 1973 to pursue the Presidency. His announcement on November 3, 1975, that he would not be a candidate for Vice-President on the Ford ticket the following year came just five days after the delivery of what was soon known as the drop-dead-New-York speech—a Presidential message to Rockefeller's home town that the Vice-President had not been consulted about. However, without the hundred and thirty-three New York votes that Rockefeller delivered to Ford at the Republican National Convention—clearly still hoping for a deadlock, the former New York Governor had kept most of his state's delegation uncommitted until very late in the game—Ford's capture of his party's nomination, by a narrow margin, would almost certainly not have been possible. Supporters of Ronald Reagan continue to believe that what they regard as sneaky Nelson's last dirty trick deprived their man and the Republicans of a victory that November.

Unlike Reagan, who is less than three years younger, Rockefeller, who turns seventy this month, has evidently given no thought to getting back into the Presidential race. Senator Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, disagreeing with the Reagan crowd, insisted a few weeks after the 1976 election that the Republicans would almost certainly have won if Ford, instead of selecting Kansas Senator Robert Dole as his running mate, had stayed with his first Vice-Presidential choice. Rockefeller, Scott said, occupied the same place in this country that Winston Churchill had occupied in England. "The British did not realize the value of Churchill until after they lost him," he said. "They then had the good sense to get him back." Rockefeller's response was "At the moment my plans for the future call for a lot of praying. Jimmy Carter and I are both Baptists, and I am praying for him." Before he left Washington, he said, "I never look back," and certainly he has turned away entirely from New York politics. Although in the past he had regularly meddled in the city's elections for mayor—sometimes scheming to pick both the Republican *and* the Democratic nominees, presumably in the interests of having a friendly ally at City Hall during his next try for the Presidency—in the 1977 mayoral campaign he did not bother even to endorse the Republican candidate, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, and thus bears no responsibility for the fact that Goodman got less than four and a half per cent of the vote in a four-man race: by far the worst showing of any Republican nominee for the city's mayor in this century. In March of this

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year, when the former Vice-President announced a plan to bring out a series of books based on his own enormous art collection, he explained to reporters, "My life has always been involved with art." Asked about the politicians with whom he had spent so large a part of his adult life, he said, "I don't talk to them. Don't talk to anybody. Don't see 'em."

Sending word that he had a previous engagement, Rockefeller did not attend last month's Republican State Convention, which was held at the Americana Hotel, about twelve blocks from his Manhattan residence. The chosen nominee for governor was the Minority Leader of the State Assembly, Perry Duryea, a millionaire lobster distributor from Montauk, Long Island. Duryea had been the top Republican in the State Assembly during much of Rockefeller's Albany reign, and in Rockefeller's view had often been insufficiently cooperative, and even hostile. Many of Duryea's admirers remain convinced that in 1973 Rockefeller went to extraordinary, almost Borgian lengths to make sure that someone more friendly than Duryea would be the governor in Albany, and thus the leader of the New York delegation at the Republican Convention in 1976, when Rockefeller, as his timetable then went, would be running one last time for the Presidency. On December 12, 1973, the day after Rockefeller announced his resignation, Duryea was indicted by a Manhattan grand jury for a violation of election laws involving political dirty tricks in the 1972 State Assembly election. The indictment was based on evidence sent to the District Attorney's office by State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, a close Rockefeller ally. Although the indictment was dismissed in January of 1974 on the ground that the law under which it had been brought violated the First Amendment, and this judgment was upheld on appeal, the charges effectively prevented Duryea from entering the gubernatorial race that year.

The rest of Rockefeller's scheme—if that is what it was—did not go so smoothly, however, since his choice for governor, the eminently tame Malcolm Wilson, who, as lieutenant governor, had succeeded him in the Executive Mansion, was overwhelmingly defeated that November by the Democrat Hugh Carey. By that time, Rockefeller's nomination as Vice-President was before Congress. In the period when Ford was making his choice, Mrs. Perry Duryea had released to the press the text of telegrams she had sent to the President and various legislative leaders of both parties urging that Rockefeller was unfit for the post ("or, for that matter, even the office of dogcatcher"), because of the indictment episode, which she called "tantamount to political assassination."

Nothing could have demonstrated more decisively that Rockefeller was really through with New York politics than the fact that this year Duryea was unopposed for the gubernatorial nomination. Late last year, the State Senate Majority Leader, Warren Anderson, of Binghamton, whom Rockefeller had always liked and respected, let it be known that he was seriously considering opposing Duryea. There was immediate speculation that Rockefeller had put Anderson up to this and would be in charge of the fight to thwart Duryea, his old antagonist. Late in May, however, Anderson announced that he would not be a candidate, because he had been unable to raise enough money for the race—a difficulty that would have been resolved with two or three phone calls in the days when the New York Republican party, assuming that its interests coincided with Nelson Rockefeller's, was treated as a Rockefeller-family subsidiary. At last month's Republican State Convention, Anderson mentioned Rockefeller briefly, as did Lefkowitz. Otherwise, there was no public sign that any of those on hand even remembered the hoarse-voiced, winking, high-spirited, and, on occasion, low-dealing figure who had played the central role in the politics of New York Republicans and, to a great extent, that of their Democratic opposition for two decades.

In an ironic development, while the Republicans were meeting in New York City the State Democratic Convention was being held in the convention hall of the ninety-eight-and-a-half-acre Albany mall—a cluster of gleaming white marble state buildings officially known as the Empire State Plaza. Standard Democratic doctrine has been the denunciation of the mall—built during Rockefeller's Albany years at a total cost, including debt service, of close to two billion dollars—as a monstrous example of Rockefeller-era extravagance. In November of 1973, a few weeks before Rockefeller resigned the governorship, he proudly presided over the dedication of his then unfinished monument. "Mean structures breed small vision," he told the crowd at the dedication. The mall, he added, represented values that "lift us above the scurrying ant heap of those absorbed only in survival." It seems likely that if he had chosen to try to stay in the arena he would soon have begun to seem an almost parody figure of the expansive past, hopelessly out of step with the stylish new political mode of cutting down, growing less, making do, thinking small, surviving.

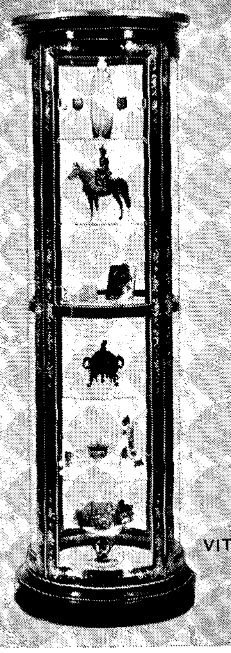
IF the former Vice-President should show signs of being too set up by his alleged resemblance to Churchill, someone could remind him of what New York politics was really like on the road to what he had for so long thought would be the Presidency. A year or so before Rockefeller resigned as governor, for example, Queens Councilman Matthew Troy, who was also the Queens County Democratic chairman—the political boss of that borough—casually told a television interviewer that in return for providing some Democratic votes in the Legislature for bills that would redound to Rockefeller's credit he had been rewarded with six new judgeships for Queens and control over the selection of a surrogate, a district attorney, two assemblymen, and a borough president. For similar services to the Governor, he remarked around the same time, he had been able to arrange for the expansion of the City Council from thirty-seven members to forty-three; a few months later, the grotesque shapes of the newly drawn districts were described as having been "Mattymandered."

The dealing that politicians do lives after them. The Council continues to be oversized and overcostly, considering its meagre accomplishments, and many of the politicians who benefitted from those particular trade-offs with the future Vice-President are still in office or, in some cases, on the bench, where they are in a position to make or break the lives of other New Yorkers. Troy, however, is, like Rockefeller, now out of politics. The Queens councilman rose to power in his party despite what appeared to be a constitutional aversion to the politician's standard, evasive "No comment." Instead, "the fastest quote in East Queens," as he was known, would either make a highly indiscreet smart crack or tell the inquiring reporter what had really happened the night before in some smoke-filled room, even if the room was in the governor's mansion. But in the spring of 1974, Troy, whose titles included that of chairman of the Council Finance Committee, indiscreetly observed that the budget proposed by the new mayor, Abraham Beame, was in no way the unassailably sound document it purported to be. A year later, casting aspersions on Beame's fiscal eptitude was a wildly popular local exercise, but in 1974 Beame, fiercely jealous of his reputation for fiscal expertise, used his political muscle to have Troy removed from the county chairmanship.

Still, the ultimate "fall of Troy," as it was inevitably referred to in local headlines, was the result of his troubles not with politicians but with the law. Having guessed wrong in a number of elections (in the 1973 mayoral primary he supported Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi over Beame), Troy finally made a lucky guess, and early in 1976 was the only important politician in town to come out for Jimmy Carter. Shortly before the state's Presidential primary that year, other Democratic leaders refused to let Carter on the reviewing stand for the St. Patrick's Day Parade, whereupon Troy took the next President of the United States by the arm and paraded with him up Fifth Avenue—a kindness that would presumably be well rewarded later. It turned out to be Troy's last political coup.

By the time of the Democratic Convention here, in July, Troy had pleaded guilty to the charge of filing a fraudulent federal income-tax return. He served fifty-five days (the balance of a three-year sentence had been suspended) and, showing some of his old spirit, sent the Council advisories from his cell on what to do about its current agenda. The following January, he was indicted by the state. The charge was that he had withdrawn many thousands of dollars from law clients' accounts without authorization, the accounts including those of two elderly sisters which had been looted both before and after their deaths. The legal maneuvers on that case are still going on, but Troy has been disbarred. In last September's Democratic primary, he was defeated for renomination to the Council. "Considering everything, I don't know if I would have voted for me, either," Troy commented afterward. From that day on, disdaining lugubrious farewells and references to last hurrahs, he simply stopped coming to City Hall. He now works as the executive director of the Long Island Gasoline Retailers Association.

Even without his political and legal troubles, Troy's days of City Hall limelight would almost certainly have ended



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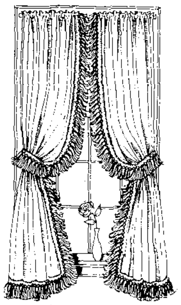

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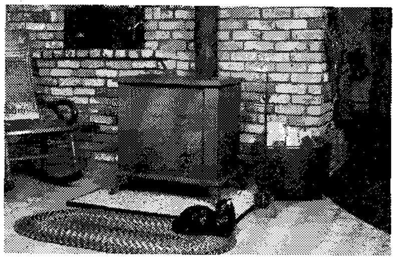

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by now. The burly, noisy, always-on performer was not cut out for graceful adjustment to small-is-beautiful politics. In January of 1975, when Governor Carey—making his first speech to the Legislature and deliberately putting a distance between his term of office and the Rockefeller years (and also weighing in early on the politics of retrenchment)—declared that in New York State "the days of wine and roses are over," Troy's comment was "I'd never have voted for him if I'd known what a tightwad he was." By the middle of that year, when New Yorkers were finally coming to understand the seriousness of the fiscal crisis, Troy's philosophy that local government was something to be clowned around with no longer seemed so funny. (One year, in a fit of pique at Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite, he simply prevented the Council from passing a city budget at all, letting the Board of Estimate version go into effect—a lapse that Cuite still mentions with mortification.) In any event, by the end of 1975 much of the significant direction of local government had moved from City Hall to Washington and Albany, to the offices of the Emergency Financial Control Board, to the boardrooms of local banks, and to the headquarters of municipal unions, whose employee-pension funds were keeping the city in daily cash. By then, the fastest quote in town for many months had been Felix Rohatyn, a major architect of the various rescue strategies that have kept the city going financially, and his remarks were most often no-fun metaphors that tried to convey what it would be like if New York were really allowed to go bankrupt. It would be, he once said, like "someone stepping into a tepid bath and slashing his wrists—you might not feel yourself dying, but that's what would happen."

AFTER Mayor Beame had Troy removed as Queens Democratic boss, the councilman commented, "Let time take its course. When he's seventy, I'll still be only forty-seven." Time has taken its course, and, as a result of circumstances that had nothing to do with age in either case, both Beame and Troy are now out of it. Beame (one of the tame Democrats whose mayoral candidacy had once been encouraged by Rockefeller) did run for reëlection last year, but, having been defeated in the Democratic primary by Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, he now lives quietly in a coöperative apartment on the upper East Side, on a seventy-thousand-dollar-a-year pension due him for services to the city that date back to 1946. Another figure missing at City Hall is former President of the City Council Paul O'Dwyer. It seems unlikely that there will be an occasion in the future when two of the three citywide offices—mayor, president of the City Council, and comptroller—will be held, as they were for four years beginning in January of 1974, by men who were themselves immigrants.

Beame was brought here as an infant, having been born in London, where his parents had stopped off on their way from Poland, and O'Dwyer, who is the younger brother of William O'Dwyer, the city's last Irish mayor, came here at the age of seventeen from County Mayo. The Democratic-primary defeat of Paul O'Dwyer by State Senator Carol Bellamy meant that, for the first time in this century, the Board of Estimate—the quasi-legislative body that is made up of the three citywide officials and the five borough presidents—would no longer have an Irish-American member. Besides Miss Bellamy, who is a Wasp, it consists of six Jewish members and one Italian-American. Of the forty-three present members of the City Council, which at one time could be portrayed in local satire with only faint exaggeration as unrelievedly Irish-American, only five are of Irish heritage. During the Proxmire hearings, when Governor Carey, appearing as a witness for the city, was hailed by Senator Moynihan as "the greatest governor New York has had since Al Smith"—Smith, as it happens, having been the state's only other Irish-American governor—it may have been assumed by some of the senators from other parts of the country who had heard about Tammany Hall that this was just a typical salute between New York Irish pols, but in fact it was a rare occasion, there being so few Irishmen left to salute one another in New York public life.

Among local politicians of all persuasions, none was more distressed by Mayor Beame's decision to run for reëlection last year than Percy Sutton, the Borough President of Manhattan, who was then the only black member of the Board of Estimate and the political star on whom the local black community rested most of its hopes. (It seems safe to say that Sutton, who was born in 1920, is the last son of a man born an American slave who will ever hold office here.) Looking about at the growing number of black mayors of American cities, Sutton had believed that he could be elected the first black mayor of New York, whose Harlem area, which he represented in the State Assembly before he became borough president, considers itself the center of black American life. "The brothers and sisters in Cleveland, Newark, Gary, Detroit, Atlanta, and Los Angeles got their thing together," wrote the editors of Harlem's *Amsterdam News* in the spring of 1977. "Isn't it about time we had a mayor?"

Sutton, a witty, highly intelligent man with a mellifluous voice and a cultivated manner, was well aware that most of the black mayors of other cities could not have been elected without substantial support from white voters, and, although in his service in the Assembly as well as on the Board of Estimate he was a skilled and faithful representative of blacks not only in Manhattan but all over the city, he had also learned to be an eminently reasonable player of trade-off games with what black leaders here, as in most cities, call, when they are being polite about it, the white power structure. In 1973, Sutton supported Beame in his campaign to be the city's first Jewish mayor, and after Beame was unexpectedly forced into a runoff with Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, a Puerto Rican, whose natural constituency, like Sutton's, considers itself shamefully underrepresented in city government, the Manhattan Borough President, as one prominent black leader later described it, "hand-carried Beame across the black community," delivering to him the black vote that might otherwise have gone to Badillo. The understanding, Sutton later indicated, was that Beame, in view of his age, would serve a single four-year term and in 1977 would fulfill his half of the bargain by helping Sutton to realize his goal.

Instead, in May of 1977, although Sutton had entered the race several months earlier, Beame announced his candidacy for reëlection. He came in third in the primary. Sutton came in a poor fifth, after Bella Abzug. (During the race, when Mrs. Abzug was campaigning in Harlem, Sutton supporters shouted "Go back to the plantation, Bella!" to the daughter of a Russian-immigrant butcher from the Bronx.) After the primary, Sutton commented bitterly that by his calculations he and Badillo, the other minority candidate for mayor, who came in sixth, had together won only three per cent of the white vote. The *Amsterdam News* reported that Sutton had got only fifty-three per cent of the votes of blacks, who had apparently done what he had suggested to them the time before—voted for a white candidate. Soon afterward, Sutton announced that he would never again run for elective office. Joining a Manhattan law firm whose most famous partner is Louis Nizer, he is now reported to be getting rich representing multinational clients, particularly those with problems in Africa. Because Sutton had to give up his post as borough president to run for mayor and because the Harlem-based candidate who tried to succeed him was defeated in the primary, the Board of Estimate has no black member for the first time in twenty-four years.

There is now, in fact, no elected black official with any significant power in the city—or, for that matter, in the state. Carl McCall, a black state senator from Manhattan, had announced on the day before the convention that he would declare his candidacy for lieutenant governor at the Democratic State Convention last month, thus threatening to disrupt the tightly orchestrated meeting. In return for withdrawing his name, he received the small reward of being allowed to make a speech to the committeemen complaining of their failure to consider minority candidates. At the even more tightly orchestrated Republican Convention, the subject of minority candidates did not come up at all. A few weeks ago, when serious trouble broke out in the black community in Brooklyn's Crown Heights after a black businessman had been killed, apparently by the police, and a black student had been beaten into a coma, allegedly by Chassidic Jews, there was no leading black political figure to call on to take charge and calm things down. A few days later, when a Brooklyn minister led an angry crowd of black demonstrators across the Brooklyn Bridge to City Hall to confront the Mayor and other members of the Koch administration, the minister warned the Mayor that if something decisive was not done there would be a far more serious crisis ahead. "You will not make it through the summer," he said. The words were familiar, but for the first time in recent memory the reference was not to some disaster involving short-term loans, long-term loans, and the imminent end of the city's fiscal year.

—Andy Logan

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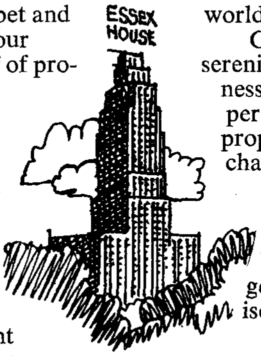

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THE RACE TRACK

Forego Is Back!

FOREGO, Mrs. Martha F. Gerry's perennial Horse of the Year, returned to the races at Belmont Park a couple of weeks ago. With forty-six-year-old Shoemaker in the saddle (he had come from California to ride Forego in his first start of the season), the eight-year-old bay gelding was cheered by the crowd of eighteen thousand in the stands as I have seldom heard a horse cheered—from the time he made his first appearance till long after he had raced Dr. Patches and two others in the Kinley Marck Purse. A speedball son of Dr. Fager, Dr. Patches, who on June 1st had stepped a mile in the track-record time of 1:33⅗, jumped off in front, as was expected, and ran the first quarter in 0:23⅗ and the half mile in 0:46⅗. Shoemaker didn't hurry Forego at the break, and Forego was the Forego of old as he bore down on Dr. Patches in the stretch. He caught him in the final strides and won by a neck. Gabe Benzur was third, seven lengths behind. It was Forego's prep for the Suburban Handicap at Belmont on the Fourth of July. Frank Whiteley, who has trained Forego beautifully through the years but never talks about the workouts of his horses, must have been pleased.

Tommy Trotter, handicapper to the Jockey Club, has announced the weights for the Suburban. Forego will have top weight of a hundred and thirty-two pounds, with Cox's Ridge next at a hundred and thirty. The big fellow has carried top weight successfully many times before, of course, and I am picking him to do it again.

First money of $15,000 in the Kinley Marck brought Forego's earnings to $1,938,957—still slightly short of the $1,977,896 career earnings of Kelso, who has led the winning list for so many years. But the prize money in the Suburban should set things right for Forego. It would make him the leading money-winning thoroughbred in history.

It was a big week for Shoemaker. Six days after his win with Forego, he rode Nelson Bunker Hunt's Exceller to victory in the $350,000 Hollywood Gold Cup. Bringing the big Kentucky-bred bay up on the rails in the stretch, he beat Text and the favorite, Vigors, and four other runners. It was the seventh time Shoemaker had won the main event of the year at the Track of the Lakes and Flowers.

SO many fillies and mares were entered for the $50,000 New York Handicap at a mile and a sixteenth over the turf course at Belmont Park the weekend before last that it was split and run in two divisions. Reginald Webster's Pearl Necklace won the first one by three lengths over Waya, with Dottie's Doll third. The second was marred by a tragic mishap. The art dealer Daniel Wildenstein's Flying Water, one of the leading runners of her age in France, making a burst of tremendous speed to gain the lead, crashed into the rails at the stretch turn and injured a shoulder so badly that she had to be destroyed. The veterinarians said it was one of the worst breaks they had ever seen. Cruguet, who rode her, escaped with a shaking up. For the record, Late Bloomer won the second division, with Island Kiss second and Fia third.

SOMEONE famous for his sayings about horses and men (it was probably John E. Madden) once said that a horse will always run back to his best form—if you wait long enough. (My favorite of Madden's comments was about a leading owner: "He knows as much about a horse as a horse knows about him.") When C. V. Whitney's Banquet Table won at Belmont one afternoon recently, it was the first time that he had won a race since the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga in 1976. Despite his long absence from the winner's circle, he had trained well for Elliott Burch and was seen by the bettors as something of a sure thing, for he paid only a $4.40 mutuel. Incidentally, he was ridden by Steve Cauthen, who seems to be a nemesis for Jorge Velasquez these days. As you know, it was Velasquez and Alydar who finished second to Cauthen and Affirmed in the recent races for the Triple Crown, and in the contest that Banquet Table won last week Velasquez, on Golden Reserve, found himself playing second fiddle once again. —AUDAX MINOR

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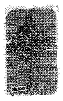

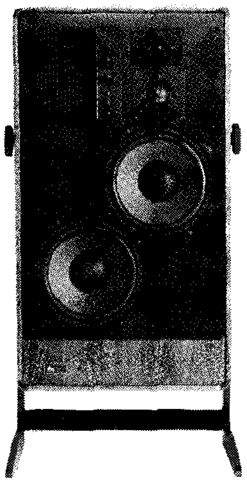

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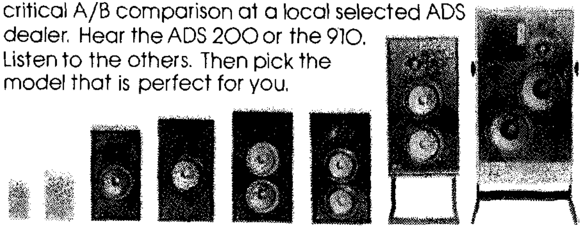

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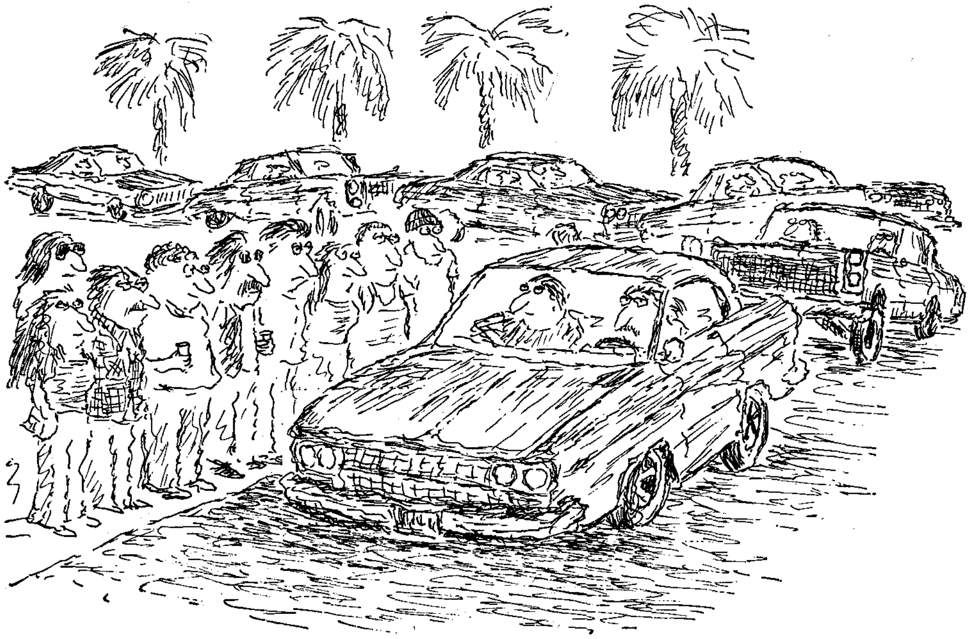
LOW AND SLOW, MEAN AND CLEAN

IN California, it is common for a young Mexican-American to lower his car to within a few inches of the ground, make it as beautiful as he knows how both inside and out, and drive it down the street very, very slowly. The custom is called lowriding. The car a lowrider drives—almost always a sedan produced by the General Motors Corporation—is also called a lowrider, or a ride. If it has been altered with conspicuous success—a multicolored lacquer paint job, say, and metal-spoke wheels, and skimpy tires that seem to belong on a Datsun rather than a 1967 Chevrolet Impala, and a welded-chain steering wheel no bigger around than a 45-r.p.m. record—it is called a clean ride, or a bad ride. "Low and slow," lowriders sometimes say. "Mean and clean." A car can be lowered by cutting some of the coils from the springs or simply by melting the springs with a blowtorch. In the past several years, more and more lowriders have installed hydraulic lifts—the sort of hydraulic lifts used to raise and lower the tailgates of trucks—so that a car that seems to be only two or three inches off the ground can be raised to eight or ten inches in order to go over a bump or past a policeman. (Some policemen enforce the California law against having any part of a car's chassis below the lowest point of the wheel rim; a few policemen even apply the law against driving a car in "unsafe condition" to cars that have tiny steering wheels or small tires or, for that matter, hydraulic lifts that can raise a car as it goes past a policeman.) Cars that are lifted, or "juiced," with hydraulics ordinarily have separate systems for the front and back—each run off two or three huge batteries—so that a lowrider can make the front of his car rear up like a horse. When lowriders are travelling in a caravan—which is the way a lot of lowriders prefer to travel—they can move the fronts and backs of their cars up and down in a motion reminiscent of a huge dragon in a Chinese parade. At night, they can switch off their headlights and suddenly drop the fronts of their cars completely to the pavement—screeching along on a "scrape plate" that has been welded to the frame, and throwing off sparks to either side. By carefully timing the jolts of electricity to his front-end hydraulics, a lowrider can actually bounce the front wheels of his car completely off the ground, so that it moves down the street slowly—very, very slowly—like a great hopping rabbit. Not a Volkswagen Rabbit; a rabbit.



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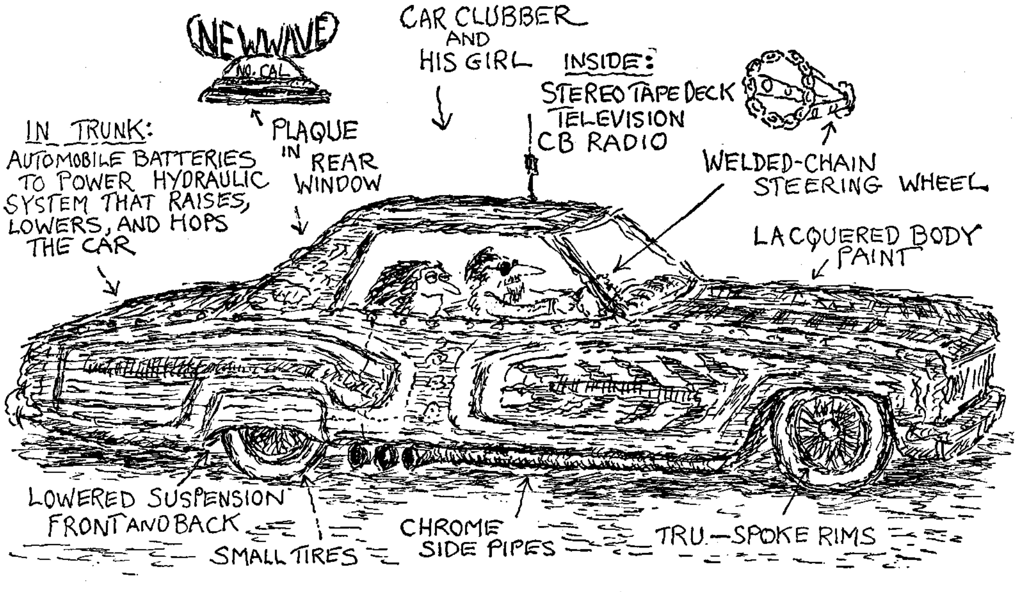


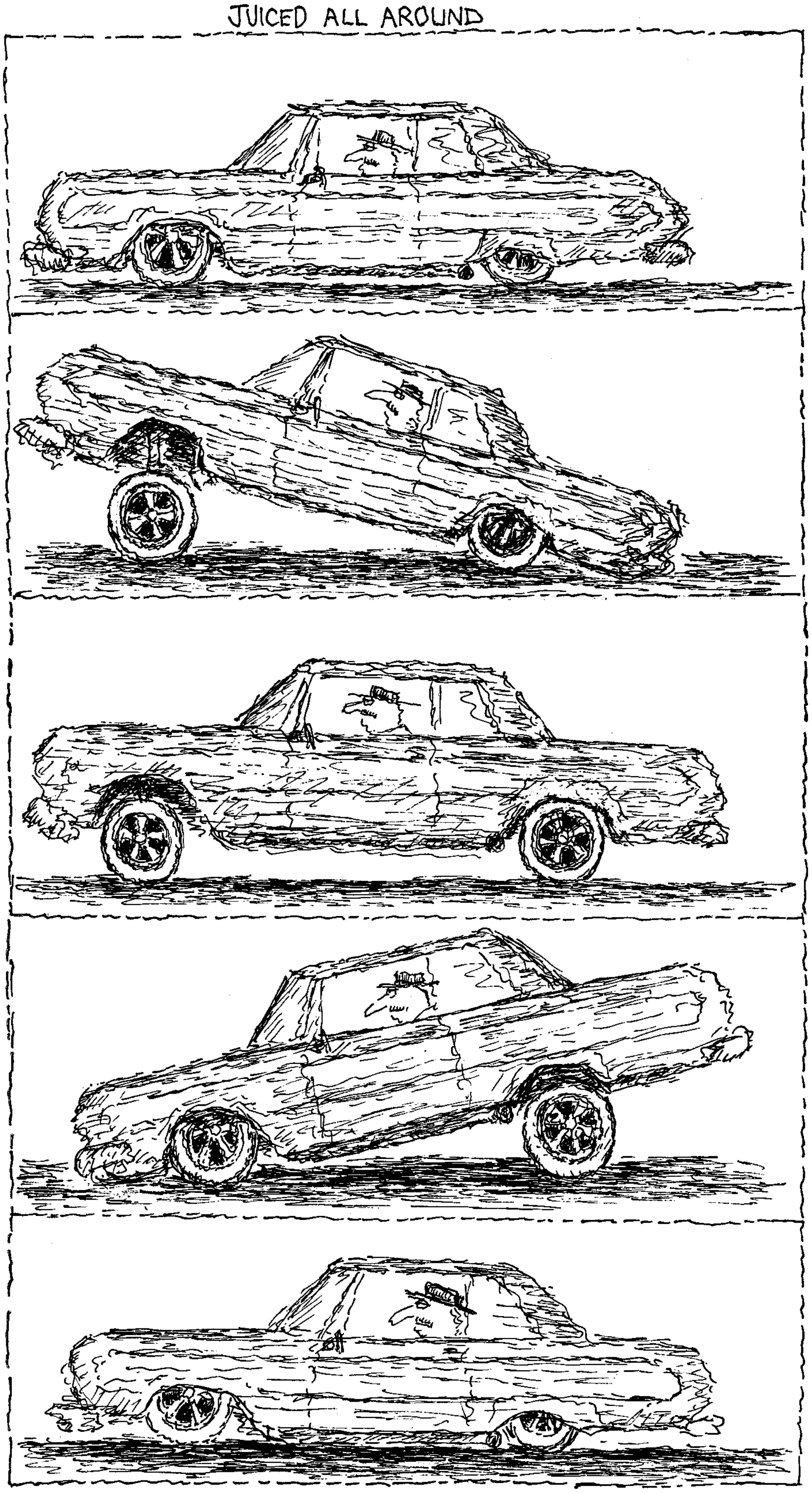
A CAR CLUBBER IN A BAD RIDE

Lowriders like to cruise. On weekend nights, a section of Whittier Boulevard that runs through the sprawling Mexican section of Los Angeles—East L.A.—is so jammed with lowriders that they drive slowly as a matter of necessity as well as style. In San Jose—which has a few dozen lowrider car clubs and a magazine called *Low Rider* and a reputation as the Lowrider Capital of Northern California—the gathering place has been the intersection of Story and King. Three shopping centers built on land that was pastureland not long ago have produced there what a deputy chief of police estimates to be "around a hundred acres of parking lot." Last year, so many lowriders began spending their Saturday nights around Story and King that the local merchants—

the California shopping-center sort of local merchants, like the manager of the Shakey's Pizza Parlor and the man who ran the Jack in the Box outlet and the proprietor of the Winchell's Donut House franchise—demanded that the city do something about the crowds and the litter and the occasional rowdiness.

Lowriders still gather on Saturday nights, though, at the parking lot of one shopping center—in front of the Disco East, which has reason to be hospitable, having directed its business toward lowriders so completely that the prize given to the hottest disco dancers on a Saturday night is likely to be something like a set of wire wheels. The parking lot is still dotted with large trash barrels that were installed some time ago in an effort by the car clubs at self-policing; one of the barrels, painted gold and blue, bears the club logo of the Sophisticated Ladies. On the horizon, where one freeway passes under another, three massive bridges to nowhere—a freeway interchange that was abandoned when the freeway money gave out—loom against the sky like architectural remnants left by a race of giants. Some lowriders sit in their cars listening to tapes at full volume on stereo tape decks. Some stand outside their cars, in the cacophony of clashing disco songs, talking and drinking and flirting and watching cars go by. Some of them circle the parking lot in their bad rides—very, very slowly.

IN the forties, the sort of tough teen-agers who belonged to neighborhood gangs in East L.A. were called pachucos—identified by their zoot suits and their long key chains and their inclination to do violence to anyone who found himself in the wrong neighborhood. Pachucos used to lower their cars, sometimes by simply tossing bags of cement into the trunks. Tough teen-agers in East L.A. still belong to neighborhood gangs—often the same gangs their fathers or even grandfathers belonged to—and they still lower their cars. In East L.A., gang members are now called cholos rather than pachucos. Their customary outfit now consists of stiffly starched khakis or dungarees, a white T-shirt, a plaid Pendleton shirt worn as a jacket, and a watch cap or a small-brimmed pork-pie or a headband. They refer to themselves as *vatos locos*, or crazy guys, and to their life as *la vida loca*. Someone who leads *la vida loca* sees himself as defiant and fatalistic and willing to face the most horrifying dangers—dangers from police or other gangs or hard drugs or prison—without flinching. The cholo style of dress is derived largely from prison clothing. A cholo who has been in prison may wear, in addition to elaborate tattoos on his arms, a single teardrop tattoo on his cheek as a sort of battle stripe. Cholos are known for their ferocity. Gangs normally account for at least seventy murders in Los Angeles a year—and it is said that a true *vato loco* shows his pride and defiance by walking rather than running from the death scene. Some cholos drive their lowered cars sitting low in the seat—grim-faced, both hands on the tiny steering wheel, hat pulled low over the eyes. Esteban Veloz, a former gang member who has remained close to cholos while working in an East L.A. mental-health center, remembers his gang meetings' ending ritualistically with the *vatos* climbing into their lowriders and forming a caravan that slowly patrolled the



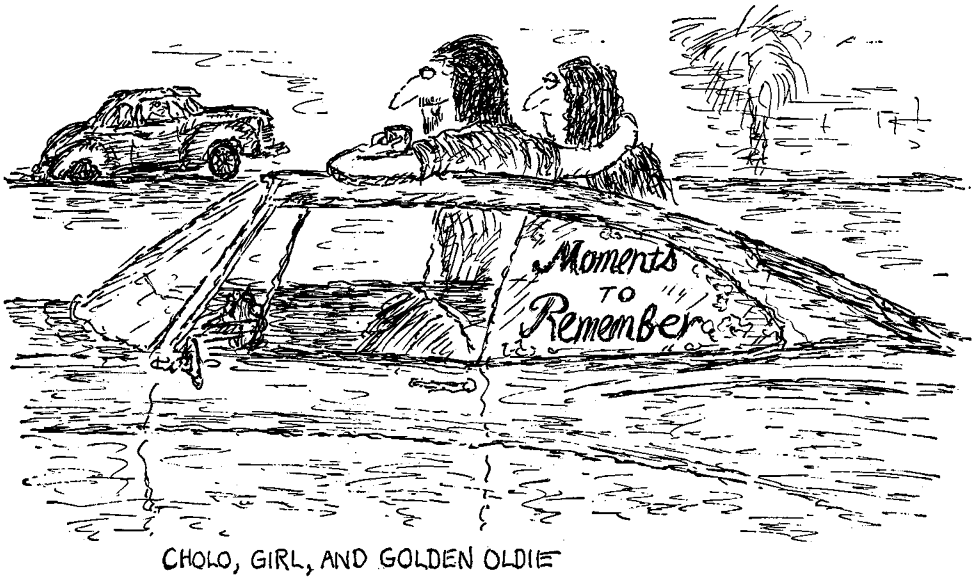
boundaries of the neighborhood—like a male wolf marking off his territory.

Cholos ordinarily don't go in for fancy lacquer paint jobs or crushed-velvet interiors or even hydraulic lifts. They may simply cut the springs of an old Chevy, install a tape deck with rear-window speakers, and maybe write the name of a song—a golden oldie; cholos love golden oldies—on the back-seat quarter window. In East L.A., particularly fancy rides are associated with car clubbers rather than with cholos. Car clubs started emerging in Los Angeles in the fifties, encouraged by community workers looking for a socially acceptable outlet for teen-agers who would otherwise be in gangs. Car clubs are not territorial. Their members do not lead *la vida loca.* The sort of violence that car clubbers may become involved in late at night, after a lot to drink or in the middle of an argument about a girl, tends to be limited to what they refer to as "throwing blows." At first glance, a caravan of car clubbers may appear ominous; it hops and scrapes and rears slowly down the street, with every car displaying in its rear window the club plaque, done in freestanding brass letters. But cholos in East L.A. tend to think of car clubbers as just short of sissies—people who have stolen the lowriding style from the *vatos locos* and then gussied it up, using money they may even have got from their parents. "Let me tell you, they're a hundred per cent different from us," a *vato* from the East L.A. barrio that is known as Big Hazard said recently. "They were never raised like us, to suffer like us. They might have a beef, all they do is maybe beat on each other's cars. They ain't been through what we've been through."

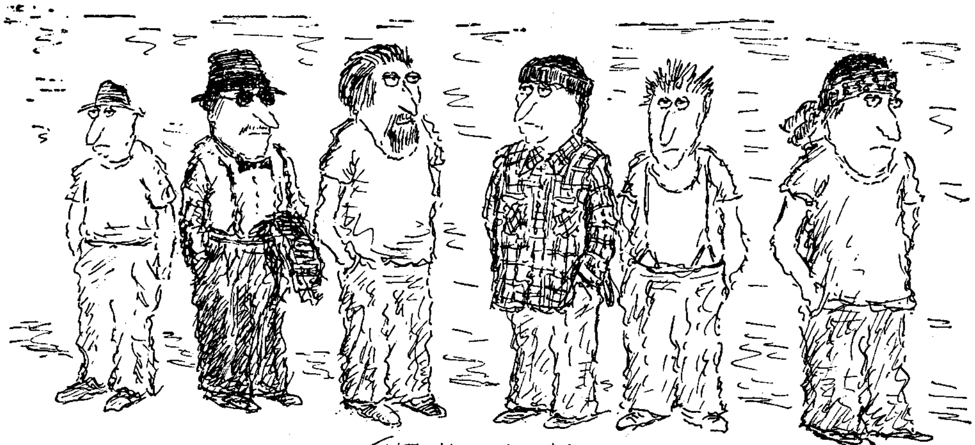
Los Angeles's entrenched gang system is unique. In other California cities, lowriding has emerged in the last few years as a style that has lost some of the careful distinctions still made in East L.A. In San Jose, there are car clubs that seem intent on respectability—holding family picnics, raising money to combat muscular dystrophy, taking the mayor lowriding to demonstrate that lowriders are not such bad folks after all—and there are lowriders in cholo outfits whose crazy life may not extend past leaving broken wine bottles in the parking lot or throwing a few blows or maybe acquiring their hydraulic lifts from what American teen-agers have sometimes referred to as Midnight Auto Supply. ("The hottest item for thieves these days is not your television set or even your CB radio," the San Jose *Mercury* reported last fall. "It's your hydraulic unit that raises and lowers lift gates on two and two-and-a-half ton trucks. Chief Charles Seymour says fifty have been taken in Santa Clara alone since the middle of the year.")

Low Rider, published in San Jose, runs color pictures of multicolored show cars and the carefully preserved early-fifties Chevies of resolutely respectable car clubs, but it takes its style and language from the cholos. A lot of space is devoted to news of the prisons. A lot of articles and letters are written in *caló*, a cholo slang that combines Spanish and English, or in Chicano rhetoric left over from the movement of the late sixties, when the cholos became a sort of urban shock force for La Raza. "There are about 60 of us *vatos* here, *todos de Califas*, all doing different sentences," a typical letter, signed Arturo Jurado, "El Artie Boy," West Los, says. "Ricardo de Fresno, Champ de 'Hazard Grande,' E.L.A., Mr. Loco de Merced, Henry de Salas, Pete de Covina, Robert de Santa Bruta, Super-Fly de Fresno, Ernie de East Los, we all crowded into one cell just so we could look at your magazine." In *Low Rider*, "cholo" and "Chicano" and "lowrider" and "homeboy"—a cholo slang word that means, more or less, a pal from the neighborhood—are used almost interchangeably.

"They ought to call it *Cholo Magazine*," a member of the Imperials, an especially well-established Los Angeles car club, said recently. "It puts us down—like we're all cholos." Although the Imperials complain occasionally that some car clubbers are "nothing but cholos on wheels," they think of car clubbers in general—and themselves in particular—as having high standards and clean rides. Imperials tend to own show cars, with names like Technical Ecstasy and Gypsy Rose and Class on Wheels. They do

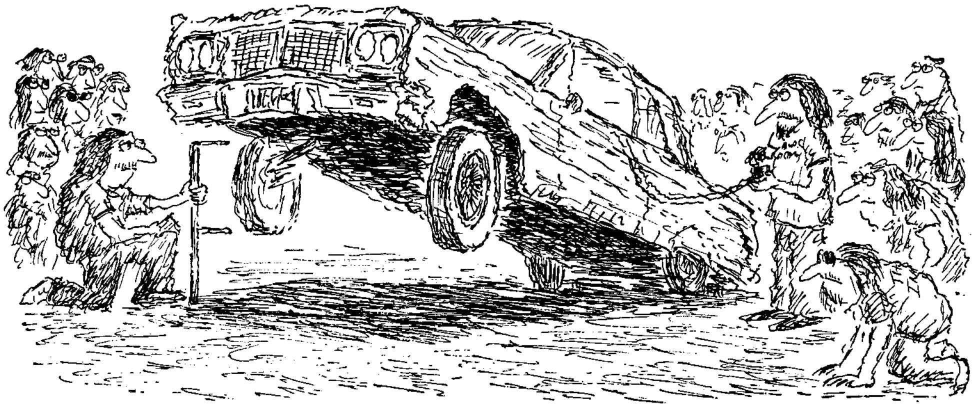


CHOLO, GIRL, AND GOLDEN OLDIE



THE CHOLO LOOK

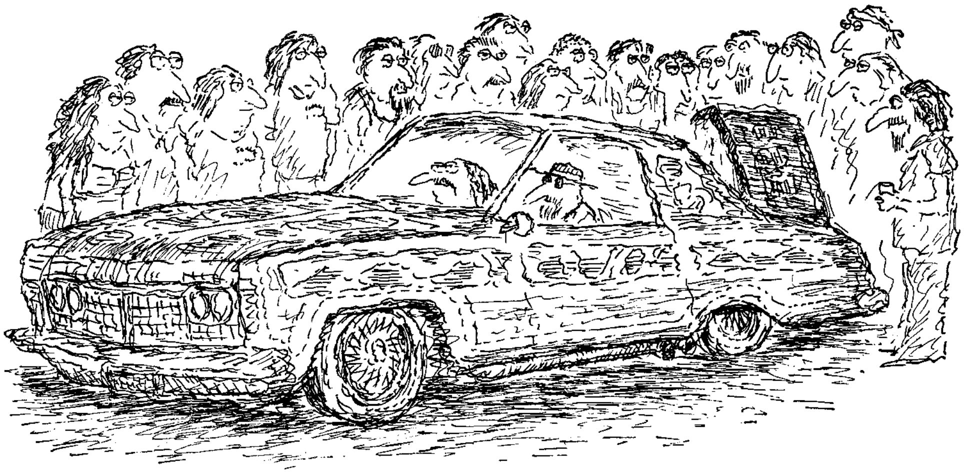
not speak *caló*. Their hair is styled instead of worn in the modified prison cut favored by East L.A. cholos. They play disco music instead of oldies. They talk a lot about style and class and being cool. When an Imperial cruises Whittier Boulevard, he is likely to have a girl with him rather than a carload of homeboys looking for trouble. ("A cholo in his lowrider wants to instill fear," Esteban Veloz says. "A car clubber wants to show his class.") In fact, the Imperials tend to avoid Whittier Boulevard on particularly crowded summer nights. There is too much danger of someone's scratching the paint job.



A CAR-HOPPING CONTEST

NOBODY knows precisely what inspired the original lowriders to lower their cars. A Chicano anthropologist at U.C.L.A. interprets it as "an adaptive response" to the mainstream California culture's obsession with automobiles. Lowriders do happen to alter a car in a way that makes it almost the precise opposite of a style long favored by Anglo car customizers—the California rake, which has a jacked-up rear instead of a lowered one, outlandishly wide tires instead of tires that seem much too small for the car, and a souped-up motor instead of a motor that has been virtually ignored. "Why are your cars low?" a member of Chicano's Pride, a San Jose car club, was asked recently. "Whose cars are high?" he answered. Since the period of Chicano solidarity in the late sixties, it is possible to interpret practically any act of a young Mexican-American as an act of defiance. It may be that cholos lower their cars precisely because it draws the attention of the police. It may be—as California Anglos who are particularly interested in cars would assume—that Chicano car clubbers alter their cars in whichever way would be most offensive to Anglo tastes. If so, the car clubbers don't seem to be aware of it. Asked why they favor tiny steering wheels or chrome side pipes or lacquer paint jobs, they are likely to say something like "Oh, it has a clean look."

Lowriders may have once been slow because they were low, the absence of springs in a car not being conducive to a comfortable ride at high speeds. These days, lowriders with hydraulics can travel at normal speeds on the freeway or the Interstate. Going slow has to do with being observed—a cholo being seen as ominous, perhaps, or a car clubber being seen as suave. "You got pride. You got a nice ride," a member of Chicano's Pride car club said recently. "You show off. They check it out. They say, 'That's the way. Look at that. That's sharp to the bone. That dude's got a bad ride.'" There are people in California who believe that lowrider cruising can be traced to the *paseo*—the custom in small Mexican towns of the young men and young women strolling in the evening in opposite directions around the plaza. The theory requires a belief that the *paseo* was also observed in Iowa farm towns and in the dusty settlements of Oklahoma and wherever else Anglo Californians come from, since Anglo cruising is as prevalent as lowrider cruising. The one place in San Jose more crowded on a Saturday night than the intersection of Story and King is a rectangle of streets in an otherwise deserted downtown, where Anglo teen-agers in jacked-up Corvettes and super-graphic vans and Pontiac Trans Ams with Super-Wide 60s drive round and round and round, until the jam becomes so thick that the San Jose police have to shut off the streets.



MIDNIGHTERS DE EAST BAY BEING IMPRESSED

IN the past few years, lowrider car clubs have begun to sponsor "lowrider happenings"—car shows at which trophies are awarded for the best interior and the finest paint job and the highest hop off the ground. In a contest, hopping is done at a dead stop. In order to lighten the front-end load, the driver sometimes stands outside the car, impassively flicking the hydraulic switches at the end of a cable, while the judges, armed with yardsticks, scamper around under the front wheels. A 1964 Chevrolet Impala is considered the best hopper. The world hopping record is two feet off the ground.

Members of a car club ordinarily drive to a happening in caravan—each car glistening from a new wax job, each car displaying in its rear window the plaque of, say, the First Impressions or New Style or First Illusions or Brown Sensations. The interior of a lowrider show car—the seats and the insides of the doors and the ceiling and even the dashboard—is likely to be upholstered in crushed velvet. The inside of the trunk is sometimes covered with crushed velvet—crushed velvet enclosing the

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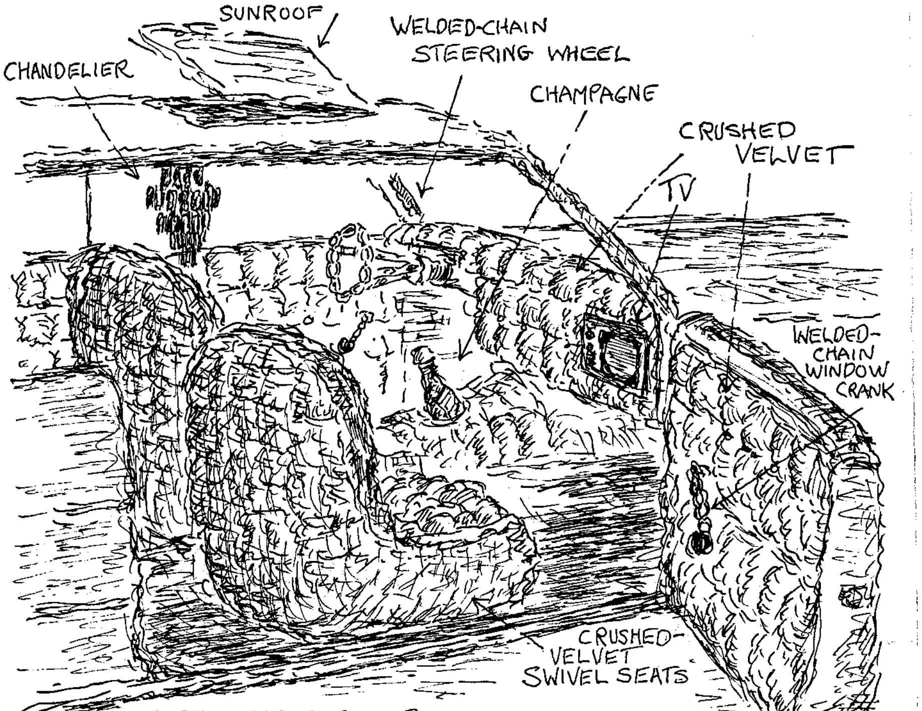
spare tire and framing the mirror that reflects a trunk display of a polished chrome jack or perhaps a single rose. At the Fresno Lowrider Happening #2, sponsored by Thee Individuals at the Fresno fairgrounds recently, at least one car had crushed velvet lining the hood. Another contender had—in addition to a gold crushed-velvet interior that included a swivel seat for the driver and two recessed bottleholders containing champagne—a printed sign on the front seat that said "Starlight, starbright. Look up inside. Look at my chandelier light." Anyone who looked up did indeed see—in the middle of the ceiling, where some cars have a light to switch on for reading a map—a cut-glass chandelier. It was not the only chandelier at the show.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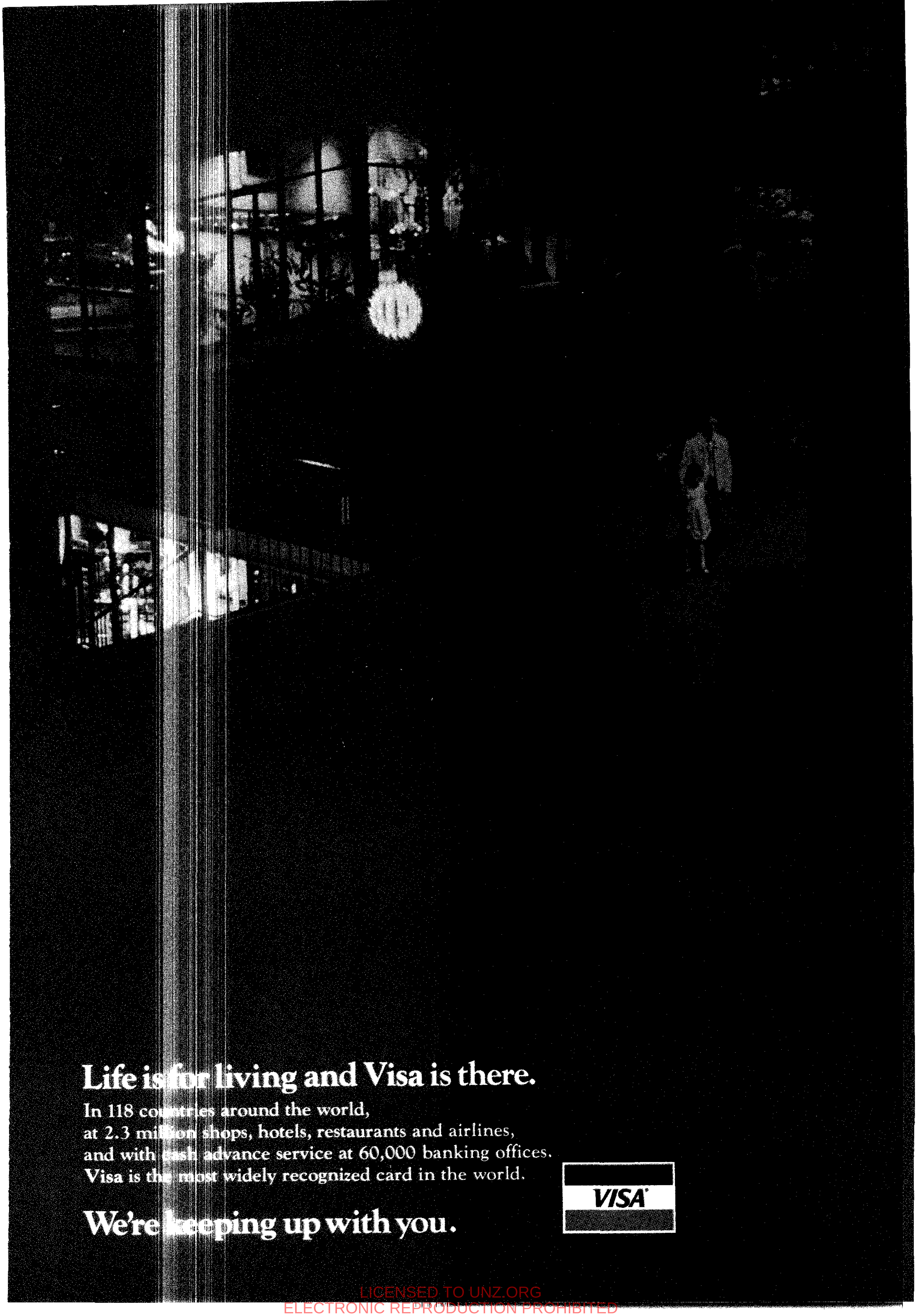
A SHOW-CAR INTERIOR

At a lowrider happening, a lot of people stroll around inspecting the cars, and a large crowd always gathers for the hopping contest. The activity always spills over to adjoining streets and parking lots. In front of the fairgrounds in Fresno, a steady line of cars moved down the street, undulating and hopping and scraping. The curb was lined with spectators. Some of them were dressed as cholos. A lot of them were wearing car-club T-shirts, some of which were monogrammed with the owner's name and car—"Tony, '72 Monte Carlo" or "Raul, '67 Impala." In one of the parking lots, a dozen or so members of the Midnighters de East Bay stood shining their cars and drinking beer. They were approached slowly by a 1972 Malibu Classic with a paint job that could turn heads even at a lowrider happening—a hand-painted lacquer finish in ten or twelve colors, with a sort of celestial scene on the roof. A plaque in the rear window identified the Malibu Classic as belonging to a member of Lowriders Unlimited. The Malibu Classic stopped next to the Midnighters de East Bay, who gathered around to inspect its interior—blue and gold crushed velvet, with a television set built into the dashboard. The driver and his passenger stared straight ahead, with blank expressions. The front of the car began to move up and down, then the rear. "Lifted all around," one of the Midnighters de East Bay said. Then the driver reached over to another switch that was almost buried in the velvet of the door—reaching casually, like a rich lady reaching for the switch to raise the window of her Cadillac. The trunk of the Malibu Classic—hinged on the side instead of below the rear window—began to open slowly, revealing a Tru-Spoke wire-wheel spare tire, and crushed velvet covering even the hydraulic lifts and their extra batteries. The trunk slowly opened and closed several times. The Midnighters de East Bay looked impressed. The front of the car moved up and down a few more times, then the back. Then the front took a few hops off the ground. Then the driver, still without having changed expression or uttered a word, lifted both ends of his car to their full heights and drove away, at about five miles an hour.

—CALVIN TRILLIN
AND EDWARD KOREN



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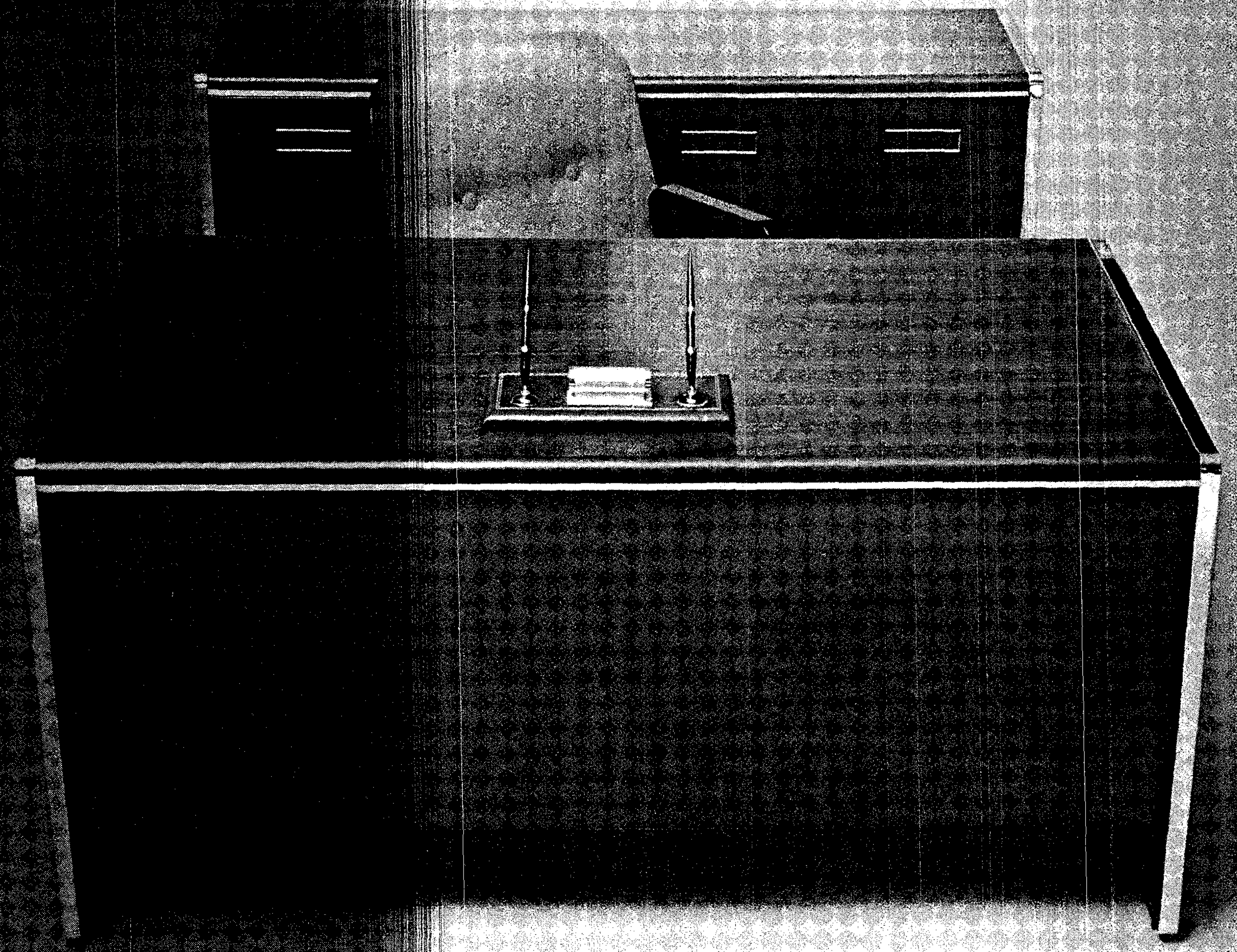

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 28

THE Government squeaked through the vote of confidence it asked for in Parliament the other day, but only by the help of the alliance with the Liberals that has kept it vertical for the last fifteen months. Now this is about to end, so a general election in October looks likely. Very many people appear to have found the fifteen months of government without a well-muscled majority to push through much violently controversial legislation a nice rest, which they would not mind prolonging. So far, everybody's summer apathy—maybe drugged by the stupefying doses of World Cup reporting that both television authorities have been pouring, regardless, down the public throat these evenings—has not been disturbed by talk of a warmer and even a bitterly partisan match this autumn. One thing which seems clear already is that it will turn far more than usual upon the personalities of the two big party leaders. Jim Callaghan is liked even by people who would not vote for him. He has managed to put himself over, without any effort at all, as a relaxed, highly experienced operator, under whose guidance the nation has perhaps been getting slowly out of the woods. Curiously enough, the ordinary British, including some of her supporters, seem to regard Margaret Thatcher in the same cool way that they regarded Edward Heath, the man she supplanted. When her extremely clear, deliberate voice rings out belligerently in the new live broadcasts of Question Time in the House of Commons (after these started, there was much scandalized criticism of the jolly soccer-crowd babble that listeners often heard when they switched on to the legislators settling the nation's affairs at Westminster), she apparently reminds many people of the schoolmaster image they used to have of Heath. There is no doubt that she is immensely admired by many for her excellent brains and her shrewd instinct for putting her finger on the spots that have long been troubling a large section of the Conservative Party faithful—the control of immigration, for example. These voters think that there is great nostalgic yearning in the country for tougher policies: for a return to the old-fashioned virtues of hard work and profit, the citizen's right to run his own life, the highly controversial deterrent of the death penalty (at least for terrorist killings), and not sparing the rod on the delinquent child. Well there may be, but alarmed members of the moderate center of the Party are uneasy about Mrs. Thatcher and very critical of her choice of advisers, who are radically far to the right. Her constant hammering at the Callaghan Government over the decline of the armed forces to the point of no return is probably approved by people in all parties, though. Britain's dwindled influence in the world is still the painful spot that Mrs. Thatcher's stringent style touches. The shock of the horrible Umtali massacre has increased the acute anxiety and, above all, the sense of raging helplessness that people feel about Rhodesia. All these extremely emotional issues will make the election, whenever it comes, an ideological battle royal that could drastically alter the look of the Conservative Party.

THE strangest, most fascinating theatrical hit in London has just moved up west, to the Comedy Theatre, for a short regular season, from its hugely successful three-evenings-a-week stay at the Mermaid, down on Puddle Dock, by the Thames. Alec McCowen's solo recitative, spoken from memory, of the entire Gospel of St. Mark (the King James Version, praise heaven) was such a sellout there that on the evening this correspondent saw it the people who could not get in were accommodated in the foyer, to watch on closed-circuit television. The performance lasts two hours and a quarter, with an intermission—a gruelling marathon for the artist's voice and technique. Mr. McCowen, wearing a striped summer jacket, gray flannel bags, and suède shoes, comes quietly onto a stage empty except for a table and a couple of chairs, and chats amiably for a few minutes about himself and his author. His pious parents had hoped that he would go into the Church, he tells us, and when he said that he intended to be an actor they offered up family prayers for his spiritual safety. He bids us note Mark's punctilious exactness in describing where everything happened. The writer of the sparest and most businesslike of the Gospels probably set down his arrangement of events from the eyewitness account given him, with plenty of local color, by Peter, a close family friend and a visitor in his Christian home, to whom he sometimes acted as interpreter, because the older man's Greek was poor. But there is also the tradition that Mark was the anonymous young man wearing a linen cloth cast about him who is abruptly mentioned for no good reason in the Gospel as having been there when Jesus was arrested, and who escaped arrest himself by leaving the linen cloth in his would-be captors' hands and fleeing naked from them and from us. Since people rarely read the narrative straight through, Alec McCowen's feat is to give it perspective, framing it like a full-length portrait seen through the triple archways of Mark's mind, as it presents what Peter had told him, and the actor's own acute intelligence, which gives calm distance and astonishing new lights and shades to the picture. He phrases it, though, like music: a patterning of words that one has known forever so that they sound as fresh as though they were being spoken for the first time; a reflective pause before he crosses quickly to the other side of the stage and starts a movement in a changed key. The miracles are recounted with the

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awed wonder and excitement of someone who has been there and is now trying to tell his friends of the marvellous events. The disciples emerge with vivid, humorous life, as a bunch of muddled, squabbling, intriguing individuals, and so does Jesus's exasperation with their hopeless obtuseness. Mr. McCowen extracts an amazing amount of laughter from tiny characterizations in the margins of the text, such as the self-satisfaction of the man who had great possessions and had kept God's laws from his youth up, and a swift, hilarious miming of Herod's captivation by Salome's dancing. But when the great tragic events are narrated they are given absolutely simply, for they need no dramatic embellishment. After his final, almost whispered "Amen," he goes rapidly off the stage, and slips back only for a minute to acknowledge the thunderous applause. It is a moving, unforgettable evening, and its tremendous popular success, considering the constant lament of the older generation about the largely godless Britain of today, is interesting.

Sotheby's selling last week of the art collections of the late Robert von Hirsch has started up new discussions of ever-rocketing art prices and London's seemingly unbeatable place as the top art market of the world. Von Hirsch was a rich German-Jewish industrialist and a fervent collector of beautiful things who had the political foresight and the luck to be allowed to take himself and his treasures to live in Switzerland when the Nazis came to power. The auction was loudly drummed up in advance as the sale of the century—a description used last spring when Sotheby's sold the contents of the Rosebery mansion, Mentmore Towers, so that the current little joke is that by the firm's calendar we are already in the two-thousands. Some of the new records set—and, indeed, the whole atmosphere in which the sales took place—were dizzying. Ticket holders were packed as tight as multilingual sardines on highly uncomfortable gilt ballroom chairs that grew harder as the minutes and the millions ticked on. Mr. Peter Wilson, Sotheby's chairman, whose mild countenance conceals the most hawklike eye in the business, sat aloft on the rostrum against a superb Spanish carpet from the von Hirsch home which was displayed on the wall—a complicated low-tone calligraphy that began to seem to us mere spectators, addled by all the money floating about the room, to resemble small, blurred currency signs. Over Mr. Wilson's rapidly turning head was a huge board that flashed the bids in sterling, translated simultaneously into dollars, francs, lire, yen, and marks, and often it had a job to keep up with him. The crowded room had an excitement not of an auction but of a bourse, seeming to be less concerned with the beautiful strokes that artists had set down on squares of canvas or created in a variety of splendid shapes and substances, or even with one man's aesthetic passion that had brought all these things together, than it was with vast investments, or perhaps with a shrewd gamble that might one day pay off. The wonderful Sienese Madonna of Giovanni di Paolo, with her athletically precocious Christ child leaping on her knee, and her feet in a stiff, flowery meadow, sat glowing on her easel, quizzed by the cameras, while the attention of the room was fixed on the blinking lights that finally came to rest, as predicted, at half a million pounds. Next day, of course, when the medieval works of art were sold, they twice went over the million-pound mark. The breaking up of the fabulous von Hirsch collection seemed the end of an era when such distillations of well-advised patronage, wealth, and taste were still possible.

The British Museum has had its face washed for the first time in the hundred and fifty-odd years since it was built. The cleaning took six weeks, during which the crowds of visitors perching in the forecourt to eat a snack and rest their feet a bit watched with critical interest as Sir Robert Smirke's majestic neo-Grecian facade emerged piecemeal in its original pallor. Only the great pillared front has been treated, the money having presumably not stretched to the wings, which remain grubby. The result is startling, though not admired by all. On the whole, Londoners like their famous buildings to stay the way they are, with the wear and tear of history visible upon them. Those who are against the Bloomsbury transfiguration lament the disappearance of the dramatic jet-black crust that fogs and soft coal and traffic fumes had deposited through the years on the wheaten Portland stone. The museum appears younger, they admit, but they preferred it dirty, dignified, and looking every splendid inch its age.

The museum's engrossing summer art draw is a big exhibition of lithographs by nineteenth-century French artists, "From Manet to Toulouse-Lautrec," which will continue until October. It is a celebration of a dedicated working life that belonged to the British Museum and went on affectionately working for it after death. Nearly all the items, never before exhibited, were either presented or bequeathed to the Prints and Drawings department by its Keeper from 1912 to 1932—Campbell Dodgson, of whom the general public knew nothing. Rich enough to buy avidly, he left to the museum at his death, in 1948, his superb collection of well over five thousand prints, mostly French and English, which he had begun during his Keepership, careful never to duplicate the museum's possessions but ever mindful of eventually stiffening up the weak spots in its great holdings. He admired and patronized the Impressionists, for instance, at a time when English critical taste was still unappreciative. He was a shy, old-fashioned man, who always wore stiff collars and who enjoyed, up to an advanced age, morning dips in the Serpentine, wearing a modest bathing costume and keeping his steel-rimmed spectacles firmly astride his nose. He burst into eloquence only among artist and dealer friends in Paris and Munich, as though a foreign language were a delightful fancy dress in which Mr. Dodgson of the British Museum could happily disguise himself. This selection from the riches he left to the nation represents the fashionable cream of the great names. Among the marvellous lithographs of Manet, an enthusiastic early experimenter in the revival of the medium, which briefly became a popular craze at the end of the nineteenth century, are his little-known illustrations to Poe's "The Raven"—scarily uncanny black-and-white evocations, very Japanese, of the most baleful of bird squatters taking possession of the poet's study and soul. The group of fifty-five Toulouse-Lautrecs includes his meticulous reportage, in a series called "Elles," of the humdrum daily doings of the inmates of Parisian brothels. Less dazzling but giving greater pleasure are the street scenes and ravishing domestic interiors of Bonnard and Vuillard—the tall, bone-colored houses, the silhouettes of fiacres and crowds hurrying along wet boulevards, and the lamplight on rich patterns of wallpaper, carpet, and women's blouses that seem all Paris at a glance. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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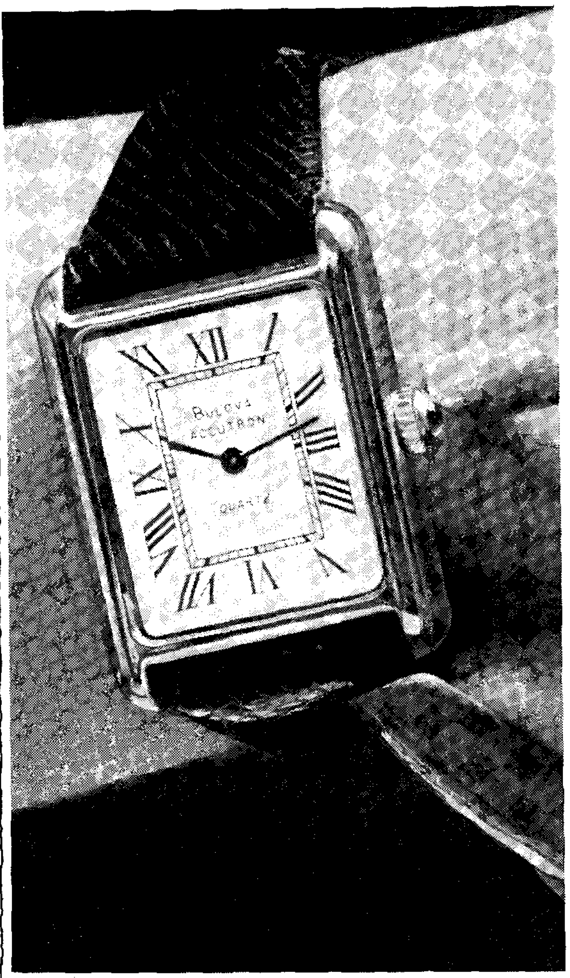

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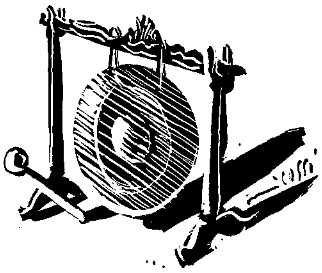


DANCE, the ephemeral art, is rebelling against its condition. Like mayflies who want to be cast in bronze, dancers are putting their dances into retrieval systems. Films and videotapes preserve choreography that might otherwise have been entrusted to disputable notation or partial memory. Preservation has become a cry, a right, a guarantee. Ballerinas we read about in childhood linger onstage through their fifties. Pioneer days are revived so that audiences who came along two and three generations too late can "catch up." Of Martha Graham at eighty-four it is written in ads that "her legend dances on." Even Broadway-show choreography, which is more responsive to passing trends than ballet or concert dancing, is being institutionalized—snatched from the oblivion that by its very nature it courts and "reconstructed" for today's audience. If dance does develop a visible past, like other visual arts, it will take a great step forward in legitimization—perhaps the greatest since the Royal Academy of Dance, founded under Louis XIV, codified and named the various positions and movements. But in developments of this size there are always unplanned consequences to look out for.

It's too early to tell what effects on our dance culture the Mighty Betamax may have. But without the help of electronics we are evolving a method of going backward in time: we have the commemorative performance, in which dancers appear not as themselves but as ghosts of former dancers, dancing ghost ballets. Whole repertories—Fokine's, Graham's—consist of commemorative performances. And wherever, in general, you find dances being given out of a need to prolong rather than to create a theatrical moment, there you find commemorative performance. This doesn't mean we must do only dances of our own time. A ballet created the day before yesterday can have a retardative spirit, while one made thirty or fifty years ago can seem filled with fresh inspiration—a true classic. It is folly to look at commemorative performances the same way we look at contemporary ones. Since the past is the past, since performing technique is cumulative and irreversible and will inevitably alter even the hardest of "texts," since we're only going to get our contemporaries anyway, and not the great legends we've heard about, it's best to go with the thought of taking instruction from what we see. Art is the great teacher, as Shaw remarked, and even dead art has something to say.

What happens when we try to resuscitate dance that isn't high art? I was skeptical of the American Dance Machine before I saw it. I didn't think it would be entertaining, and I didn't think I could learn anything from it. I was wrong on the second count. The American Dance Machine, as Edith Oliver noted in her review last week, is a new company organized by Lee Theodore, a former Broadway dancer (she was Anybodys in the original "West Side Story"), with the aim of keeping good show dances from vanishing along with the shows they were part of. So far, most of the dances that the A.D.M. does are from shows that are still on the straw-hat circuit. Nothing earlier than "Carousel" is represented; the latest excerpt is from "Bubbling Brown Sugar." And the majority of these dances come from shows that were directed by their choreographers or heavily influenced by them. As a result, the dances are embedded in their original contexts and can't easily be excerpted. (Wasn't "integration" the great technical triumph of those shows?) The dances that get into the A.D.M. repertory appear to be chosen without regard to their excerptability, and they have to be introduced by a bit of patter about where they originally fit in the shows. Most of them are chorus dances. Not Michael Kidd's choreography for Gwen Verdon is selected from "Can-Can" but his "Quadrille," a relatively ordinary group number. The star turns—the reason we might have gone to see a show in the first place—are not only unexcerptable, they're unreproducible. On the A.D.M. program at the Century Theatre is "Satin Doll," a routine choreographed and performed on television by Carol Haney in 1962. I had not seen it before—few had, and that's the point of the reconstruction. But watching the company's Haney substitute doesn't make it possible to see at long last whatever it was Haney had; we can only see what Haney worked with and take instruction from that.

If the law of irreversible technique applies in ballet and concert dancing, it applies with double force here. Most of the time, you can't tell when a dance was made; the technique is echoless. And of those choreographers whom we think of as having made the strongest imprint on show dancing in their time—Robert Alton, George Balanchine, Jack Cole, Jerome Robbins—there is no sampling. There is nothing from any of the Katherine Dunham revues. One can sympathize: the rights-and-permissions problem must be a perpetual headache. And physical recovery must in many instances be impossible. The dances that Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman did on Broadway might be very interesting to see today, but they are probably forgotten. Specialty numbers are by definition lost. It may be that the decline of specialty and star performing in shows—a decline that began as long ago as the forties but steepened in recent years—makes the advent of something like the A.D.M. feasible. One reviewer called the company a sequel to "A Chorus Line." Like "Dancin'," it's part of a trend. It also makes a lot of pre-"Chorus Line" shows look like prologues. Because so many of the ensemble routines were arranged as killers by their choreographers, the audience takes quite a battering before the night is over. Although it's very noisy and its idiom isn't one I admire, the Kidd "Quadrille" struck me as strong evidence of his talent. Onna White's resourceful "If the Rain's Gotta Fall," from "Half a Sixpence," and Danny Daniels' "Clog Dance," from "Walking Happy," were also events that I'm glad to have found out about. What keeps these numbers from being magical is not the high pressure so much as the lack of rhythmic and dynamic variety. Agnes de Mille's folk ballets of the forties were in an elevated idiom I like even less, yet nothing else on the program was as refreshing as her "Come to Me, Bend to Me," from "Brigadoon." The dancing was clear without being forced; it had some complexity, even a touch of unpredictability; and it opened up space. It was interesting to see how all that conspired with a pleasant tune (here very badly sung by an offstage voice) to create a setting for the emotion that was part of the original show.

Perhaps it's just a question of temperament, but I find the pitiless verve of contemporary Broadway nightmarish. To others it may be careless fun—

"energizing," as somebody says in "Saturday Night Fever." But I often wonder why an audience needs to be in the theatre at all. Theatrical illusion isn't given a chance to develop. Nobody seems to believe in the kind of cordial rapport that can exist between a performer and his audience. Singers and dancers have given up trying for it; they project themselves so mechanically that they get a return whether the audience responds or not. Sitting there watching these inane, numb rituals, a viewer can gradually go numb himself—it's like being the wall in a squash court. For live performance to have entered this state, it must have passed through a long process of devaluation. Miking, which is obtrusive in so many shows (not in the A.D.M.'s), can sever the performer from the sound he's making, and often it isn't even necessary. Then, too, performers who regularly tape television shows may soon get the habit of treating every audience like a studio audience and giving sealed-off performances for the "real" audience out there. Magnetic tape is making us indifferent to the actual moment of an event; it's destroying "the art of the moment." Dance archivists are turning the loss to advantage, but how long will it be before the frozen moment acquires that pre-frozen look? Commemorative performances are all around us. We who hand on our moment to posterity have become posterity ourselves.

THE New York City Ballet is the only one of the world's great companies which produces all its own choreography. Even a "Coppélia" or a "Bournonville Divertissements" qualifies as a house production, germinated in School of American Ballet classes and workshops. For its second première of the season, the company did something unusual: it put on a collection of works in progress, mostly by Jerome Robbins, under the title "A Sketch Book." By the end of the season, one of these works, headed "Verdi Variations," was on its way to a place in the repertory. The cast consisted of Kyra Nichols, Peter Martins (in a role later taken advantageously by Daniel Duell), and four of the youngest men in the corps. Robbins is said to be adding girls. When completed, the piece should make a ballet that will be pleasant to see often. Robbins has taken the sweetest and bounciest dance music from "I Vespri Siciliani" and "I Lombardi." Thoughts of Balanchine's recent "Ballo della Regina," which is also set to Verdi, are fruitless; the ballets are not really comparable. The one thing they have in common is bright roles that set off their ballerinas, and here Robbins has inevitably been less effective than Balanchine—anyone would be. Nichols' role contains some fascinating twists—the directional switches in the chaînés at the end of the solo, for example—but it doesn't supply her with the kind of technical challenge which is also an idealized definition of her potential. And although the ballet is sunnier and more relaxed than Robbins has been in some time, it's also a little cautious, a little too laid back. In Duell's dancing of the principal male role (which was made for him), the ballet acquired some edge. Perhaps with expansion it will acquire more.

Other parts of "A Sketch Book" gave us the more ceremonious Robbins in a suite of the dances for men that he has been working on for some time. The first, for a company of sixteen in eighteenth-century dress, took the form of a fencing class, with a mass drill followed by separate exercises (dances) for three, then six, then two—sort of a "Konservatoriet" with foils. The music was by Handel; in the duet, it changed to an eccentric, scrapy composition for double bass by Heinrich von Biber, and the two dancers (the brothers Daniel and Joseph Duell) did turning leaps around the stage, slicing the air with their foils. "Solo" looked like one of the "Goldberg Variations" set to Telemann's Fantasies for Unaccompanied Violin. A long dance in three parts, it contained some very inventive material for D. Duell, whom Robbins seems to have selected as his chief interpreter these days. Robbins appears to be working at giving the N.Y.C.B. male corps a much-needed look of weight. Duell's combination of elasticity and gravity may be exactly what he wants. The non-Robbins contribution was a gentle, mock-romantic pas de deux for Heather Watts and Sean Lavery: music by Rossini, choreography by Peter Martins. Wandery, repetitious, and overlong at its first performance, it was tightened and smartened up by its last. Martins uses a lot of small connecting steps for an effect of wary logic; the final sweep-off comes as a prepared-for joke. His ballet of a season ago to Ives music, "Calcium Light Night," has been inserted by Balanchine in his own "Ivesiana," where its presence is disruptive. Apart from looking trivial next to Balanchine's choreography, Martins' ballet is a ballet of the seventies, whereas Balanchine's evokes images that are of Ives' period as well as our own.

Judith Shahn

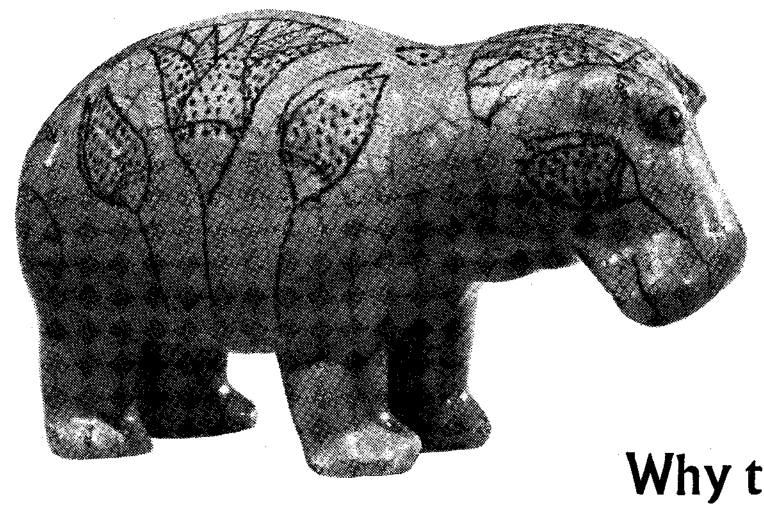
FOR the sake of our local pride, it may be just as well that the Royal Ballet didn't play New York this year. Its new "Sleeping Beauty" would have put American Ballet Theatre's production, now two years old, to further shame, and that at a time when the company was struggling to hold its head up after yet another batch of feckless revisions. I should say partly feckless. Carabosse's passages in the Prologue are beginning to tie in with the music and with her sister fairies, and there are changes for the better in the choreography of several of the variations. The other changes in this act are fussy rearrangements of standard effects; more niggling revisions follow, and jolting little tucks have been taken in the score. The few improvements are minor; the big change that needs to be made is in emphasis and tone. The dancers give each moment the same weight, as if uncertain which moments are the ones that make the ballet a masterpiece. The season saw many different casts, as usual. An occasional Aurora had an occasional success, but there's no point in discussing this or that dancer as long as the production itself is unrealized.

Watching Ballet Theatre do "Beauty," one begins to doubt the status of the old ballet; the dances seem thin, the story hopelessly artificial, the roles insufficiently demanding. Watching the Royal, one doesn't know where to look, there is so much to see. Style attaches to every move: a unison port de bras can become an event of magnitude. When the fairy flock arranges itself along the footlights in one of its perfect tableaux (which aren't in the A.B.T. version at all), we see a picture of eternal youth and beauty, and we see motion in its stillness like the pieces of a reflection which float together on the trembling surface of a pool. Not a static or separate image but a materialization, the picture emerges as the grand resolution of countless small strokes, gestures quick and slow, that had been going on since the rise of the curtain. The cohesion of these strokes and the perspective they create for the major happenings and climaxes of the ballet are part of what "The Sleeping Beauty" is about. It's the grand manner, and it's no more of an unreachable fantasy than was Versailles, which is the implied setting of the ballet. To get perfection of detail, harmony of proportion, motion in stillness (and stillness in motion), you need a finely tuned ensemble, and you also need a good director. The new Royal "Beauty," supervised by Ninette de Valois, has everything it needs.

It is a lavish but not an opulent production. The sets were cramped on the stage of Houston's Jones Hall, but the hall is acoustically a warm place; under Ashley Lawrence, and especially under Anthony Twiner, the Houston Symphony was a sensitive accomplice of the dancers. Several dances from the epochal 1946 production have been restored—Ashton's Garland Waltz, Florestan and His Sisters—along with some from subsequent productions. The best of these is Ashton's Sapphire variation, now given by one of the Sisters. I would like to see it where Ashton originally put it, in the Prologue, as the variation of a seventh fairy. Without an uneven number of fairies, the Lilac Fairy can't be central, and she should be. I believe Petipa contrived this by making the six fairies dance roles and Lilac a mime one. He never did choreograph a Lilac Fairy variation.

David Walker's designs, of an exceptional delicacy, put the time of the story back where it belongs, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and echo some of the features of the Oliver Messel version, which A.B.T. has acquired. But the scale is more modest—more history-book than storybook. Carabosse is played by a young woman. Her mime speeches in the Prologue have been extended through the musical passages that used to be given to the other fairies; the soft music feminizes her. Lynn Seymour plays the part in a passionate fury; Monica Mason glares magnificently, like Glenda Jackson. What we lose in grotesquerie we gain in glamour. In the Panorama, we see the boat moving across the mouth of an ocean cave, a lovely effect that is over too soon. So, too, with the moment of the Awakening when, on a chord Tchaikovsky did not write, the curtain is dropped until it can rise on the polonaise in the third act. This clumsy transition is the production's only serious flaw. The onstage transformation in the first (1946) version of the Messel production kept the action climbing. Without such an effect or a reasonable substitute, there is really no point in linking Acts II and III. (At Ballet Theatre, there is now an intermission between the acts.) But the main objective of this newest Royal production (its third in ten years) has been achieved. "Beauty" has been reborn.

—Arlene Croce



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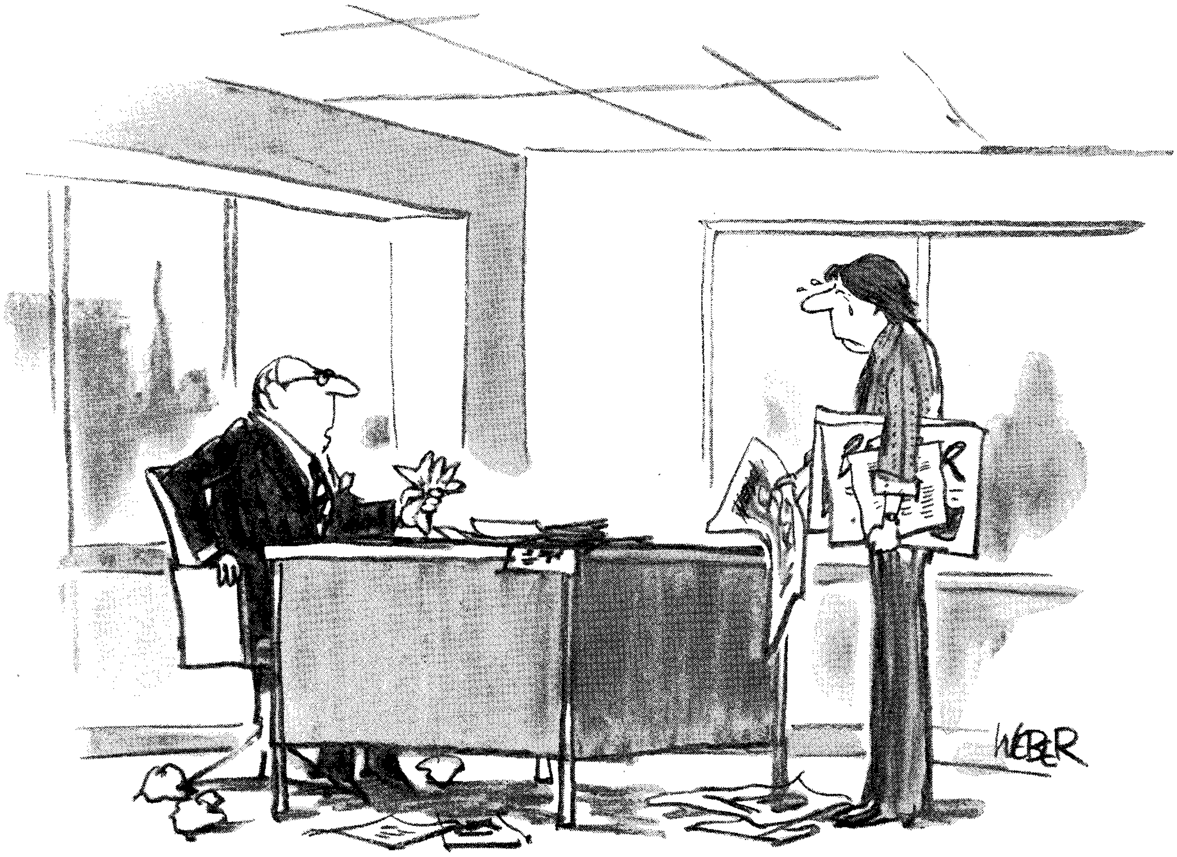
THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Life 2"

As everyone notes, we are in a period of film sequels. But not of films about reincarnation, of sequels to known life on earth. That topic is usually taken now to be long outworn. The commercial movie industry often used it, for understandable reasons, during the Second World War and our recovery from it. Years and years ago, in 1946, there was an especially notable English film about transmigration directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, and called "A Matter of Life and Death," with David Niven as a concussed airman, and with Roger Livesey, Marius Goring, and Raymond Massey also in the cast. (In America, the film was called "Stairway to Heaven.") In 1943, America produced "Heaven Can Wait," by Ernst Lubitsch, with Gene Tierney, and with Don Ameche as a lately dead chap describing his young flings on earth to a smooth Devil in a very well-decorated version of Hell. Farther back still, in 1941, Hollywood made "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, and James Gleason, about a boxer who dies too early and is sent back to earth. One of the points that made these films so acceptable to the public is that, though they had to do with Heaven, they had nothing to do with the holy. They made use of reincarnation without invoking anything religious. Lighter toyings with the subject—removed from war—delegate it to fantasy, tantamount to comforting a child for breaking an antique teacup. Never mind, the teacup didn't really break, it came apart in your hands; nothing is lost. One thinks of Oliver Hardy in "The Flying Deuces" (1939), who returned to earth as a horse, and the dog in "You Never Can Tell," who returned as Dick Powell (1951), and the heroine of "The Bride and the Beast" (1958), who found that in an earlier existence she had been a gorilla.

But now, presented seriously, there is a new version of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," called "Heaven Can Wait." It is unrelated to the 1943 Lubitsch picture. It was directed by Warren Beatty and Buck Henry, and written by Elaine May and Warren Beatty. It begins with football talk below shots of sylvan countryside. Joe Pendleton is a quarterback who is said six times by a trainer and other knowledgeable watchers to be looking "awful good." He is played by Warren Beatty, so, of course, he is. His favorite drink is a blender mixture of liver, whey, and bean sprouts. During a training bout on a bicycle, he has a terrible collision—unseen, thank goodness—in a tunnel with two competitive truck drivers. Enter dry ice. In his sweatsuit, he is now at what is called a "way station" en route to Heaven or oblivion: the film naturally doesn't offend anyone by saying which, atheist beliefs being as delicate as religious ones. Buck Henry, as an officious man called the Escort, behaving like a hotel clerk trying to make things difficult for an unmarried couple, does his best to hustle Joe Pendleton to a plane, but there James Mason, as Mr. Jordan, the Escort's superior, intervenes. Mr. Jordan is also up to the calves in this deep carpet of dry ice, which is filmdom's dated idea of representing the numinous. A number of slightly metaphysical things are said—all sounding like the words of freshman philosophy debaters spoken over Cokes and the knitting of Argyle socks—such as "The likelihood of one identity trying to prove itself right intensifies with the number of people trying to prove it wrong." Joe Pendleton terrifically wants to go back to earth, because he wants to play for the Los Angeles Rams in the Super Bowl. The Escort, who is the archetypal bad sport, is crushing to Joe's analyst-induced hopes that this must be a dream and that a plane is surely a good sign in a dream. While the wrangle is going on, James Mason, a man of stature from whom one wants to keep blowing away the dry ice obliterating his feet, waits with obliging silent authority, or with the bogus ambassadorial distinction of a maître d'hôtel waiting for a fuss about a sauce to stop. A reprieve is decided on for Joe Pendleton if the right body can be found at the right moment. The body hit upon is the not yet murdered body of a magnate called Mr. Farnsworth, much hated by his beautiful,



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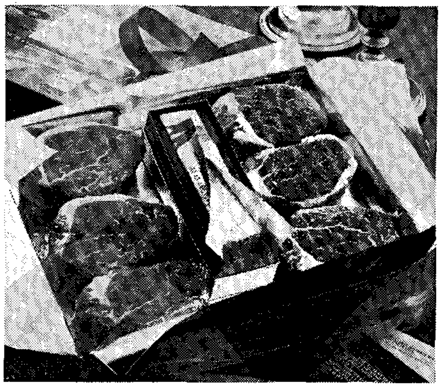

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tippling wife (Dyan Cannon), who is having an affair with his ineffably prissy male secretary, Tony Abbott (Charles Grodin). Safely murdered in his bath, the magnate is taken over in his corporeality by Joe Pendleton, who startles the endless servants by saying "Hi" to them and by scooting into a broom closet for conversations with his heavenly guards. When he seems to the staff to have taken to talking to himself, one servant obligingly brings him cocoa for two, on the ground that, as Mr. Farnsworth thinks he is talking to someone, he might want to offer cocoa to someone. Farnsworth/Pendleton falls in love with a gutsy and beautiful young Englishwoman (Julie Christie) who has travelled more than five thousand miles to complain to Mr. Farnsworth about his endangering the lives of the inhabitants of a small English village by the installation of one of his power plants. Mr. Farnsworth, not being the real Mr. Farnsworth (who, among other projects, planned to buy Haiti and was busy killing porpoises as part of his tuna-factory business) but, instead, being inhabited by Joe Pendleton, reacts heroically. He speaks to the astonished board in front of equally astonished angry reporters, whom he has invited into the sacred precincts of Mammon with good-humored buoyancy, as if he were asking them to have peanut-butter sandwiches instead of to eavesdrop on the equivalent of a Howard Hughes meeting.

First, what is right about the film? The writing is sometimes both loopy and brainy, as one would expect. There is a fine leitmotiv about hats. (The Farnsworth staff is obsessed with them: "The homburg or the bowler, or something to make more of a statement?" asks a valet.) The casting of Dyan Cannon as Mrs. Farnsworth is splendid. Never have illicit love scenes been so unerotic as when she is playing them here. Mrs. Farnsworth is a mixture of temper, fake politesse, and lust. She is much given to screaming. The screaming is laid down to her having seen a mouse: not a recent mouse, as the Julie Christie character sensibly supposes, but a remembered mouse, her response being that of a true analysand. The screaming fits take her over at all sorts of moments, including a potentially amorous one behind a box hedge when her prim lover puts his hand over her mouth and then, when she resists, complains that she used to *like* having his hand put over her mouth.

But, second, good grief, what is all

this braininess and talent doing in a remake of a Harry Segall play that has no relation whatever to the real world we come out into from the cinema? One can see why there were films about transmigration and reincarnation during the war, but not now. People then were relieved by any entertainment that told them, with more or less wit, that death doesn't really take place. One can list dozens of plays and films on the theme. It was almost part of the war effort to produce such things. But the euphoric spaciousness of the notion passes us by now. In these times, it offers neither vivacity nor consolation. American films are in a slough, and perhaps it is the slough of their still mostly being produced in—or controlled from—Los Angeles, that place of nowhere. We don't want to be fobbed off with fancies about reincarnation when there are such front pages of newspapers as we have to look at, any more than we want sequels to "Jaws." There are plenty of people in the film business with overflowing fun and an abundant capacity for worrying us, including nearly all the people involved in "Heaven Can Wait" (though they haven't managed it here). Aren't anybody's fingers itching?

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

William P. Bundy, the editor of Foreign Affairs magazine who is chairman of the search committee, posed the problem in the patrician terms one often hears on this campus. The task, he told an alumni gathering in September, "is that of taking the Cadillac which is Yale education today and of redesigning it so that it can run with greater fuel economy—of designing, if you will, a Cadillac Seville of education."...

Several faculty members suggested that Mr. Brewster, while enormously skilled as a "builder," cared little about financial details and tended to react to financial problems by seeking new funds rather than by cutting costs. "Kingman used to drive a Jaguar," said one staff member. "And when you're in a Jaguar, you get out of tough places by accelerating rather than by putting on the brakes."—*The Times.*

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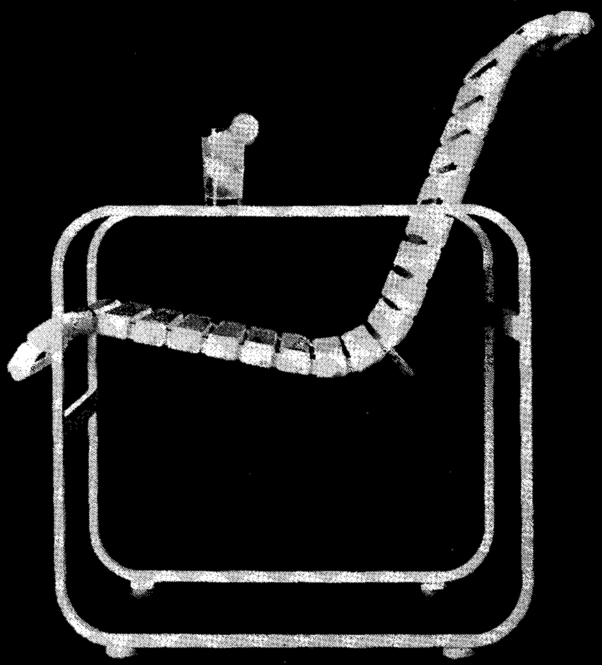

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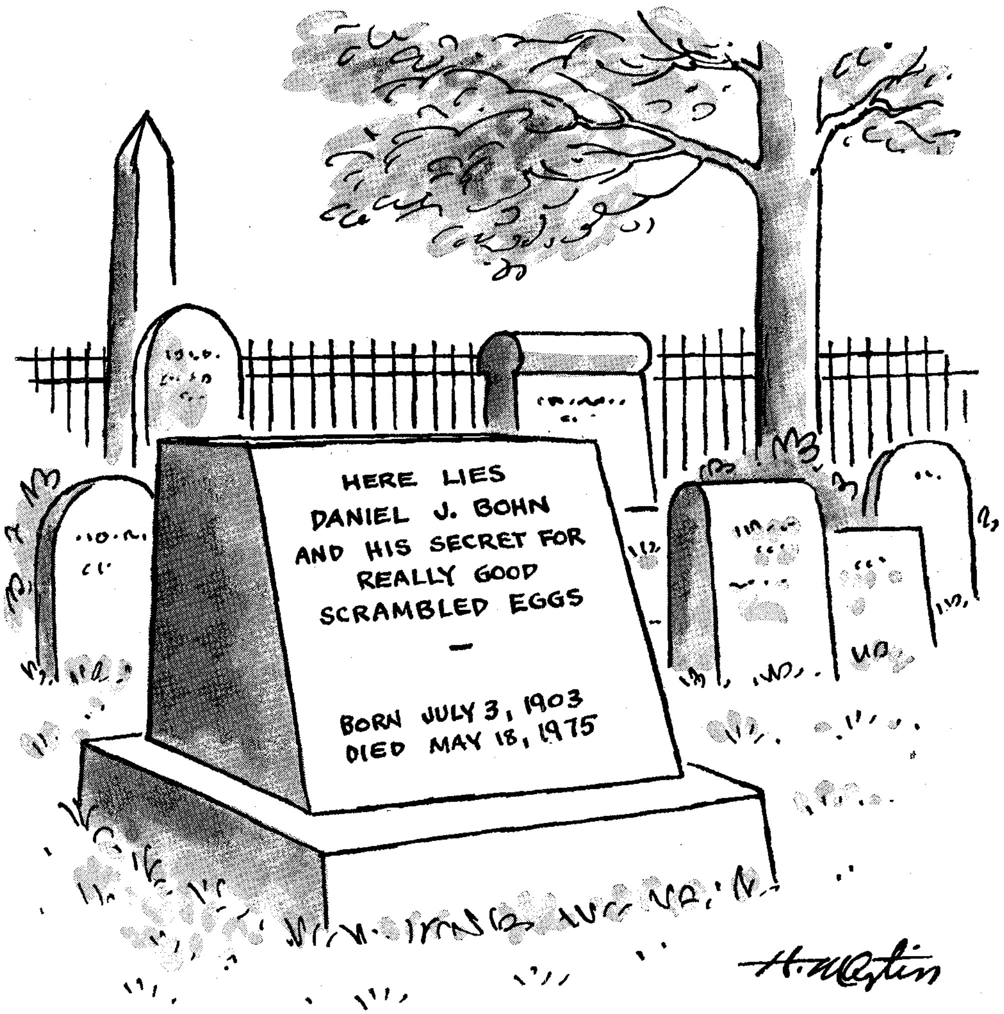
BOOKS

Tales of Two Cities

TWO fairy tales that, like almost all fairy tales, happen to be true: Born in 1918, Efim Etkind served for nearly a quarter of a century as a professor and scholar at the Herzen Pedagogical Institute, in Leningrad, a center for the study and teaching of Russian and foreign languages and literatures. Etkind was widely acknowledged to be a teacher of exceptional warmth and stimulus. His research on nineteenth-century French and German literature had won international regard. He was, at the same time, an active member of the Leningrad Writers' Union and had taken an honorable part in the life of letters during some of the most harrowing years in Soviet history.

In 1968, Etkind was about to publish a two-volume anthology entitled "Masters of Russian Verse Translation." It had passed successive screenings by academic and state checkers. Twenty-five thousand copies were now set for distribution. But somewhere in the inner maze of political vigilance (was it in the Central Committee of the Party, in the Provincial Committee, perhaps in the K.G.B.?) some guardian eye had noticed one sentence close to the end of Etkind's introduction. (It is, to be sure, sentences so vulnerably placed which blurb writers, book reviewers, and policemen take notice of.) This passage was meant to explain the broad range and high quality of verse translation in the Soviet era. It read, "The social causes of this phenomenon are comprehensible. During a certain period, particularly between the 19th and 20th Congresses, Russian poets were deprived of the possibility of expressing themselves to the full in original writing and spoke to the reader in the language of Goethe, Orbeliani, Shakespeare, and Hugo."

In his "Notes of a Non-Conspirator" (Oxford; $10), Professor Etkind, now in exile, calculates that the discussion, condemnation, and eradication of these few words occupied some four hundred "highly paid writers, professors, and publishers" for an average of two and one-half hours each. In addition, there was the cost of preparing an entirely new edition of the anthology, whose introduction now closed on the assurance that "in the Soviet period the art of verse translation reached a level in Russia which is unequalled in any other country." Meanwhile, Etkind had written to the Bureau of the Leningrad Provincial Committee in self-criticism, "I now realize that the sentence . . . reads objectively as politically erroneous."



But to his colleagues neither this avowal nor the fact that the offending passage was never published was a sufficient guarantee of Efim Etkind's repentance. A session of public chastisement—a *prorabotka*, as it is called in Stalinist Newspeak—was staged in late November of 1968. Ordinarily decent men and women—academic colleagues of long standing, scholars whose own work, however mediocre, met common standards of verity—turned themselves into abject, poisonous circus creatures. They poured forth a ritualized and moronic jargon of which even Peter France's painstaking translation can give only a blurred image. Etkind had praised Pasternak's (magnificent) renditions of Shakespeare, although every decent Soviet man, woman, and child knew that "Pasternak's version of Shakespeare is squalid and badly written." Etkind's notorious sentence had committed the crime of "categorical dogmatism." But little wonder: Etkind "has become excessively arrogant and self-sufficient, avoiding formal gatherings and only rarely appearing at our comradely receptions on the occasion of Soviet holidays or thesis examinations. . . . All this must have led Professor Etkind to political illiteracy." But these are only fraternal teasings. Here comes Professor Sofronov, head of the Department of Party History: Etkind's whole introduction, not merely the foul sentence in question, needs to be scrutinized more closely. Had the preface not affirmed that in the Soviet Union "the level of translation rose even higher than in Germany, the land of translation"? What insidious irony or sabotage did this proposition conceal? "Could Etkind be talking about the Germany of the thirties? The Germany where progressive poets were consigned to the flames? The Germany of Hitlerite fascism?"

Saboteur and political illiterate though he was, Etkind was given a second chance. His colleagues, too, had been at fault, in lacking vigilance. Professor Etkind could continue teaching at the Institute, the imperative task of whose members it would be to educate him in a Communist spirit.

But Etkind was not the sort to profit by their charity. He had come out in public support of Joseph Brodsky (probably the most impressive poet to emerge in Russian literature in the last few decades). Charged with being a parasite, an anti-social layabout, Brodsky was exiled to a subarctic village. Later, he was expelled from the motherland. Etkind, furthermore, not only had contact with Solzhenitsyn but was accused of having harbored a typescript of "The Gulag Archipelago" in his apartment. In an open letter, E. Etkind, a Jew, had urged young Russian Jews not to emigrate but to struggle for justice and liberalization on native ground. In short, it had become transparently obvious that Professor Etkind, like Mandelstam, Pasternak, and Brodsky before him, belonged to that intractable Jewish clique whose ironies and subversions had long plagued loyal Soviet citizens. In April, 1974, the machinery of detergence and civic purification lurched into action. Etkind was to be made what Orwell had called an "unperson."

In details at once familiar and nauseating, these "Notes" record the process. Expulsion from the Herzen Institute, exclusion from the Writers' Union, a summons to K.G.B. headquarters. Slowly the air is pumped out of the pariah's life. Etkind is methodically deprived of the right to work and is threatened with criminal prosecution if he does not find employment. His published works are scoured from the shelves. His mail is opened, his living quarters are searched. His daughter is summoned for interrogation. His colleagues turn informer or simply melt away. "Counter-revolutionary" Etkind was fortunate. As an anti-Soviet Jew, he was authorized to emigrate to Israel (where he had never intended to go). He now teaches Russian literature in France.

Now the second tale. There is in America a world-famous comedian who was honored on his seventy-fifth birthday at a televised party attended by former President Ford and Rosalynn Carter. On some recent shows, this comedian had cracked some mild jokes about a lady singer turned moral vigilante and political crusader. The lady is on public record as stating that all homosexuals must be barred from public life and that Scripture proves beyond doubt that all Jews will go to Hell. The giant oil company that has sponsored our comedian's television appearances ordered him to desist at once

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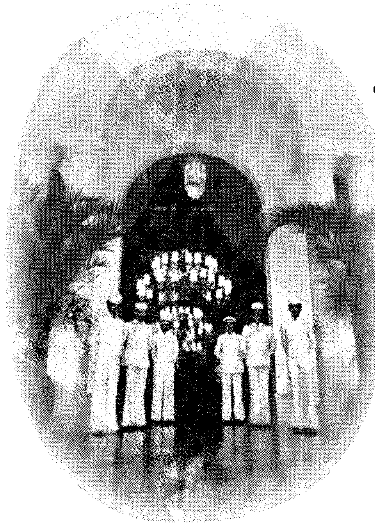

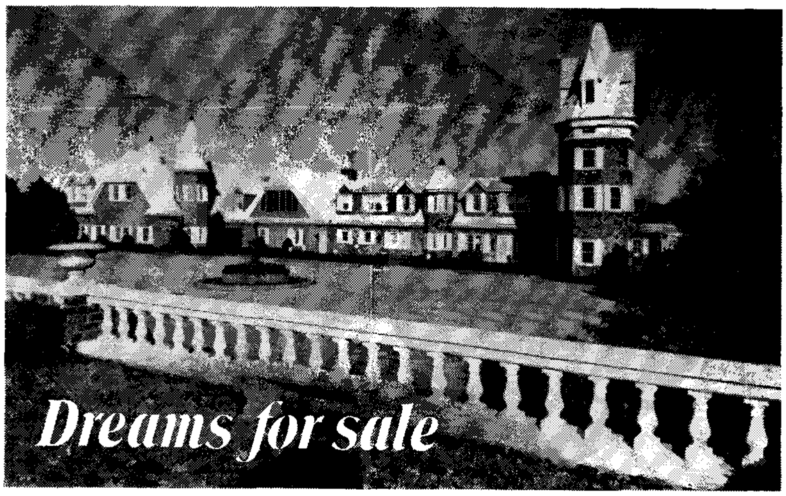

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from critical or jocular remarks about the righteous lady. A number of customers, announced the oil consortium, had taken offense. The jester promised immediate compliance.

Fairy stories carry stings in their tail called morals. Which of these two has the sharper barb?

Of course, there is no comparison between the degree of psychological pressure and physical menace exercised against Efim Etkind, on the one hand, and Bob Hope on the other. No one today needs to be instructed as to the petty sadism, blackmail, bureaucratic lunacies, and unctuous violence that surround Soviet intellectual and literary life. The tiger appetites of Stalinism have merely turned to a feline stench. No Westerner, however hard he studies the evidence, can fully realize in what landscape of humiliation and falsehood thinking, feeling Soviet men and women conduct their lives. "Verily, verily," observed Etkind, "we're born to make Kafka come true."

From the outset of the Etkind affair, to be sure, every detail was available to those who cared to know. The names of the inquisitors, of the dwarfish hatchet men, of the sycophantic mandarins who hounded Professor Etkind have been chronicled and made hostages of history—this despite Soviet censorship and a millennial disease of secrecy. Who among us, on the contrary, has access to the documents, minutes, letters concerning Texaco's decision in respect to Mr. Hope? Answer: Who cares? Who can take seriously a medium, however powerful, however ubiquitous, that interrupts graphic representations of Auschwitz with advertisements for deodorants and panty hose?

But this, surely, is the point. Etkind's pursuers, right to the heart of the K.G.B. apparatus, cared fiercely. They knew that ideas, remarks on poetry, the typescript of a novel, a man's teaching of Pushkin or Goethe are issues of incalculable importance. Their hatreds and fears pay to moral and artistic life a constant tribute of enmity. And, paradoxically, the forces involved are not entirely unequal. Solzhenitsyn was, like Tolstoy before him, an "alternative state" within the confines of the Soviet Union. The Etkind case drew rapid and effective support from the International P.E.N. Club and from universities in France, Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. Who has bothered to comment on Texaco's ruling and Mr. Hope's rapid obeisance? Where have the implicit central issues of freedom, of greed, of public mendacity been raised, let alone debated?

To say it once more: There can be no moment's hesitation as to which of these two sad parables out of Kafkaland is the crueller in any literal sense. But which of the two climates—as Solzhenitsyn has compelled us to ask—is, finally, more productive of spiritual energies and the mystery of major imagining we call great literature? Where does the heart's rare freedom lie? Who is the more demeaning: the idiot censor who bans a poem (thus virtually insuring its diffusion from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth, throughout the literate and caring circles in the Soviet Union) or the public-relations mogul who trembles and commands caution because a number of clients (how many?) have torn up their credit cards? I really do not know.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BALLOON TOP, by Nobuko Albery (Pantheon; $8.95). Kana, the young heroine of this novel set in modern Japan, fears that her traditional and well-to-do upbringing—kimonos, tea ceremonies, arranged marriages—will prevent her from living life to its fullest. During her second year at a Toyko university, in the nineteen-sixties, she plunges into a chaotic and exhilarating amateur career with a left-wing, radical student theatre group, Free Stage, and soon outgrows the nickname Balloon Top, which she got as a clean-cut and empty-headed novice. (It sticks, nonetheless.) Kana's affection for her family wanes and then warms, as she discovers their enduring faith in her; unlike many of her Free Stage companions, she emerges from the radical movement neither bitter nor confused. Lady Albery—who moved from Japan to New York in 1960, and now is married to an Englishman and lives in London—composes every sentence not only with an eye for the delicate textures and colors of Japanese life but with an ear for the patterns of English prose: "Mrs. Takano, a shy, emaciated lady warped like an elegant fish fork . . ." "She curled up like a shrimp under the eiderdown . . ." "Shima, nowadays as pithless as a salt-sprinkled slug."

THE LAKESTOWN REBELLION, by Kristin Hunter (Scribners; $9.95).

The citizens of Lakestown, New Jersey, are blacks descended, in part, from riders on the Underground Railroad, and they include an unusual number of eccentrics, half-wits, and geniuses. Subversive resistance to the "boss man" is their delight, and so when bulldozers, clearing the ground for an eight-lane interstate highway, threaten to raze their ramshackle houses, gardens, and churches, they conceive and execute a series of imaginative acts of sabotage. The mastermind of the conspiracy—a cheerful, bulbous-headed, mortally ill Navy veteran, who claims to be doing fieldwork for a Ph.D. dissertation that he discarded twenty years before—enlists the help of everyone from toddlers and the two local prostitutes to the Methodist and Baptist preachers and their choirs. This could have been just a series of whimsical skits, but Kristin Hunter adds several ugly accidents that darken and deepen the story and keep it from becoming sheer fantasy, and she endows her characters with a variety of voices, which all ring true.

NOTE: "The Left-Handed Woman," a story by Peter Handke which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($7.95).

GENERAL

HITLER'S SPIES: GERMAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IN WORLD WAR II, by David Kahn (Macmillan; $16.95). This enormous volume outlines the organization of Nazi Germany's military-intelligence agencies; tells all about their personnel, their assigned missions, and what they actually accomplished; and, finally, compares the total achievement of German espionage with that of the Allies. As in his earlier, memorable work "The Codebreakers," Mr. Kahn teaches the layman everything he can possibly grasp about an arcane specialty—in this case, what a soldier can discover by watching the enemy across no man's land, and what the most advanced devices of the Second World War could pick up. His main lesson is that intelligence is only as astute as the people who use it. He finds that, despite some early coups, German intelligence was very poor. Hitler would never accept—and, after a time, was never given—bad news; as the war went on, inaccurate Pollyannas ousted accurate Cassandras in the German intelligence bureauc-

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racy. Mr. Kahn points out specifically Nazi errors: anti-Semitism deprived Germany of scientists and technicians, who aided the Allies, and Nazi racial theories about the inferiority of Slavs and hybrid Americans deterred serious intelligence studies of Russia and the United States. But the author also concludes that the foundations for failure were laid by the Prussians, whose influence on the doctrines of the German Army lasted down to Nazi times. The Prussians stressed will and aggressiveness, and their emphasis on overpowering, rather than outthinking, left little room for intelligence of any kind.

THOMAS HARDY'S LATER YEARS, by Robert Gittings (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $12.50). The second and concluding volume of an excellent biography. It shows us the complex young man of "Young Thomas Hardy" growing ever more complex—arrogant and self-doubting, dogged in art and self-centered in life, kind to animals and cruel to people. This book opens in 1876, when Hardy, at thirty-five, has published one very successful novel—"Far from the Madding Crowd"—but has not yet had a second hit. The reader, of course, knows that Hardy will come through, but Mr. Gittings ably re-creates the uncertainty, strain, and pressure as Hardy struggles on. Then, having won both jackpots—critical esteem and money—Hardy abandons prose for poetry in middle life, without, apparently, noticing that he is taking a risk at a period when many other men are retiring. Heroic in literature, Hardy was horrid elsewhere: he treated both his wives abominably and was a fearful snob, repeatedly returning to his family for literary inspiration while desperately concealing their (and his) humble roots.

NOSTALGIA ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, by Simone Signoret (Harper & Row; $12.95). When she was twenty, and Paris was occupied by the Germans, the author decided to become a movie actress, though the time was peculiarly unpropitious: her Jewish father was broadcasting from London, and she, as a half-Jew, was not entitled to work. Nonetheless, she was hired as an extra, graduated to bit parts, and, after the Liberation, moved on to leads. She is not very illuminating about her craft; she says, "I need someone who's going to think and analyze for me—the director," implying that she has been a puppet through all her superb performances, which seems unlikely. She portrays herself as more interested in her marriage to Yves Montand, the singer and actor, than in her own career—and how she badgers us about politics! Though the Montands never joined the Communist Party, they were for many years energetic fellow-travellers, and Mlle. Signoret, justifying everything they said, did, or signed, keeps quarrelling with back issues of French magazines that American readers have never seen.

SOLZHENITSYN AND THE SECRET CIRCLE, by Olga Carlisle (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $8.95). The author, a granddaughter of the novelist and playwright Leonid Andreyev and the daughter of Russian émigrés, was brought up in Paris but became familiar with the Soviet Union through her work as translator of Pasternak and other modern Russian poets. In 1967, on one of her visits to Moscow, she had a half-clandestine meeting with Alexander Solzhenitsyn and was charged by him with arranging for the publication in the West of his proscribed novel "The First Circle." This she did, working in secret with such people as Harrison Salisbury, of the *Times*, and Cass Canfield, the head of Harper & Row, which published the book; a grateful Solzhenitsyn then entrusted her with his much more explosive, nonfiction work "The Gulag Archipelago." Her present book is an account of her sub-rosa collaboration with Solzhenitsyn and the unexpected turn it took when, after an influx of new intermediaries and interested parties, she was publicly accused by Solzhenitsyn of causing his expulsion from Russia. Mrs. Carlisle feels she has a duty to history, herself, and the "secret circle" of people who worked with her outside Russia to lay out the facts of the matter. She does not try to fathom Solzhenitsyn's behavior, nor does she esteem his genius or his civil courage any the less. She feels that, considering the mental and physical harassment he has endured, he comes honorably by his paranoia and his peculiar notions.

FROM APES TO WARLORDS, by Solly Zuckerman (Harper & Row; $20.95). These autobiographical memoirs are in two distinct parts, both of them fascinating. In the first half of his book, the author describes his youth in South Africa, his emigration to England, and his research work on the sex life of the great primates. Then the war breaks out, and by a series of chances and opportunities seized he becomes one of the principal advisers on air-force strategy—one of the founders of the discipline of "operational research." The second half of the book is a history of the often fierce debates that took place among the "air barons" over how to use air power. As Zuckerman points out, these debates have had their echo ever since—most recently in the Vietnam war. The illusion he struggled against was that populations could be bombed into submission. Throughout his book, Zuckerman emerges as a tough, shrewd student of people and events. He has, it appears, always enjoyed the good life—food, wine, and the company of celebrated people. Indeed, the name-dropping grates from time to time. These memoirs stop, more or less, after the war. He has promised a sequel, which will cover the years when he was science adviser to the British government. One can look forward to it.

A WORLD WITH A VIEW, by Christopher Tunnard (Yale; $15). The author is professor emeritus of city planning at Yale. He does not waste emotion on decrying pollution, the despoiling of the countryside, or the bulldozing away of architectural treasure; he is interested in scientific methods of conserving what we have and in planning a world where prospects have a chance of pleasing. This theme takes him into discussion of the landscape in art, of the techniques of conservation, and of the many ways that our concept of the world around us has been shaped by literature and painting. The book is full of imaginative ideas and of an optimism about man's ultimate good sense. Many excellent illustrations.

NOTE: Jeremy Bernstein's "Experiencing Science," a collection of articles about scientists ranging from Johannes Kepler to Dr. Lewis Thomas, has been published by Basic Books ($11.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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After eight years of governing the nation's largest state, and two shots at the Presidency, another man might be content to settle in with Nancy Reagan and enjoy the good life.—*Tom Wicker in the Times.*

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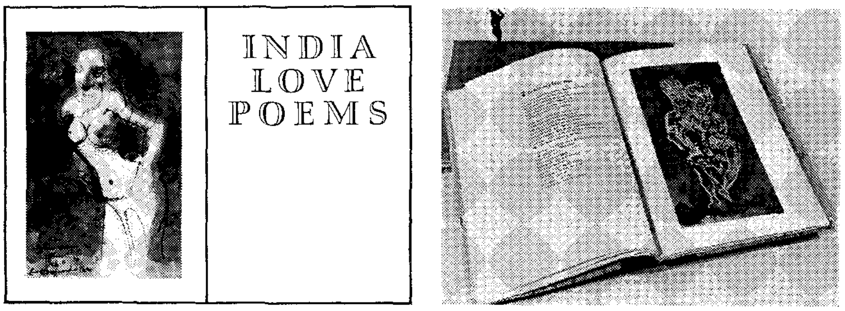

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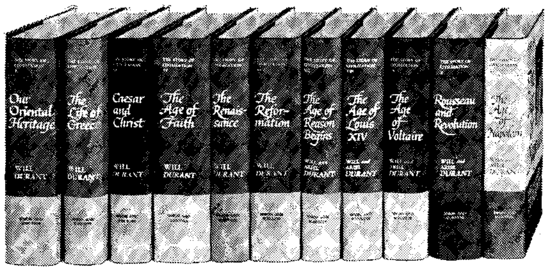

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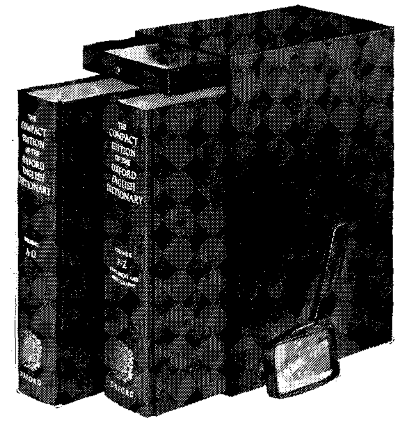

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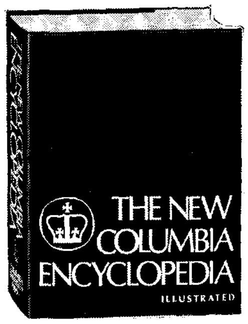

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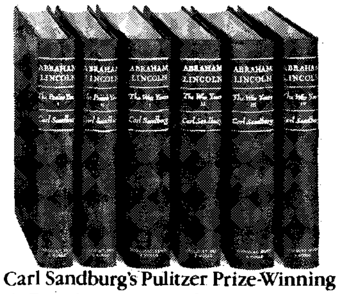

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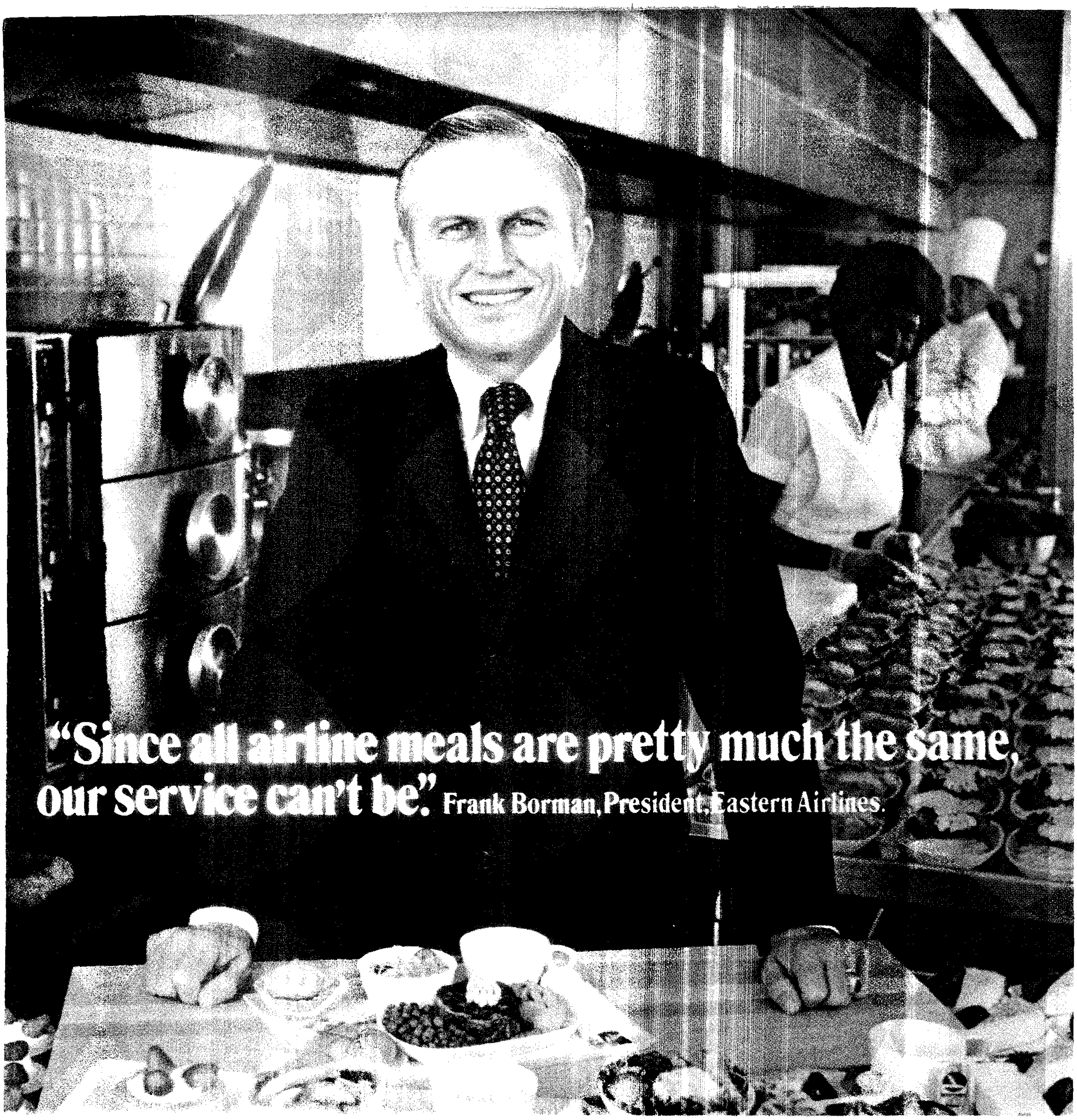
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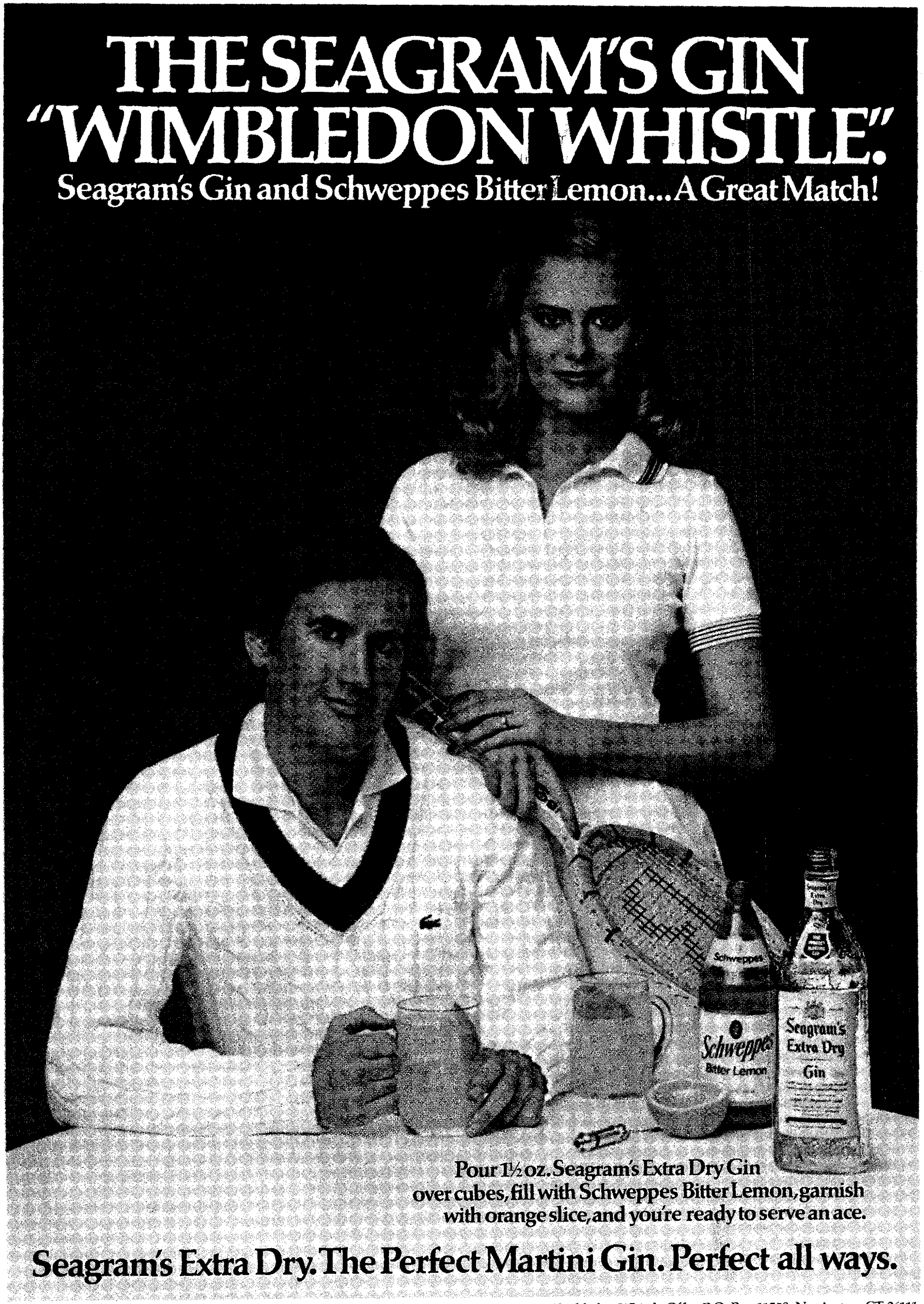

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